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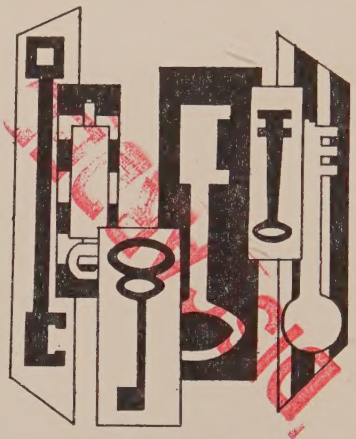

STEPHENS COLLEGE

COLUMBIA, MO.

GOETHE

WITH

SPECIAL CONSIDERATION OF HIS PHILOSOPHY

BY

PAUL CARUS

CONTAINING ONE HUNDRED AND EIGHTY-FIVE PORTRAITS
AND OTHER HISTORICAL ILLUSTRATIONS

CHICAGO LONDON
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1915

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PREFACE.

GOETHE, the man, the poet, and the author, has been described over and over. His works have been translated, interpreted, discussed, and it seems almost redundant to return to him again. And yet we venture to offer a book on Goethe. Certain very important phases in Goethe's life appear to have been neglected. Most of his greatest works have been translated into English, a few of them, for instance "Faust," in many different versions, but there are some of his most characteristic poems of which no one has ever ventured to offer a translation, and it is precisely these poems that contain the most thoughtful verses ever written by this great poet, prominent in the literature not only of the German fatherland but of the whole world.

We offer this presentation of Goethe with the special purpose in view of bringing out those features of his life which characterize him as a thinker or, perhaps better, as a philosopher.

Though Goethe can not be called a philosopher proper, though he had a positive aversion to philosophy as a specialized study, he may fairly well be called a philosopher in the broad sense of the term. He was a thinking man who had a definite world-conception which dominated not only his particular life but also his poetry.

Some of the philosophical poems of Goethe are rather difficult to understand and have therefore not become as well known as those other poems of his which were written in a lighter vein. Nevertheless they are by no means unintelligible to the general reader and possess the advantage of becoming more interesting as soon as their real significance has been grasped.

P. C.

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COLUMBIA, MO.

THE LIFE OF GOETHE.

SINCE it is not our intention to add a new biography of Goethe to those which have already appeared, we will here imply recapitulate for our readers in a few words the chief vents of Goethe's life, and point out the personages who at one ime or another played a part in it. In subsequent chapters we hall supplement our meager sketch with quotations from Goethe's utobiography of such passages as characterize the man, his hilosophical thoughts, his religious views, and his maxims on he conduct of life.

Goethe was the first and only son of Johann Caspar Goethe, Frankfort magistrate with the title Counselor, and of his wife, 'atharine Elizabeth, née Textor. The child was named Johann Volfgang, after his maternal grandfather Textor.

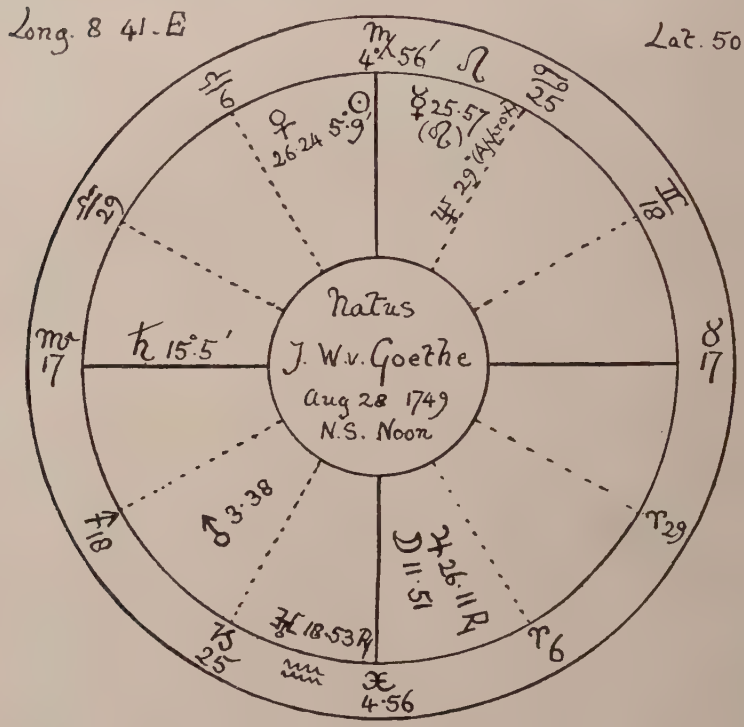
In his autobiography "Truth and Fiction,"[1] the poet speaks f his horoscope which he describes thus:

"On August 28, 1749, at midday as the clock was striking velve, I came into the world at Frankfort on the Main. The osition of the heavenly bodies was propitious: the sun stood in ıe sign of the Virgin and culminated for the day; Jupiter and 'enus looked on the sun with a friendly eye and Mercury not dversely, while Saturn and Mars remained indifferent; the moon lone, just full, exerted the power of its reflection all the more s it had then reached its planetary hour. It was opposed, there- ore, to my birth which could not be accomplished until this hour ras passed."

[1] Throughout this work the quotations taken from Goethe's Autobiography llow mostly the translation of John Oxenford, with occasional minor altera- ons. Those taken from Faust are in Bayard Taylor's poetical version. All e translations of other miscellaneous poetry have been made by the present uthor, except where expressly credited to some one else.

Ralph Shirley, the editor of *The Occult Review* and an astrologer by conviction, has investigated Goethe's horoscope and points out that the poet's description is not quite accurate. We reproduce Goethe's nativity as he publishes it,[2] the planetary positions being supplied by A. J. Pearce, and we will quote Mr. Shirley's comments on the same as follows:

"Goethe was born under the sign of the Scorpion—the night



HOROSCOPE OF GOETHE.
Cast by A. J. Pearce.

house of the planet Mars—as it is astrologically designated, and his dominant influences were Saturn and the Sun. The Sun is hyleg or life-giver in this horoscope owing to its meridional position, and would have warranted the prediction of a long life in spite of certain constitutional drawbacks.

"The mythological Saturn has the reputation of devouring

[2] *The Occult Review*, May, 1908, p. 257.

s children at birth, and the fact that Goethe was born into the orld 'as dead' is more probably attributable to the closely cending position of the malefic planet than to the poet's rather nciful suggestion of the effect of the (proximate) full Moon

GOETHE'S GRANDFATHER, SCHULTHEISS TEXTOR.
After a painting by A. Scheppen.

"Fortunately for him Goethe was not left entirely to the nder mercies of the planet Saturn, the Sun, Mercury and Venus l being notably elevated in his horoscope, the Sun (as he in this se correctly describes it) exactly culminating in the sign of

the Virgin, and indicating thereby success and the 'favor of princes.' Venus occupied the mid-heaven in close opposition to Jupiter, a position which it hardly requires an astrologer to interpret, in the light of the *native's* life.[3] Mercury was posited

GOETHE'S GRANDMOTHER, FRAU ANNA MARGARETHA TEXTOR
Artist unknown.

in the ninth house, the house of religion, philosophy and science —the mental trend, as one may say—in the ambitious sign Leo

[3] The *native* is an astrological expression for the individual whose horoscope is under discussion. Saturn culminated in conjunction with Venus at Lord Byron's birth. It was in conjunction with Jupiter at the birth of Lord Beaconsfield and also of Lord Rosebery.

ınd was more or less loosely opposed by the *malefic* Uranus which ıolds rule in the third house, denoting 'brethren' and 'near neigh-ɔors.' Mars, in its exaltation, Lord of the Ascendant and in rine with the Sun, occupies the second house, and in spite of ts good aspects denies the accumulation of wealth.

"I do not think any astrologer worthy of the name could ıave looked twice at Goethe's horoscope without forecasting a

THE GOETHE HOMESTEAD IN ARTERN ON THE UNSTRUT.

igh position and notable name. There are practically six planets ngular[4] (if we include Mercury, which has quite recently cul-ıinated). Jupiter occupies its own house (Pisces) and the Ioon, Mars and Uranus are in exaltation. The sign rising, ıough a dangerous one, favors the attainment of fame and otoriety. The closely ascending position of Saturn recalls the bservation of the eminent Frenchman on first seeing Goethe,

[4] To have many planets angular is considered one of the strongest testi-onies of a notable name. The Sun and Moon are reckoned as "planets" trologically.

'C'est un homme qui a eu beaucoup de chagrins.' It also accounts for his periods of intense depression, his philosophic outlook and the aloofness of his intellectual temperament, and, in spite of his love of life (indicated by Venus culminating and Scorpio rising), the intense seriousness which characterized him.

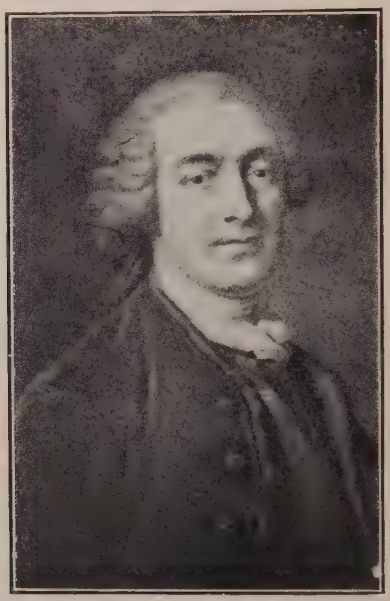
THE TEXTOR HOMESTEAD.

"Saturn is *par excellence* the philosopher's planet. Mentally it typifies deep thought and the serious point of view. Corresponding to the Greek *Kronos* (Time) it rules all such things as last and endure."

THE GOETHE HOUSE AT FRANKFORT AS IT LOOKED IN GOETHE'S CHILDHOOD.
Drawn by E. Büchner.

Goethe's father, born July 31, 1710, was the son of a tailor of Mansfeld who had settled in Frankfort. He in his turn was the son of a horseshoer, hailing from Artern on the Unstrut. A picture is preserved of the home of Goethe's grandfather in Artern on the Unstrut. It shows a very simple building, but solidly constructed. The smithy appears to have been on the ground floor, and the living rooms above it on the second floor under the roof.

Goethe's mother, the daughter of Schultheiss (i. e., judge)



FRANÇOIS DE THEAS, COUNT OF THORANE.
Original in possession of Count Sartoux in Mouans.

Johann Wolfgang Textor, was born in December, 1731. She was married to the Counselor Goethe on August 20, 1748.

Goethe had only one sister, Cornelia, who was born two years after him in December, 1750. A later chapter will treat of her personality and the relations between the brother and sister.[5]

* * *

During the Seven Years' War (1756 to 1763) young Wolf-

[5] See pp. 77-81.

ang was an ardent admirer of Frederick the Great. French oops fighting against Prussia occupied Frankfort for some time, nd the boy learned much through contact with the French, pecially through Count Thorane, who was quartered in his arents' home.

We call this French officer "Thorane" although his real name as François de Théas, Comte de Thoranc. In his signatures ie *c* was commonly misread for *e*, and even the regulations pub-shed over his own name bear the wrong spelling "Thorane." he mistake has been perpetuated in Goethe's work "Truth and iction," and through Goethe it became the established spelling

THE RAHMHOF.
Where the French theater at Frankfort was established.

o that the correct name scarcely identifies the man. Incidentally e will mention that Thorane did not die in the West Indies as oethe states, but returned to France and died there in 1794.

At the time of the French occupation young Goethe fre-uently visited the French theater in Frankfort and made the cquaintance of a French boy of his own age, the son of an tress.

* * *

Goethe's jolliest comrade in Frankfort was a certain Johann dam Horn. Goethe mentions his merry temperament in "Truth nd Fiction" and characterizes him in these words:

"To begin with, the name of our friend Horn gave occasion for all sorts of jokes, and on account of his small figure he was always called *Hörnchen,* 'Little Horn.' He was, in fact, the smallest in the company. Of a stout but pleasing form, with a pug-nose and mouth somewhat pouting, a swarthy complexion set off by little sparkling eyes, he always seemed to invite laughter. His little compact skull was thickly covered with curly

JOHANN ADAM HORN.
After a drawing by Goethe.

black hair; his beard was prematurely blue; and he would have liked to let it grow, that, as a comic mask, he might always keep the company laughing. For the rest, he was neat and nimble, but insisted that he had bandy legs, which everybody granted, since he was bent on having it so, but about which many a joke arose; for, since he was in request as a very good dancer, he reckoned it among the peculiarities of the fair sex, that they

always liked to see bandy legs on the floor. His cheerfulness was indestructible, and his presence at every meeting indispensable. We two kept more together because he was to follow me to the university; and he well deserves that I should mention him with all honor, as he clung to me for many years with infinite love, faithfulness, and patience."

Goethe wrote some poetry in this first period of his life, but most of it he did not deem worthy of preservation; and what we have, the "Poetical Thoughts on the Descent of Jesus Christ into Hell" (1765), is not very promising.

In the autumn of 1765 Goethe traveled to Leipsic where on October 19 he was enrolled at the university. His father wanted him to study law in order to enable him to hold a position like himself in the municipality of the free city of Frankfort, but the young poet preferred the study of *belles lettres,* and went to Leipsic with the intention of mapping out his course according to his own inclinations. The professors to whom he made known his purpose with all self-assurance discouraged him in his zeal for a poetic career, and the result was a compromise by which he was to hear lectures on philosophy and history of law and yet was free to attend Gellert's course in the history of literature.

* * *

Among the circle of Goethe's friends was Behrisch, a dear companion to whom he dedicated some odes, while Johann Georg Schlosser, a man of distinction, afterwards became his brother-in-law. Some of the professors and their families were very kind to the young student, and Madame Böhme in particular, the wife of the professor of history and public law, did much to mold his taste, especially with regard to contemporary poetry of which she was a merciless critic. Finally he became so unsettled that, as he says in "Truth and Fiction,"

"I was afraid to write down a rhyme, however spontaneously it presented itself, or to read a poem, for I was fearful that it might please me at the time, and that perhaps immediately afterwards, like so much else, I should be forced to pronounce it bad."

He goes on to say:

"This uncertainty of taste and judgment disquieted me more

and more every day, so that at last I fell into despair. I had brought with me those of my youthful labors which I thought the best, partly because I hoped to get some credit by them, partly that I might be able to test my progress with greater certainty.... However, after some time and many struggles, I conceived so great a contempt for my labors, begun and ended, that one day I burnt up poetry and prose, plans, sketches, and proj-

BURNING HIS YOUTHFUL PRODUCTIONS.

ects, all together on the kitchen hearth, and threw our good old landlady into no small fright and anxiety by the smoke which filled the whole house."

* * *

The Director of the Academy of Arts, Adam Friedrich Oeser, had a strong influence on Goethe's artistic taste. We must regard it as a distinction for the young Goethe that he had admission to the family circle of Professor Oeser and became

acquainted with the Frau Professor and their daughters. It was o Fräulein Friederike Elisabeth Oeser that Goethe inscribed he collection of songs which he wrote while in Leipsic.

In this period of his life Goethe wrote "The Whim of the

FRIEDERIKE ELISABETH OESER.
Etched by Banse in 1777 from a painting by her father, Prof. Adam Friedrich Oeser.

Lover" (*Die Laune des Verliebten*) and "The Fellow Culprits" (*Die Mitschuldigen*), neither of which is worth reading, and in Goethe's own interest they would have better been burned with the rest of his youthful effusions; but his little love ditties (*Leip-*

DISCUSSING RELIGIOUS QUESTIONS WITH THE DRESDEN SHOEMAKER.

ger Liederbuch, 1769) which date from this period indicate at something better was to be expected of him in the future.

* * *

We must not forget to mention Goethe's excursion to Dresen which he undertook in order to acquaint himself with the rt treasures of the Saxon capital. It is characteristic of Goethe at he always took an interest in original personalities, whether f a high or lowly position in life. A fellow lodger who was student of theology at Leipsic had a friend in Dresden, a poor obbler whose letters exhibited a peculiar religious disposition nd good common sense based upon a serene conception of life. o use Goethe's own words he was "a practical philosopher and nconscious sage." Having arrived in Dresden Goethe visited e pious cobbler and his wife, and at once made friends with oth of them by entering into their views of life. He stayed ith them during his sojourn in Dresden and describes vividly e conversation with his religious friends.

The end of Goethe's stay in Leipsic was darkened by a seriousness which began with a violent hemorrhage of the lungs. As oon as he was able to make the journey he left the university, ugust 28, 1768, for his home in Frankfort.

* * *

When he had entirely recovered from his illness, his father ecided to send him to the University of Strassburg.

At the end of the eighteenth century Strassburg was considerably smaller than now, while its fortifications were much ore extensive. They have fallen since the German occupation 1871. Though the city belonged to France, the life of the habitants was German in a marked degree. Only the government was French, and so French was the official language used documents.

Goethe became a student at the Strassburg University on his rthday, August 28, 1770. Here he became acquainted with a mber of interesting men. First among them we mention erder, a few years his senior, who awakened in him a deep interest in the problems of life, notably the origin of language.

Through Goethe's influence Herder was later on called to Weimar in the capacity of Superintendent General of the church of the duchy. Another friend of Goethe's during his stay at Strassburg was Lerse, a brave and honest young man, whose name is immortalized in Goethe's first drama as one of the characters of the play. Still others are the actuary Salzmann, the

BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF STRASSBURG.
From an old hymn-book.

poet Lenz and Jung-Stilling, a self-educated author of remarkable talent and a pious Christian.

Johann Heinrich Jung (1740-1817) was originally a charcoal burner, then a tailor, then a village schoolmaster and finally under great tribulation attained his aim to study medicine. Counting himself among the members of the pious sect called *Die Stillen im Lande,* "the Quiet-in-the-Land," he adopted the surname "Stilling." In spite of their marked diversity in character

oethe showed a great interest and even admiration for Jung-
illing's naive piety and simple-minded faith.

The Strassburg Cathedral made a deep impression on Goethe
nd induced him to compare architecture with other arts, espe-
ally music. His acquaintance with, and love of, the Gothic

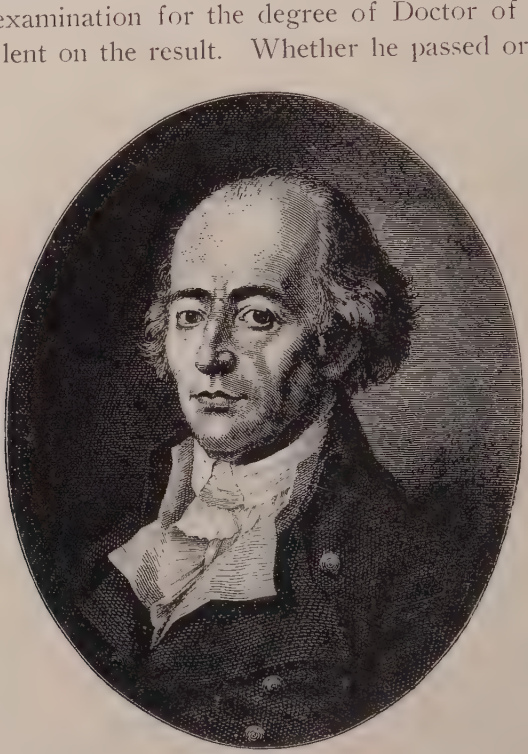
JACOB MICHAEL REINHOLD LENZ.
After a drawing by Pfenninger in Lavater's Collection.

yle taught him that beauty is not limited to one expression
nd that besides the art of ancient Greece there are other possi-
lities of developing classical beauty.

It was during the year of Goethe's student-life at Strassburg

that his romance with Friederike Brion[6] of Sesenheim took place. So dearly did he cherish the memory of this idyllic courtship that the reader of his autobiography, written when the poet was over sixty years of age, still feels the throb of his heart in the description.

On August 6, 1771, Goethe underwent the ordeal of his *rigorosum,* an examination for the degree of Doctor of Laws; but history is silent on the result. Whether he passed or not is not

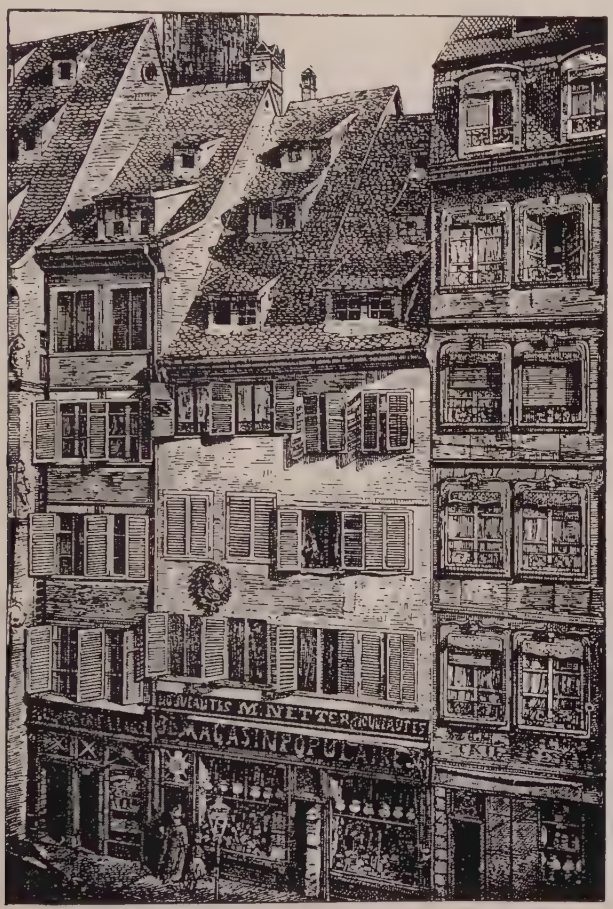


JOHANN HEINRICH JUNG-STILLING.
By H. Lips, 1801.

definitely known. One thing only is certain: the incident plays no part in his after life. He is neither congratulated by his friends or relatives on his graduation, nor does he ever claim, let alone use, the title, nor was he ever officially addressed as Doctor. It is true that in the intimate circle of his friends at Wetzlar he was called "Doctor Goethe," but these incidents are not convincing because it may have been a nickname which had found its way

[6] See pp. 84-95.

to the nursery of the Buff family, and it is well known that oethe could take a joke with good grace. The university cords which could decide the problem are no longer in exist-ce. All this makes it not impossible, nay even probable, that



GOETHE'S RESIDENCE WHEN A STUDENT.
On the Old Fish Market in Strassburg.

actually failed. It is not uncommon that great men are not ade for examinations, they show off to better advantage in life; d on the other hand professors are frequently mistaken in eir estimate of a young man who, somehow, is able to take

high standing in these mechanical tests, yet is a disappointment later on.

Besides some pretty poems inspired by Friederike Brion,

MARIA CAROLINE FLACHSLAND.
(Afterwards Frau Herder.)

Goethe wrote his *Röslein auf der Haiden* in Strassburg, and it was there that he first conceived the plan of Faust.

* * *

Having returned to Frankfort August 1771, Goethe finished the first draft of *Götz von Berlichingen* within six weeks, and

l it published in the fall of 1772. It at once established its hor's fame.

Still in the year 1771, on a trip to Darmstadt, Goethe became uainted with a circle of friends among whom we note Caro- Flachsland, a lady of good education who was engaged to married to Herder. There he met also Johann Heinrich rck (1741-1791) a quæstor in the war department who was

JOHANN HEINRICH MERCK.

ly the keenest critic of the age, and had been drawn to the tal of Hesse-Darmstadt by the cultured Landgravine Catha- . Merck was attracted to Goethe and became one of his most mate friends. He never hesitated to criticize him severely never he was dissatisfied with the poet, and Goethe was wise ugh to heed his advice, nor did he take offence when Merck

would say on some occasion: "You must not write such stuff again!" Merck's character contributed some of the satirical features with which Goethe endowed his Mephistopheles. His life came to a tragic end on June 27, 1791, when he committed suicide.

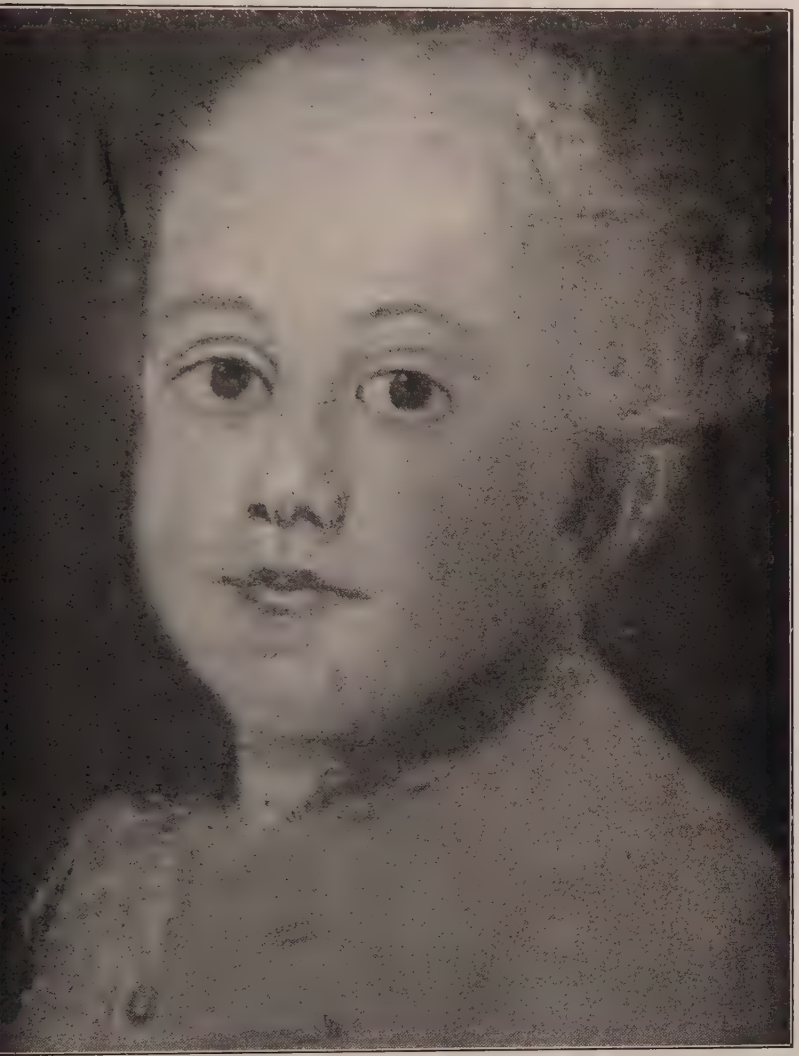
Goethe loved to walk great distances, and on a tramp from Frankfort to Darmstadt in 1771 he composed the poem *Wanderers Sturmlied.*

In the spring (May 1772) Goethe went to Wetzlar, a small town where an imperial court of justice had been established. It was customary in those days for young Frankfort lawyers to attend these courts before they were admitted to the bar in their own city.

VIEW OF WETZLAR FROM THE SOUTH.

Leaving Wetzlar September 11, 1772, Goethe returned to Frankfort and settled there as an attorney-at-law. Soon afterwards he heard of the death of Jerusalem, one of his Leipsic student friends. Carl Wilhelm Jerusalem was born March 21, 1747, at Wolfenbüttel, and in 1771 had been made secretary of the subdelegation of Brunswick-Wolfenbüttel. He suffered from melancholy and, having begun to doubt the historicity of the New Testament, had lost his comfort in the Christian religion. But the climax of his despair was reached because of his affection for Frau Herdt, the wife of his friend, the Ambassador of the Palatine Electorate. Under pretense of making a journey he borrowed a pair of pistols from Kestner, then secretary of the Bremen subdelegation, and shot himself in the night of Oc

ɔber 30, 1772. Lessing acknowledged with unstinted praise he extraordinary reasoning power and deep sentiment of Jeru-



CARL WILHELM JERUSALEM AS A CHILD.

alem and raised the best possible memorial to him by publishing is "Philosophical Essays."

Jerusalem's death, together with his own interest in Charlotte Buff,[7] suggested to Goethe the plan of his novel, "The Sorrows of Young Werther," which he wrote in 1774 within four weeks and had it published at once. It created a sensation throughout Germany, and though it was severely criticized it permanently established his fame as an author.

JOHANN CHRISTIAN KESTNER.

After a lithograph by Julius Giere made from an oil painting in the possession of Georg Kestner of Dresden.

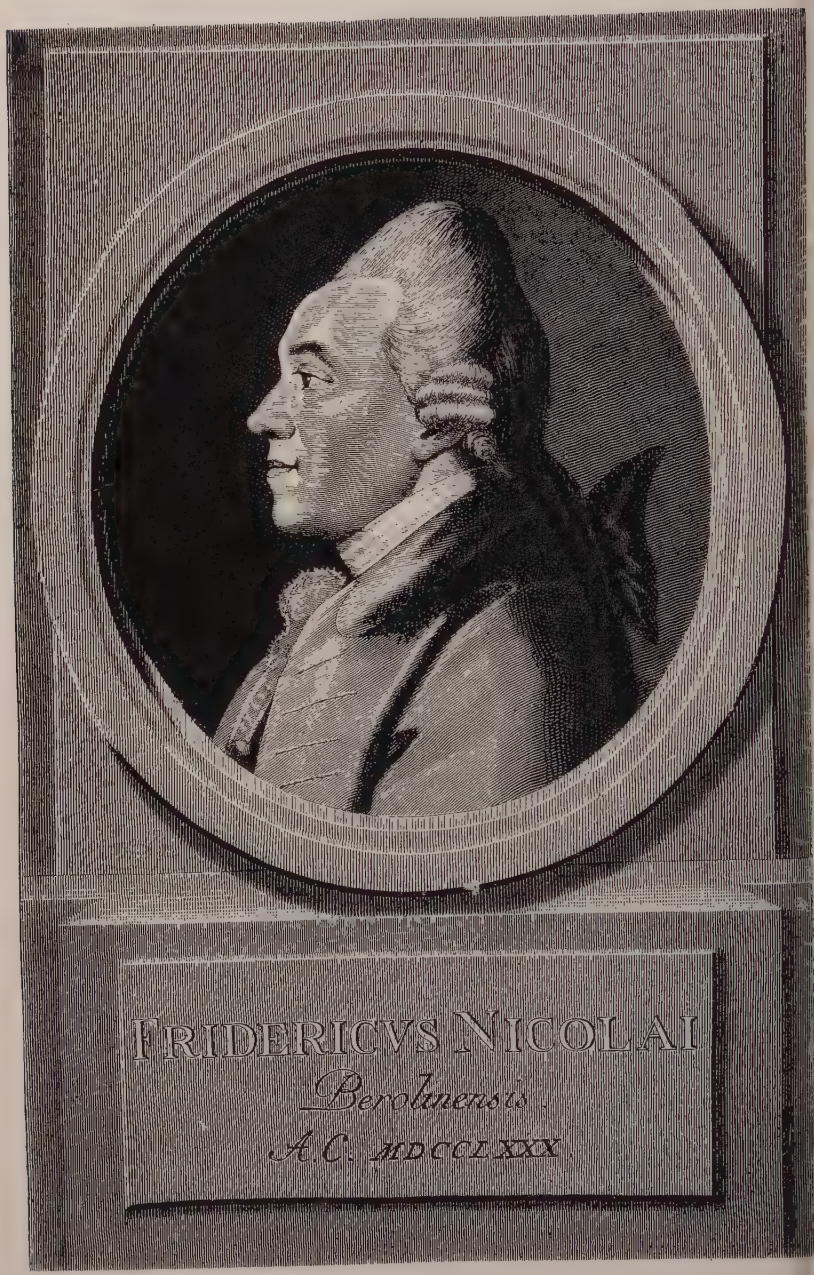
Though we recognize the unusual ability which Goethe showed in this book, we will grant that its influence on the younger generation of Germany was very injurious. Suicides

[7] See pp. 99-100.

sentimental lovers increased to a most alarming extent, one the best known of which was the death of Herr von Kleist

WERTHER'S LOTTA.
By Kaulbach.

d the wife of one of his friends. It took some time before the erary world overcame this pathological hankering after a senti-



CHRISTOPH FRIEDRICH NICOLAI.
Haid's engraving after a drawing of Chodowiecki.

ıental death of unfortunate lovers. Goethe himself knew that is books were not for everybody, and he said in reply to one f his critics, a narrow but haughty pietist:

By the conceited man—by him
I'm dangerous proclaimed;
The wight uncouth who cannot swim,
By him the water's blamed.
That Berlin pack—priest-ridden lot—
Their ban I am not heeding;
And he who understands me not
Ought to improve in reading.

JOYS OF YOUNG WERTHER.
Chodowiecki's vignette on the title page of Nicolai's satire.

While the "Sorrows of Young Werther" may be regarded as ıbject to criticism, we ought to mention that the book received ıite undeserved condemnation at the hands of Christoph Fried-ch Nicolai, a publisher and author who at that time possessed ɔnsiderable influence in Germany. Nicolai, born March 18, 1733, Berlin, was a leading representative of the eighteenth-century ıtionalism, but he was narrow in his views and his prosaic ıture had no sense for religious mysticism or any poetical

enthusiasm. He did not even understand the psychical aspect of Werther's sentimentalism and condemned his melancholy as simply due to costiveness. In contrast to the "Sorrows of Young Werther," Nicolai published a parody, "The Joys of Young Werther," for which Chodowiecki engraved a title vignette. Goethe expresses himself about this satire in his "Truth and Fiction" as follows: "'The Joys of Young Werther,' in which Nicolai distinguishes himself, gave us an opportunity for several jokes. This man, otherwise good, meritorious and learned, had begun to suppress and ignore everything that did not agree with his views, which he in his mental limitations regarded as the only true and genuine ones. Against me also he had to try his hand, and his brochure soon came into our hands. The very delicate vignette of Chadowiecki gave me great pleasure, for I esteem this artist beyond measure. The production itself, however, was cut out of coarse cloth, which the common sense of his surroundings took great pains to manufacture most crudely."

Goethe answered Nicolai's criticism in the same tone by a humorous quatrain entitled "At Werther's Grave," in which a visitor to the cemetery where the ashes of the unhappy lover repose declares that he would still be alive if he had enjoyed a good digestion.

Goethe began his great drama *Götz von Berlichingen* at the end of 1771; he finished it in 1772 and submitted it in manuscript to Herder, but when Herder called the poet's attention to its shortcomings Goethe recast the whole, mercilessly canceled long passages and introduced new material. In this revised shape he had it printed at his own expense in June 1773, because he could not find a publisher in Germany who would risk its publication.

Many men of prominence had become interested in Goethe and visited him in his father's home. Among them must be mentioned first Johann Caspar Lavater (1741-1801), a pious pastor of Zürich, and Johann Bernhard Basedow, an educator of Hamburg. In company with these two men, both with outspoken theological interests, the young worldling, as Goethe called himself in a poem of that period, undertook a trip along the Rhine in the summer of 1774. On this journey they visited

Friedrich Heinrich Jacobi (1743-1819) on his estate at Pempelfort near Düsseldorf.

Lavater was a well-known pulpiteer and a pioneer in the study of physiognomy, a subject in which Goethe too was interested; and Basedow the founder of an educational institution called the Philanthropin. Jacobi had deep philosophical interests and regarded himself as a disciple of Spinoza, whose philosophy, however, he accepted only so far as it could be made to agree with a childlike belief in God, for he was no less a faithful Christian than his friend Lavater. Goethe, an ardent admirer of Spinoza, differed from Jacobi on theism, but in spite of tran-

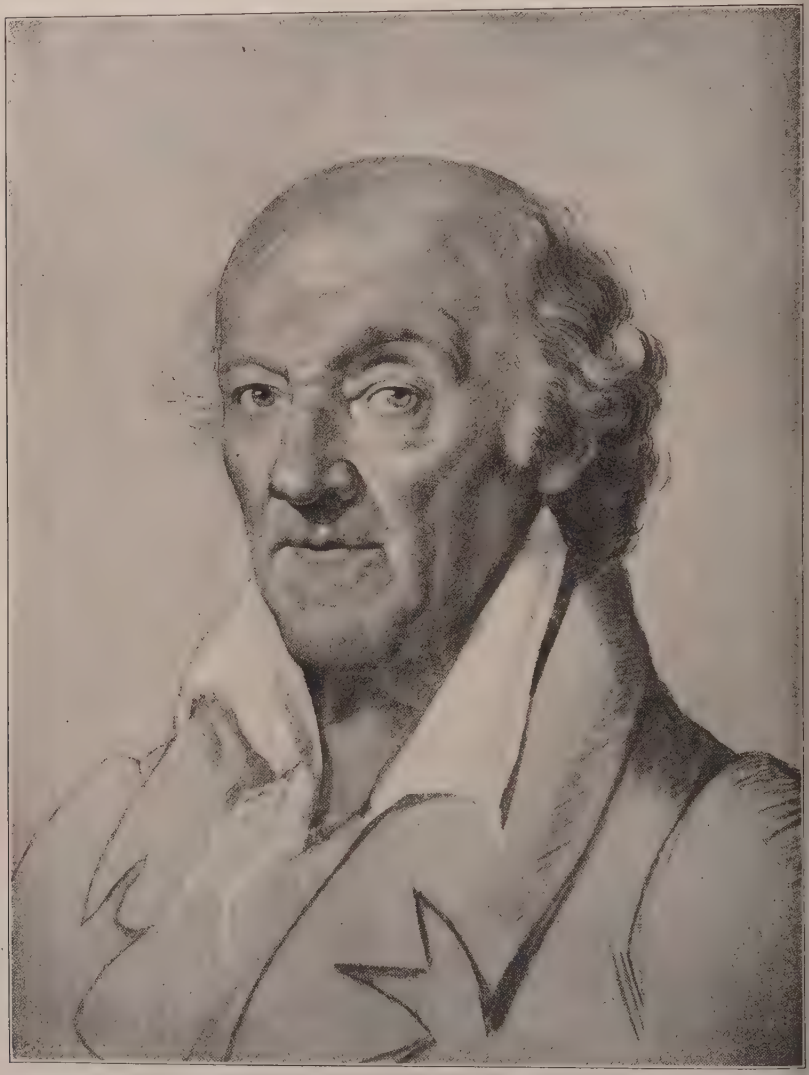
JOHANN BERNHARD BASEDOW.

sient misunderstandings they remained good friends for the rest of their lives.

In October 1774 Klopstock, the author of the "Messiade" which corresponds to Milton's "Paradise Lost" and "Paradise Regained," called on Goethe,—a great distinction, as at that time he was the greatest poet of Germany, but now when Goethe's fame has so far eclipsed that of Klopstock it is difficult to appreciate the fact.

By far the most important visit which Goethe received—important through its consequences—was that of Karl Ludwig von Knebel, tutor of Prince Constantine, the second son of the Duchess Dowager, Anna Amalia of Saxe-Weimar. He was

accompanied by both princes, Karl August being at that time seventeen years of age. The duchess-mother, a noble woman



KARL LUDWIG VON KNEBEL.
Drawn by Schmeller, 1824.

of refined literary taste, the daughter of Duke Karl of Brunswick and a sister of Frederick the Great, had called Wieland to Wei-

ar from the University of Erfurt to educate her oldest son rince Karl August, the heir apparent to the duchy. When the uke became of age, Wieland was made Court Councilor and ed for the remainder of his life on an estate near Weimar, here he died January 21, 1813.

In April 1775 occurred Goethe's brief engagement to Lili choenemann,[8] and we have a number of poems and songs of is period inspired by the acquaintance and dedicated to her.

In the summer of 1775 Goethe made a journey to Switzerland

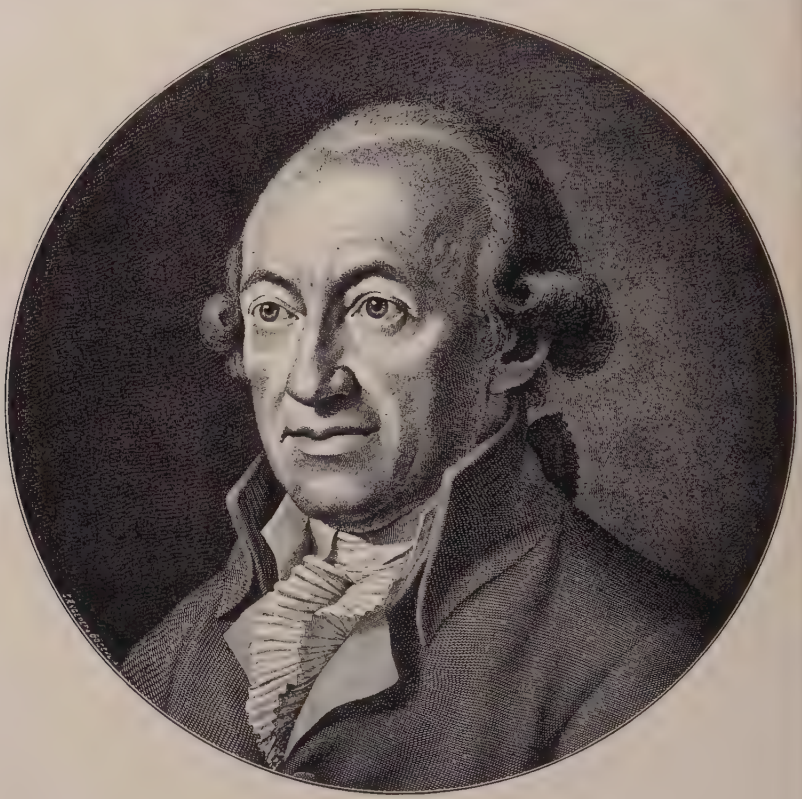
HRISTIAN COUNT STOLBERG
After a painting by Gröger.

FRIEDRICH LEOPOLD COUNT STOLBERG.
After a painting by Rincklacke.

company with the two counts Stolberg. In Zürich he visited s friends Jakob Bodmer and Lavater. The Stolberg brothers, ristian and Friedrich Leopold, were members of the Göttingen aternity of the Grove (*Hainbund*), an association of young ets, all admirers of Klopstock. Count Friedrich von Stolberg, llowing his mystic inclination and frightened away from lib- alism through the French Revolution, later became a convert Roman Catholicism.

[8] See pp. 103-105.

Other visitors of distinction who sought the personal acquaintance of the new star that had risen on the horizon of German literature were Heinrich Christian Boie (1744-1806), the editor of the *Musenalmanach* (1770-1775), and of the *Göttinger Deutsche Museum* (1776-1791),[9] Gerstenberg (1737-1823) the author of the bizarre story *Ugolino* and of other poetry, Johann



CHRISTOPH MARTIN WIELAND.

Georg Zimmermann, Court Physician at Hanover, author of a book "On Solitude" (1756) and on "Experience in Medical Art" (1763).

A center for literary activity in which Goethe and his friends (Merck, Lenz, Herder, Klinger, etc.) took an active part was the *Frankfurter Gelehrten-Anzeiger*, founded in 1772.

In 1774 Goethe published his tragedy "Clavigo," which in

[9] Since 1788 called *Neues Deutsches Museum.*

1775 was followed by a drama entitled "Stella."[10] Neither of them is important and Goethe himself cared little for them. A farce, "Gods, Heroes and Wieland" (1774), though in substance a just criticism of Wieland, was too personal in its form and might better have been left unwritten. To Wieland's credit it may be stated that he did not retaliate, and recognized the greatness of the young Goethe without a grudge. The two poets were afterwards the best of friends, and Goethe learned from this experience moderation in his criticism.

Of great interest and remarkable for its wit is Goethe's satire on the higher criticism of the New Testament directed against Bahrdt.[11] At the same time (1773-1774) his soul was stirred with plans of great works, on such subjects as Faust, Socrates, Prometheus, Ahasverus the Wandering Jew, and Mahomet, but only Faust reached completion (though much later), while the other topics afforded him material for poems of great depth of thought in a smaller compass.

* * *

The young Duke Karl August, who on becoming of age had ascended the throne of Saxe-Weimar, called on Goethe in Frankfort, and on his return after his marriage on October 3, 1775, to Louise, the daughter of the Landgrave of Hesse-Darmstadt, he invited the poet for a visit to Weimar, his Thuringian capital. The bride's mother, the Landgravine Catherine, had during her life surrounded herself with a literary circle and was a patron of German poetry. She had died in 1774, but her daughter Louise had inherited her literary tastes, and in this she agreed with her noble mother-in-law, the Duchess Dowager Amalia, and also with her young husband, Duke Karl August of Weimar. The result was auspicious, for it made Weimar the center of the development of German literature.

Goethe reached Weimar in the autumn of 1775. He was received as a welcome guest, and the time was spent in festivals, journeys, outings, skating parties, rural dances and masquerades; and there was some danger that these pleasures would prove the

[10] "Stella" was changed in later years into a tragedy.

[11] For a translation of this satire see pp. 276-278.

ruin of Goethe's genius. It seemed as if the spirit of Storm and Stress had upset all Weimar, and Goethe himself felt that they had carried their wanton madness too far.

In 1776 Goethe felt a desire to settle in Weimar even before

KARL AUGUST, DUKE OF SAXE WEIMAR.
Drawing from life by Lips, 1780.

his friend the Duke had offered him a position, and he had acquired a small house, the surrounding garden of which was in a wild neglected state. This property, "the garden on the Horn," was announced for sale in the local paper and Goethe bought it

for $450.00 (600 thalers), what was then considered a high price.[12] It was deeded to him on April 22, and he moved into it on May 18. Goethe greatly loved his little property and spent

GOETHE'S LITTLE COUNTRY HOUSE.
After a drawing by Otto Wagner, 1827.

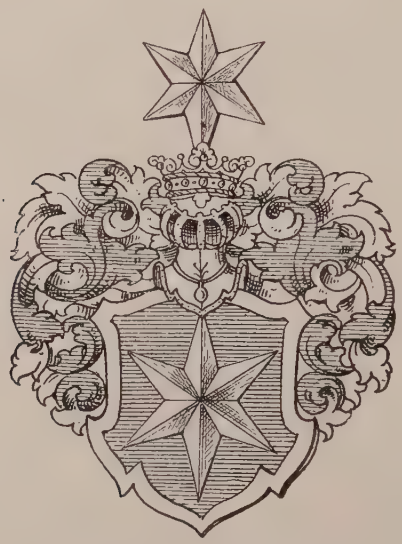
much time and attention on its improvement. Beneath a sketch of it drawn by Otto Wagner in 1827 he wrote the following verse:

[12] Here we follow the authority of Wilhelm Bode (*Damals in Weimar*, p. 57), while Könnecke in his *Bildcratlas* states that this garden was a gift to the poet from the Duke.

Arrogant 'tis surely not,
This house in quiet garden spot,
All the friends who visit here
Never fail to find good cheer.

It was here in 1778 that Goethe wrote his beautiful poem "To the Moon."

In June Karl August offered the poet an appointment in the government of the small state with the title of Councilor and a salary of 1200 thalers. This was the beginning of his career in the Duke's service, and the city of Weimar remained his residence ever afterward. In 1779 Goethe was made Privy



GOETHE'S COAT OF ARMS.

Councilor and in 1782 Emperor Joseph II conferred upon him the rank of nobility with a coat of arms showing a silver star on a blue field.

In 1777 Goethe began to take his duties seriously and tried to be of service to the Duke. His salary was increased in 1781 to 1400 thalers, in 1785 to 1600, and in 1816 to 3000 thalers per annum. He did not, however, forget his literary interests, although for a while he was more receptive than productive.

To this period belong the several poems dedicated to Frau

von Stein,[13] and also the beautiful songs incorporated in *Wilhelm Meister,* "He Only Who Knows Longing's Pain," and "Who Never Ate his Bread with Tears," besides the ballads "The Fisher," "The Singer," "Limits of Mankind" and "The Divine." New plans were conceived which gradually took a definite shape, among them "Tasso," "Wilhelm Meister," "Egmont" and "Iphigenia in Tauris."

* * *

An influential citizen of Weimar during Goethe's residence there was Friedrich Justin Bertuch, a self-made man who was the leading spirit in many enterprises both commercial and literary. At the age of twenty-six he was a translator and playwright. He was appointed private secretary to the duke and had charge of his private treasury. Later on he became the publisher, among other things, of *Die Jenaische Literaturzeitung.* He founded the geographical institute, and helped many poor authors. He was particularly fortunate in building a high grade of houses. His taste was so refined that Schiller in 1787 spoke of Bertuch's own house as "unquestionably the most beautiful house in Weimar." The beauty, however, appears mainly in the interior and in the arrangement of the garden and its pond. One of his industrial interests was a flower manufactory, where Christiana Vulpius found employment before Goethe's intimacy with her. During the terrors of the war Mr. Bertuch was one of the citizens of Weimar who still continued to employ labor, and it is stated that 450 people were dependent on him at that time. In the reconstruction period after the war Bertuch was one of the most active men, and at Goethe's suggestion he was elected Grand Master of the masonic lodge, in which capacity he induced Wieland to join the lodge although he had long been an opponent of masonry. Wieland was officially buried by the Masons from the house of Bertuch, which was appropriately decorated for the occasion.

In 1779 Goethe made another journey to Switzerland, this time with the Duke in strict incognito. On his way he spent two days with his parents at Frankfort and paid a visit to Friederike

[13] See pp. 119-121 and 140-142.

at Sesenheim. At Strassburg he called on Lili Schönemann, who was happily married and had just become the mother of a baby. At the Staubbach, one of the most beautiful cataracts, he composed the poem "Song of the Spirits Over the Water." On his return they passed through Constance, saw the falls of the Rhine, visited Stuttgart and attended a meeting of the scholars of the Württemberg Military Academy (December 14, 1779) which was in so far remarkable as on this day in Goethe's presence a prize was awarded to a youth who was destined to become his best and greatest friend. It was Friedrich Schiller.

January 13, 1780, Goethe returned to Weimar. He began his "Tasso," a drama in which two characters reflected the double part which Goethe himself was playing at the time, a poet and a diplomat or courtier. At the same time he was engaged in an elaborate novel, "Wilhelm Meister."

In 1782, on March 25, Goethe's father died.

In 1785 Goethe visited Karlsbad, where he met Herder and also some of the ladies of Weimar, notably the Duchess Louise and Frau von Stein.

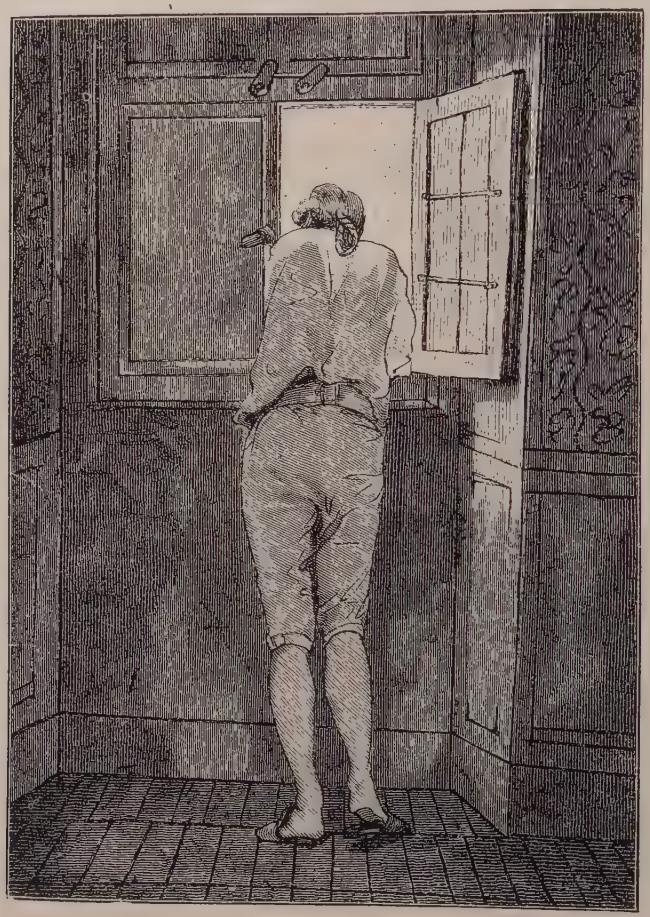
In July 1786 he revisited Karlsbad and left secretly for his beloved Italy in August, traveling under the name of Müller. He reached the country of his dreams in September and stayed there until April 1788.

The country and its traditions were so congenial to him that he felt "as if he had been born and raised there and had only come back to his home from an expedition to Greenland." In Rome he tarried twice, for he loved "the capital of the world" and declared that "there is but one Rome." He finished in Italy his versified rendition of "Iphigenia" and his "Egmont." He also worked diligently on "Tasso" and "Faust."

In Rome Goethe met an Italian copper engraver, Giovanni Volpato, who was director of a school of engraving. He was born 1733 at Bassano and died August 26, 1803. At the time Goethe was staying at Rome a beautiful young Milanese girl, Maddalena Riggi, was visiting with friends there, and Goethe became acquainted with her in 1787 at Castle Candolfo while the guest of a wealthy English art dealer whose name was Jenkins. Goethe took a great fancy to this Italian beauty and

VIEW OF ST. PETERS. Sketched by Goethe.

immortalized her in a poem entitled "Second Sojourn in Rome." But this episode was of a passing nature, for Maddalena very soon afterwards, in 1788, married the son of Volpato, the en-



GOETHE IN ROME.
Drawing by Tischbein, 1787.

graver, and after his death she married the architect Francesco Finucci.

Among prominent Germans whom Goethe met in Rome must be mentioned the famous artists, Angelica Kauffmann, Philipp Hackert, and Tischbein.

Goethe returned to Weimar on June 18, 1788, and it was in the same year that he met Christian August Vulpius (1762-1827), whose sister Christiana[14] was for many years his faithful housekeeper and later became his wife. Vulpius was a poet of

GOETHE IN THE CAMPAGNA AT ROME. After a painting by Tischbein

some talent. How popular he was as a playwright can be deduced from the fact that his name appears in the repertoire forty-six times to twenty times of Goethe's, but his dramas are

[14] See pp. 121-124.

forgotten, only his song of the robber Rinaldo Rinaldini surviving, and even that merely as a humorous specimen of antiquated taste.

On Christmas day, 1789, Goethe's only son was born, and in

MADDALENA RIGGI.
After a painting by Angelica Kauffmann.*

baptism received the name August after his godfather, the Duke Karl August.

In the spring of 1790 Goethe traveled to Venice where he met the Duchess Amalia on her homeward way from Italy. In the fall he accompanied the Duke to Silesia.

* There are two copies in existence, one in the possession of Dr. Werner Weisbach of Berlin, the other of Rudolf Rieter-Ziegler of Winterthur.

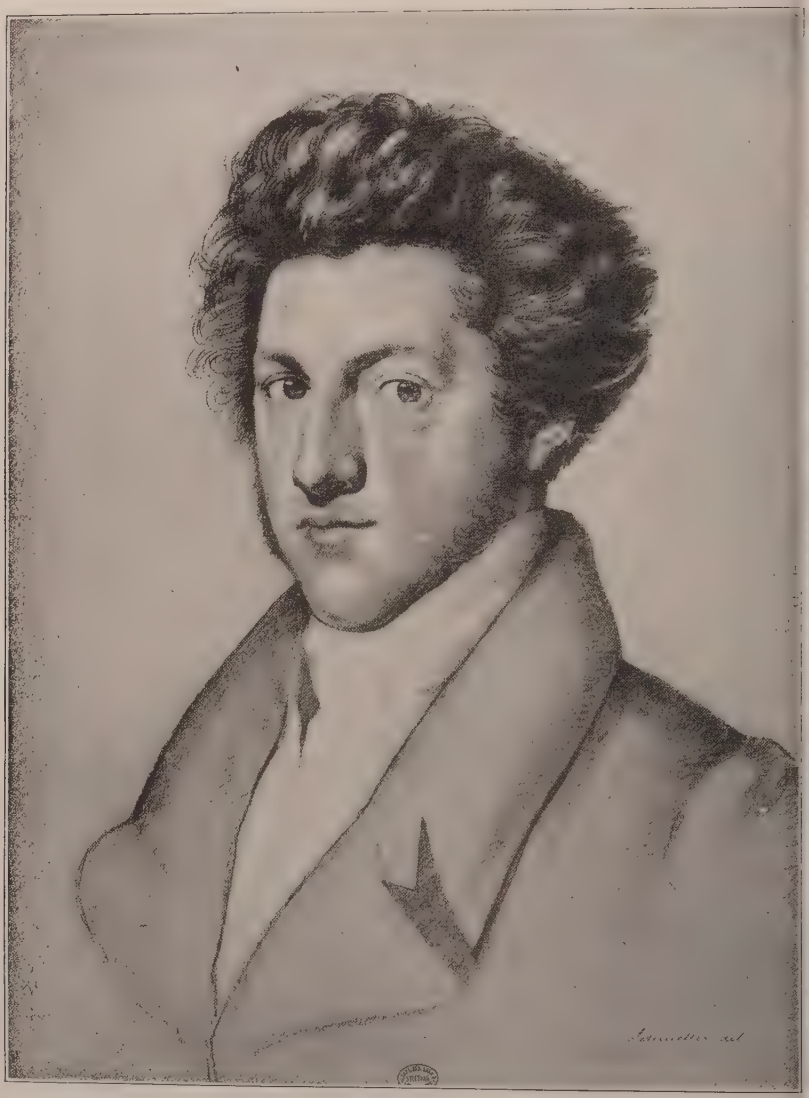
In the same year he wrote his poem "The Metamorphosis of Plants" in illustration of the doctrine of evolution.[15]

CHRISTIAN AUGUST VULPIUS.

In 1791 Goethe helped the Duke build the new theater at Weimar of which on its completion he was made director.

[15] See pp. 251-255.

In August 1792 he accompanied the Duke on his campaign in the Ardennes against the French revolutionists. In 1793



AUGUST VON GOETHE.
Crayon drawing by Schmeller.

both attended the siege of Mayence. In the same year Goethe began to rewrite the old German epic, "Reynard, the Fox," the

"unholy secular Bible" as he called it because it describes the ways of the world in which the scoundrel triumphs by dint of his shrewdness.

* * *

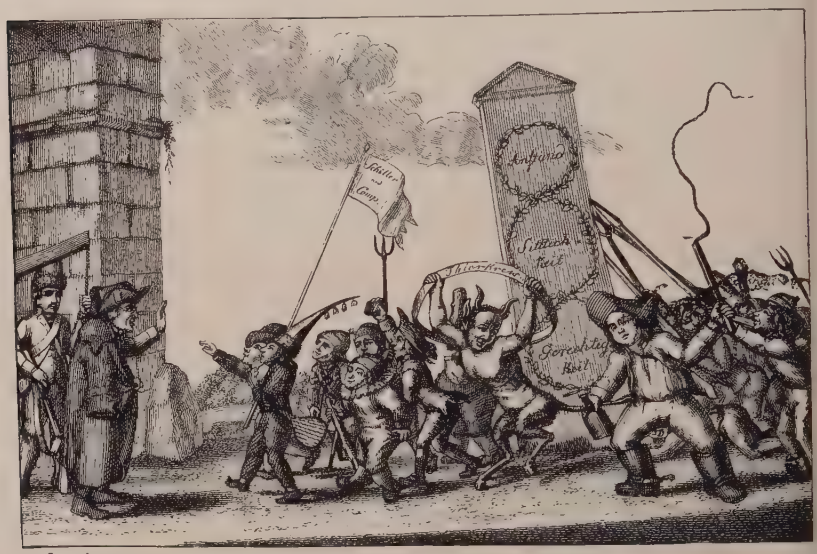
In the meantime Schiller had settled in Jena, so close to Weimar, as professor of history. The two greatest poets of Germany had thus lived in close proximity for several years, but remained indifferent toward each other until now in the spring of 1794 Goethe felt more and more attracted by his younger

OLD THEATER IN WEIMAR.

rival, and their friendship became a source of inspiration to both. Buoyed by Schiller's interest, Goethe quickly completed his novel "Wilhelm Meister" and the epic "Hermann and Dorothea."

In 1795 Schiller started a literary periodical, *Die Horen,* and in 1796 the *Musen-Almanach.* The former proved disappointing in spite of a good beginning; the latter was more successful and contained a great number of poems by both Goethe and Schiller. Goethe published here for the first time his "Epigrams of Venice," "Alexis and Doris, an Idyl," and his satire, "The Muses

and the Graces in the Mark." However, the climax of an excitement in the literary circles of Germany was reached when the Xenions appeared in the *Musen-Almanach*, satirical distichs in which the two poets attacked their several adversaries with great bitterness.[16] They were answered in many Antixenions with the same or even greater bitterness, but instead of continuing the



„Himmel! was kommt da für ein Gesindel? Halt, Passagiere! —
Keiner passiret mir durch, eh er den Pass mir gezeigt."

SCHILLER AND GOETHE RIDICULED.*

feud Goethe and Schiller decided to justify their position by henceforth creating only noble works of art.

The year 1797 was the year of ballads for both Goethe and

[16] The writer has published a selection of them under the title *Goethe and Schiller's Xenions,* Chicago: Open Court Publishing Company.

* A caricature made in answer to their Xenions. It shows a pageant of burlesque figures representing the Xenions as unruly street urchins who upset a column bearing the inscription "Decency, Morality, Justice." They are stopped at the gate because they do not deserve admittance. Goethe is represented as a faun, hoofed and tailed, carrying a ribbon in his hand inscribed *Thierkreis,* i. e., zodiac; Schiller is represented as a drunken coachman with boots, whip and bottle. The portraits of both Schiller and Goethe are supposed to be very good and easily recognizable by people who knew the poets at that time. Nevertheless they are not based on any known portraits and are therefore assumed to be taken from life.

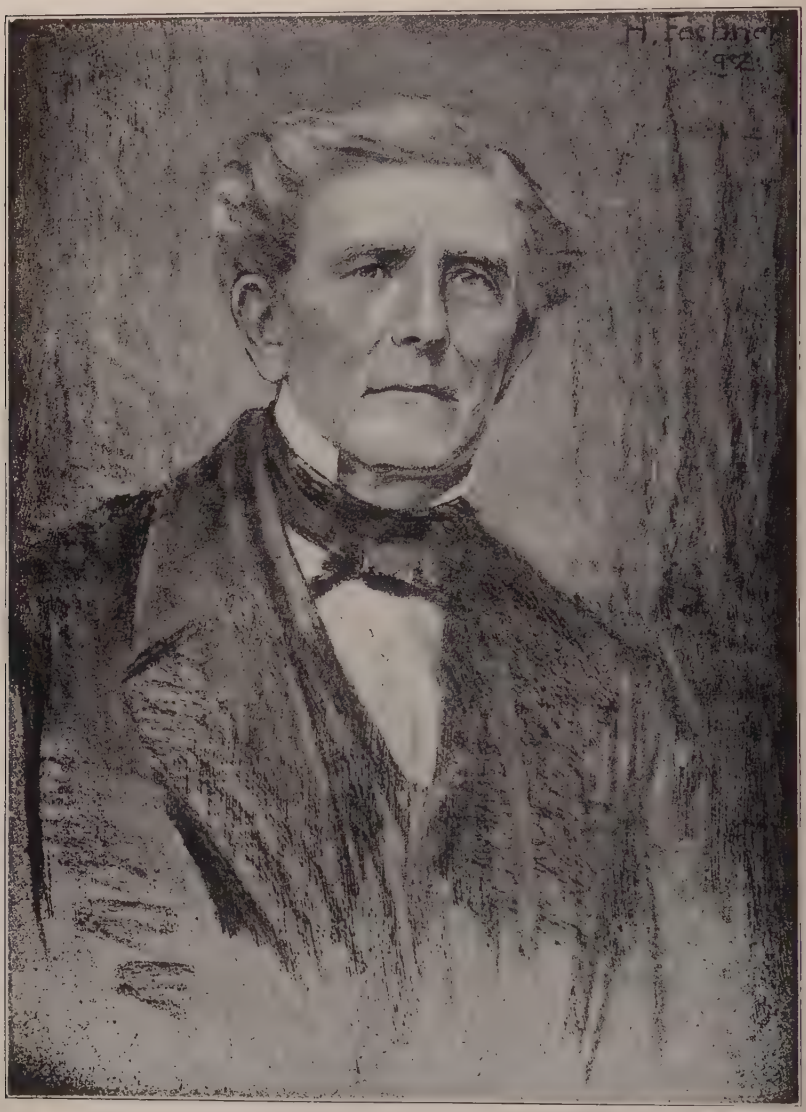
Schiller. Goethe wrote, "The Apprentice in Magic," "The Bride of Corinth," "The Treasure Digger," "The God and the Bajadere," and others.

Goethe's poems with all their simplicity in diction are so filled with sentiment that they naturally invite the composer to

FRANZ SCHUBERT.

set them to music. His devoted friend Zelter was always ready to write the music of his songs, and his melodies are very singable, but he was eclipsed in his task by others, especially by Franz Schubert, the master of lyric composition, and by Karl Loewe,

the greatest composer of ballads. It will be interesting to compare Schubert's composition of Goethe's *Erlkönig* with that of



KARL LOEWE.

Loewe, both different in style and yet each one in its way unsurpassed.

In 1798 Goethe revisited Switzerland. On his way he saw his mother at Frankfort for the last time, and presented to her Christiana Vulpius and his son.

During the following years Schiller's star rose and threatened to eclipse that of Goethe who was not at that time productive. He was engaged in scientific and archeological labors and translations. He wrote some discussions on classical art, "The Doctrine of Color" and "Winckelmann and his Century," and translated Voltaire's "Mahomet and Tancred" and his drama "The Natural Daughter." The adversaries of Schiller and Goethe tried to make use of the changed situation and Kotzebue glorified Schiller at Goethe's expense in an attempt to sow enmity between the two, but in vain. Goethe remained firm in his friendship and showed no sign of envy. On the contrary he felt the more attracted to Schiller because he found more reason to admire him.

As a tutor for his son, Goethe engaged in 1803 a young man who had already made a name for himself as a Greek lexicographer, Friedrich Wilhelm Riemer (1774-1845). The young scholar soon became a useful helpmate for the literary work of his pupil's father and continued so beyond the end of the great poet's life as a redactor of his collected works and posthumous papers.

In 1805 Goethe was in poor health, and Schiller too was ill. Goethe was convinced that one of the two would die in that year. Schiller seemed to recover and visited Goethe in his sick room. On April 19 they saw each other for the last time. Schiller was on the way to the theater while Goethe was too ill to accompany him. They parted at the door of Schiller's house.

Goethe recovered. Destiny granted him another lease of life, but Schiller died May 9, 1805.

Goethe missed his friend very much and expressed his admiration for him in many ways. He sought comfort in solitude and in scientific work, devoting much of his time to the theory of color.

Schiller's remains were deposited in the Grand Ducal Mausoleum at Weimar, and when in 1826, twenty years after his death, the mausoleum had to be rebuilt so as to make room for more

bodies, the mayor of Weimar, Carl Leberecht Schwabe, selected a skull which on the authority of some highly respected physicians he was fully convinced belonged to the great poet. This skull was given to Goethe who kept it on his desk before him in constant remembrance of his beloved friend, and wrote a poem on it entitled, "On Contemplating Schiller's Skull." This

THE GOETHE TABLE IN SCHILLER'S GARDEN.
Where the friends often conversed together.

poem concludes with the following lines, in which we find the conception of God-Nature, so typical of Goethe, and a reference to the everlastingness of everything begotten by spirit:

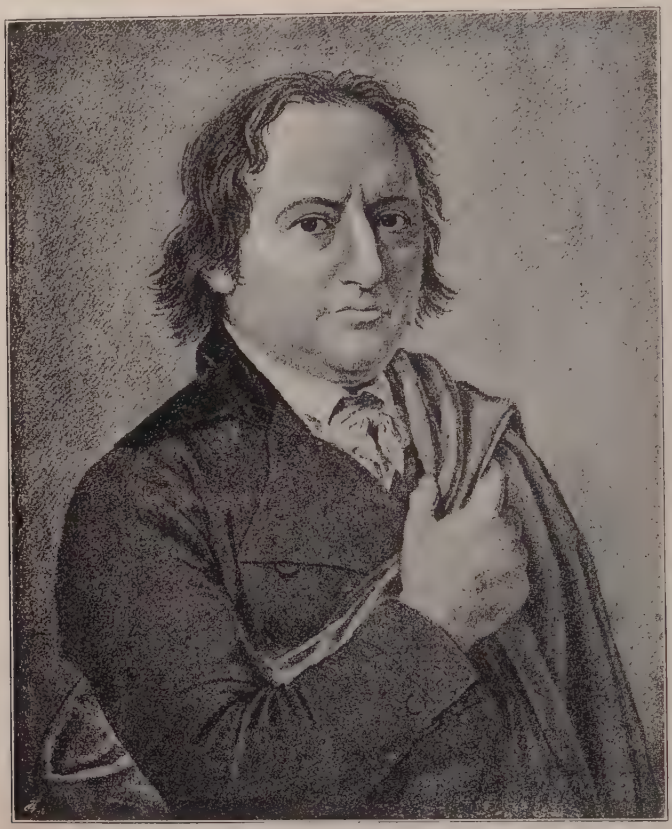
What greater in this life can mortal gain
Then that to him God-Nature be revealed;
The solid when resolved will spirit yield;
Spirit-begotten things secure remain.

COLUMBIA, MO.

[Was kann der Mensch im Leben mehr gewinnen,
Als dass sich Gott-Natur ihm offenbare,
Wie sie das Feste lässt zu Geist verrinnen,
Wie sie das Geisterzeugte fest bewahre!]

GOETHE CONTEMPLATING SCHILLER'S SKULL.
Sculpture by Eberlein.

We must add that in recent times the suspicion has grown stronger and stronger that the skull could not have been that of Schiller and that Goethe had wasted his reverence on the relics of a lesser man. Doctor A. von Froriep, professor of anatomy at



GOETHE IN 1800.
After a crayon by F. Bury.

Tübingen and a native of Weimar, has finally succeeded in discovering the genuine skull of Schiller.[17]

* * *

On October 14, 1806, the battle of Jena was fought in the near neighborhood of Weimar. French troops took possession of Weimar, and the quiet town suffered much for a few days

[17] For further details see *The Open Court,* Vol. XXVII, pp. 444-446.

from plunder, incendiarism and murder. The life of Goethe himself was once endangered by drunken marauders, but Christiana Vulpius saved him by her heroic interference and by resolutely showing the rude intruders the door. On the 19th of the

CHRISTIANA VULPIUS AND AUGUST VON GOETHE.

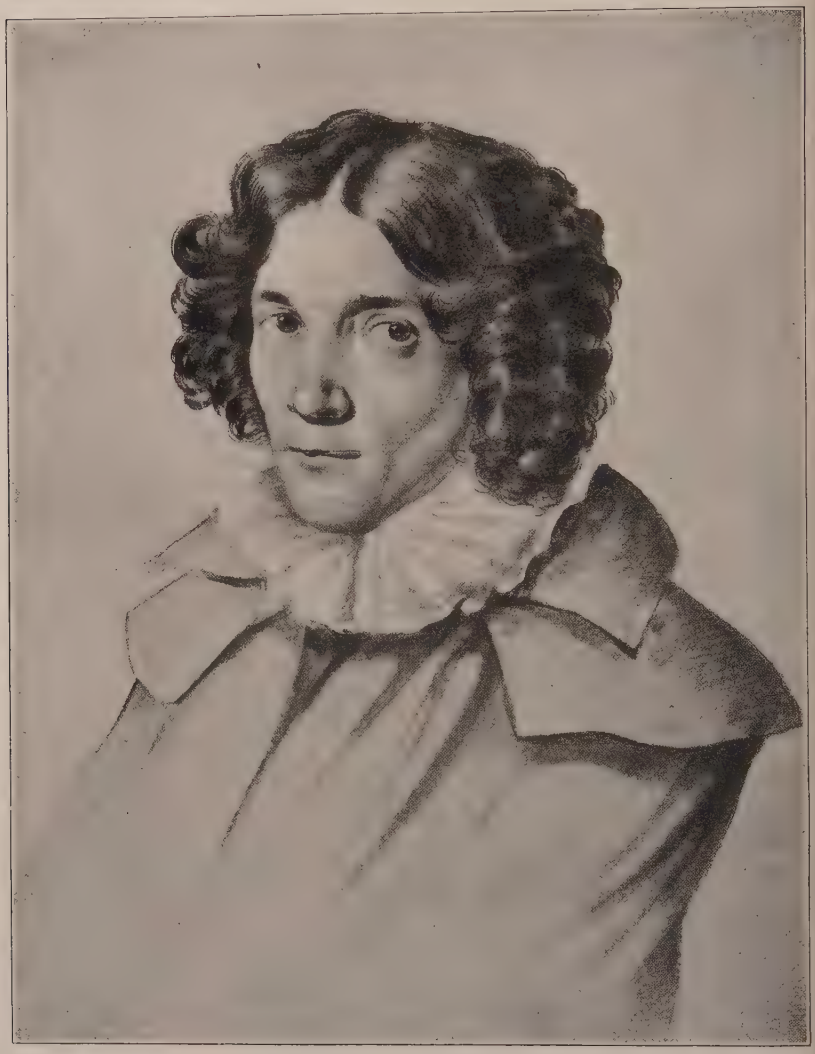
Water-color by Heinrich Meyer made either in 1792 or 1793, imitating the attitude and coloring of Raphael's *Madonna della sedia*. The very youthful mother is dressed in violet and the child in light green.

same month Goethe married her, and so Christiana became Frau Geheimerath Goethe with all the rights of a legitimate wife.

In 1807 Goethe lost one of his noblest and most loyal friends in the person of the Duchess Dowager Amalia, who died April 10.

It was just at this time that Goethe met Bettina Brentano

who later greatly misrepresented him in her "Goethe's Correspondence with a Child."[18]



BETTINA VON ARNIM.
At an advanced age.

The year 1808 had another sad bereavement in store for Goethe, for his mother died on September 13.

[18] See pp. 131-133.

At this time the Congress of Erfurt was in session and Goethe accompanied the Duke on that important occasion. On October 2 he had a personal interview with Napoleon which was pleasing to both men, both great and yet so different in their talents and destinies. Napoleon said of Goethe, "*Voilà un homme*!" and Goethe was overawed by the extraordinary power of this successful conqueror who had then reached the zenith of his glory. He believed in genius, and in Napoleon he saw the incarnation of military and diplomatic greatness. When a few years afterwards the German people rose against Napoleon, Goethe did not believe it possible that he could be overthrown. He said: "Shake your chains! that man is too great, you can not break them." When a few years later in the War of Liberation his own son wanted to enter a battalion of volunteers, he refused to give his permission.

Goethe was sufficiently German to rejoice in the German victory over the French conqueror, and even his admiration for the genius of the tyrant could not prevent him from taking an active part in the patriotic celebrations of the victory. He even went so far as to write verses for the purpose and praised Field Marshal Blücher for his successful campaign. It must be observed, however, that his patriotic poetry does not possess the genuine ring of the other poets of his day, such men as Arndt and Koerner. It is artificial and stilted. A play which he wrote in celebration of the victory under the title "The Awakening of Epimenides," was performed in Berlin on March 15, 1815, but did not arouse any great enthusiasm, and though perfect in form belongs to the weaker productions of his muse.

Nor did time change Goethe's appreciation of Napoleon himself. In fact after Napoleon's death he wrote a poem on the great conqueror which not only paid tribute to his manhood but also is remarkable for its delicate humor. It reads thus:

At last before the good Lord's throne
On doomsday stood Napoleon.
The Devil had much fault to find
With him and with his kin and kind.
Of all his sins he had a list
On reading which he did insist.
Quoth God, the Father,—or the Son,

Perchance it was the Holy Ghost—
He was indignant innermost:
'I know it all, make no more stir!
You speak like a German professor, sir.
Still, if you dare to take him, well—
Then drag him down with you to hell.'

[Am jüngsten Tag vor Gottes Thron
Stand endlich Held Napoleon.
Der Teufel hielt ein grosses Register
Gegen denselben und seine Geschwister.
War ein wundersam verruchtes Wesen:
Satan fing an es abzulesen.
Gott Vater, oder Gott der Sohn,
Einer von den Beiden sprach vom Thron,
Wenn nicht etwa der heilige Geist
Das Wort genommen allermeist:
"Wiederhol's nicht vor göttlichen Ohren!
Du sprichst wie die deutschen Professoren.
Wir wissen Alles, mach' es kurz!
Am jüngsten Tag ist's nur ein ....
Getraust du dich ihn anzugreifen,
So magst du ihn zur Hölle schleifen."]

In 1808 Goethe wrote his humorous poem on telepathy entitled "Effects at a Distance."[19]

In 1809 he published his novel "Elective Affinities," the main character of which is thought to be founded on that of Minna Herzlieb,[20] for whom Goethe felt a fatherly attachment in the preceding year. The book was widely read and though severely censured by many, proved that the aged poet was still capable of producing literary work of high merit.

During the time of the French invasion in 1808 Goethe finished his first part of Faust, which was published the same year under the title, "Faust, a Tragedy." Further he wrote a continuation of "Wilhelm Meister" under the title "Wilhelm Meister's Journey Years," and began his autobiography, the first instalment of which appeared in 1811. Originally he called it "Poetry and Truth," but when the work was completed he reversed it to read "Truth and Poetry." In the best known English translation the title reads *Truth and Fiction.* It has ever remained the most valuable key to a comprehension of Goethe, although

[19] See pp. 239-241.

[20] See pp. 133-134.

the poet's biographers are often embarrassed by the unreliability of its dates and sundry contradictions to established facts. However we must bear in mind that Goethe does not mean us to take his story as a recapitulation of facts but as his recollection of facts as they lived in his imagination. Other smaller poems are "Johanna Sebus," "The Faithful Eckart," "The Wandering Bell," "Ergo Bibamus," and "In Nothing Have I placed my Trust."

Goethe was too cosmopolitan to be a patriot. In 1812 he dedicated poems not only to the Emperor and Empress of Austria, but also to their daughter, the Empress Marie Louise, wife of Napoleon.

During the troublous times of the Napoleonic wars Goethe had devoted himself to Oriental studies which bore fruit in the "West-Eastern Divan" (1814-1815) a collection of poems in which the literary student believes that he finds a prototype of Suleika in Marianne von Willemer,[21] Goethe's acquaintance with whom began at this time.

On June 6, 1816, Goethe's wife, Christiana, died and he mourned her loss very sincerely.

In 1817 Goethe resigned his position as director of the theater.

In 1819 Goethe wrote his poem "The Metamorphosis of Animals," a companion piece to his "Metamorphosis of Plants," and he completed his arguments on the intermaxillary bone, the existence of which helped to establish the doctrine of evolution, so much discussed at that time in the circles of naturalists.

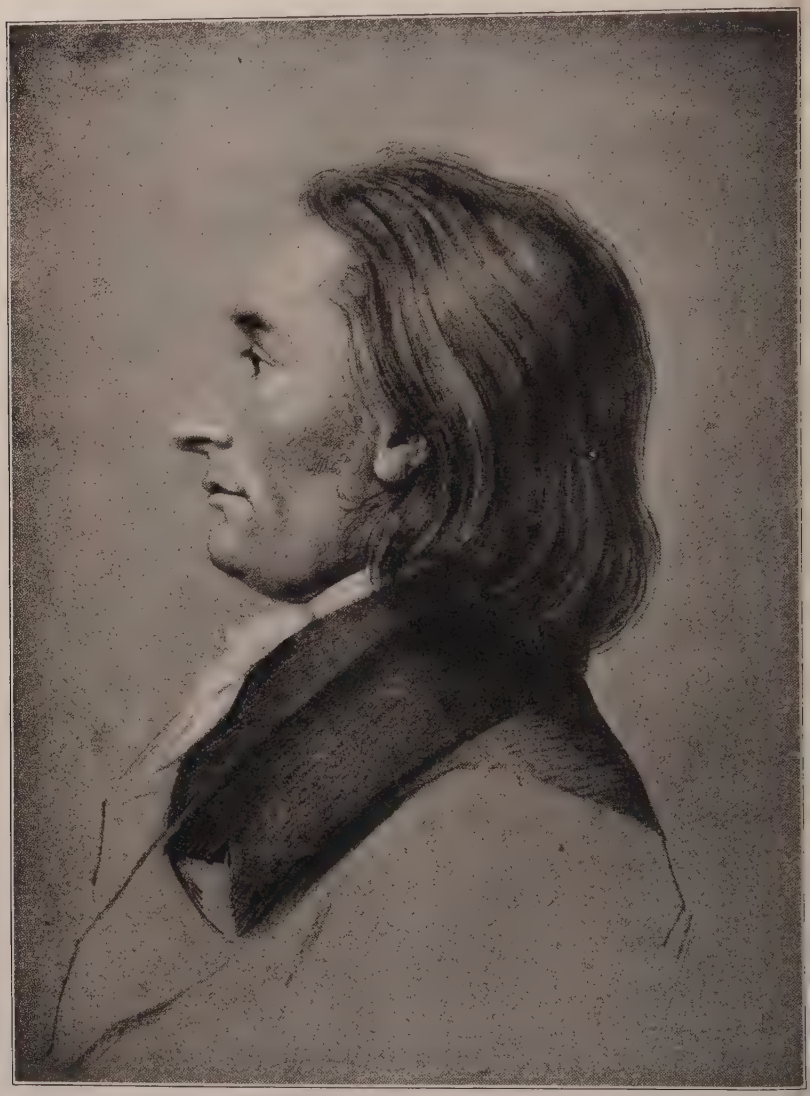
After 1821 he was engaged with an edition of his complete works in which he was assisted first by Riemer and afterwards by Eckermann.

In 1827 Johann Peter Eckermann (1792-1854) was introduced to Goethe and became his secretary, serving him faithfully to the very last. He is best known in German literature through the memoirs which he published under the title "Goethe's Talks with Eckermann."

Goethe's references to America are very few, and among his poems there is only one which indicates that he ever took

[21] See pp. 134-136.

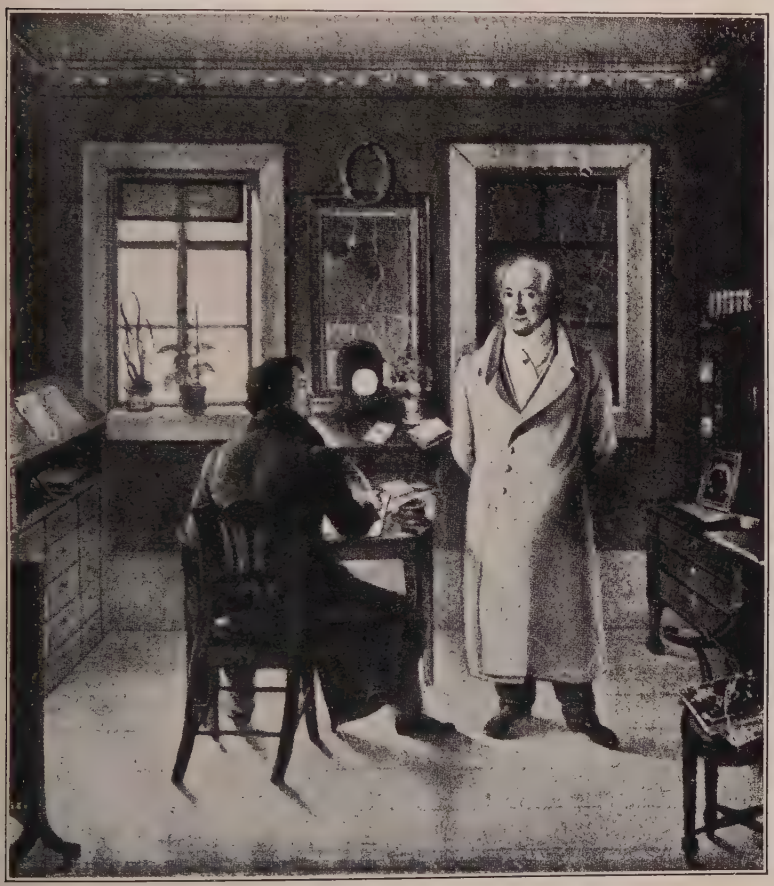
an interest in the destiny of the new world. The immediate occasion of these lines was a journey of Karl Bernhard, duke



JOHANN PETER ECKERMANN.
Original preserved in the Goethe National Museum at Weimar.

of Saxe-Weimar, the second son of the poet's patron and friend, the reigning grand-duke Karl August. This prince, born May

30, 1792, had dreamed of a visit to the new world ever since his early boyhood, and at last in his thirty-second year his father gave him permission to cross the Atlantic. In April, 1825, Karl Bernhard left Ghent for the United States, and after a year's



GOETHE DICTATING TO ECKERMANN.
After an oil painting by J. J. Schmeller in 1831.

stay returned in June, 1826. The diaries of the prince's travels were submitted to Goethe who commented on them favorably, and they appeared in print in 1828.[22]

[22] Compare on the subject Goethe's correspondence with Grand-Duke Karl August and with Zelter. The latter is to be found in English translation as well as in German editions.

The impressions which the prince had received in the new world justified all his most optimistic expectations: the active life, the spirit of enterprise, the boldness in building, the rapid increase of trade and commerce, the regulation of rivers, the expanse of the country with its untold opportunities, and above all the free and manly ways which the inhabitants exhibited in their daily life. Every honest worker felt himself the equal of every one else, and was treated as such; it was a country of universal brotherhood without class distinction. The prince was well received in society and also in military circles, and being a soldier who had fought in several battles (Jena and Wagram, etc.) he was honored with the boom of cannon. So enthusiastic was the prince over his experiences in the new world that he seriously considered the plan of settling there and making it his permanent home, but the old world had after all too great attractions for him, and having returned he took up his abode again in the chateau of his ancestors in Weimar.

Like Goethe the prince was a member of the Masonic lodge Amalia of Weimar, and on his return the brethren greeted him at a lodge meeting with the recitation of a poem, specially made for the occasion by Goethe and afterwards printed in 1833 in Goethe's Posthumous Works.

Goethe's poem on America was written at this time and under the influence which the perusal of the Prince's diary made on him. The ideas there expressed are also found in a poem of de Laprade, entitled *Les Démollisseurs,* in which America is characterized as a country unhampered by the past. De Laprade says: "There the people do not drag about the inconvenient burden of superannuated regrets." He speaks of their paths as free from prejudice and declares that "never a tomb, nor an old wall has to be torn down." Goethe further met with the statement that geologists had not discovered basalt rocks in the mountains of the new continent, and this strange error was interwoven into his notion of the nature of the people. Basalt being a rock of volcanic eruption he thought that the element of social upheavals, of club law, and their historical analogies was absent. At any rate he deemed the lack of medieval traditions, of a lingering remembrance of an age of robbers, knights and

haunted castles as especially fortunate, and under these impressions he wrote his poem which we translate as follows:

America, a better fate
Of thee than of Europe's expected.
No ruined castles of ancient date
Nor basalts in thee are detected.

The past disturbs thee not; nor rages
In this, thy surging modern life,
Vain memory of by-gone ages,
Nor futile antiquated strife.

The present utilize with care,
And if thy children write poetry books,
May, by good fortune, they beware
Of tales of robbers, knights and spooks.

[Amerika, du hast es besser
Als unser Continent, der alte,
Hast keine verfallene Schlösser
Und keine Basalte.

Dich stört nicht im Innern
Zu lebendiger Zeit
Unnützes Erinnern
Und vergeblicher Streit.

Benutzt die Gegenwart mit Glück,
Und wenn nun eure Kinder dichten,
Bewahre sie ein gut Geschick
Vor Ritter-, Räuber- und Gespenstergeschichten.]

This poem appears in Goethe's handwriting as the enclosure of a letter of June 21, 1827, addressed to his musical friend, the composer Zelter, to whom the poet intended to forward it in order to have it set to music. It was first printed in the *Musen-Almanach,* 1831, page 42; and later in Goethe's Correspondence with Zelter, IV, 341. In Goethe's Collected Works it appears in XXII, in the collection "Xenions and Kindred Poems" and bears the title, "The United States."

Frau von Stein died in 1827, and the Duke, Goethe's patron and faithful friend, in June 1828. But the worst bereavement came in 1830 when on October 27 his only son August died away from home in the city of Rome, while traveling in Italy. The aged poet received the news with remarkable composure

and gave expression to his resignation in the oft quoted words: *"Non ignoravi me mortalem genuisse."*

On August 31, 1831, when in his eighty-third year, Goethe completed the second part of his "Faust" which he had begun in 1824—one of the profoundest and most remarkable dramatic

GOETHE'S SON AUGUST.
Medallion by Thorwaldsen.

poems in the whole history of human literature. Apparently Goethe's genius had not suffered by old age.

On Thursday, March 15, 1832, Goethe spent a cheerful and happy day. He awoke in the morning with a chill, from which he recovered, however, and was enabled to resume his usual work on Monday. Another chill awoke him in the middle of the night,

but again he recovered, and had no anticipation of death. His daughter-in-law Ottilie attended him. On the morning of the 22d he sat slumbering in his armchair holding Ottilie's hand. He ordered the servant to open the second shutter to let in more

"MORE LIGHT."
From a painting by F. Fleischer in the National Goethe Museum at Weimar.

light. At half past eleven he turned towards the left corner of his armchair and went peacefully to sleep. It took some time before Ottilie knew that his life was ended.

Goethe's eldest grandson, Walther, became a musician. He

studied under Mendelssohn, Weinlig and Loewe and published several compositions. He died April 15, 1885. Goethe's second

GOETHE'S GRANDCHILDREN IN THE POET'S HOUSE.

After a drawing by Arendswald made in the year 1836, five years after Goethe's death.

grandson, Wolfgang Maximilian, took a doctor's degree in law at Heidelberg and published an anonymous work of three volumes

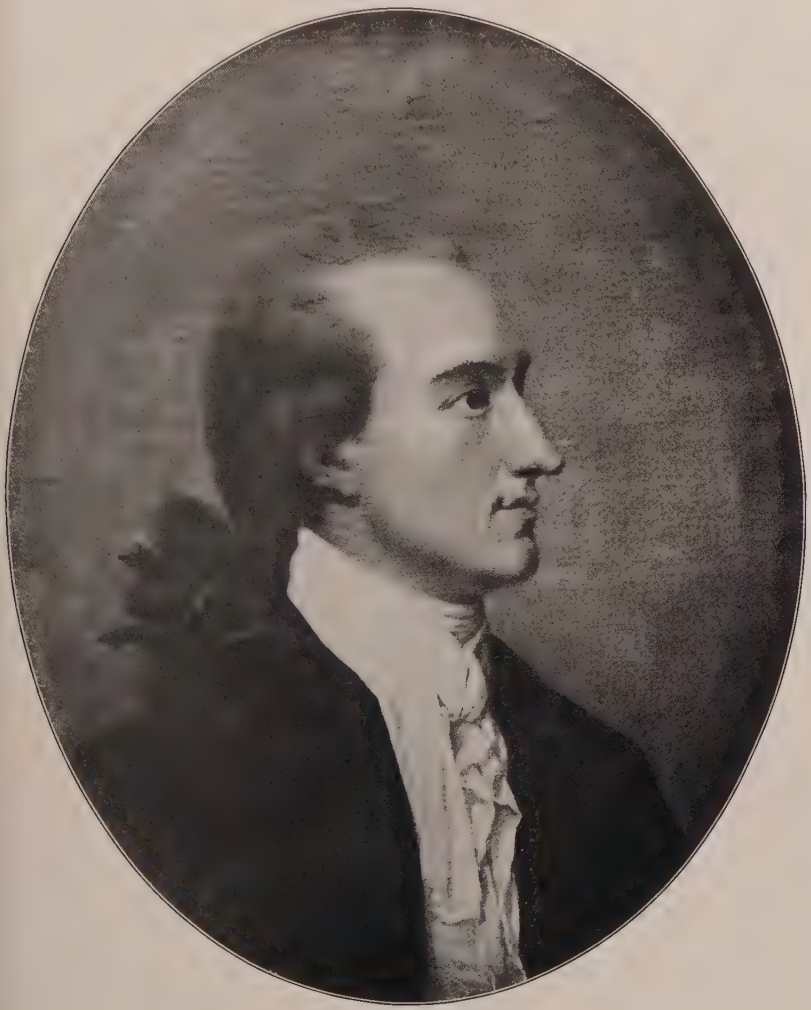
on "Man and Elementary Nature," a poem "Erlinde" and collections of "Poems." He died January 20, 1883. Little Alma died of typhoid fever while a child, September 29, 1844. Her full name was Alma Sedina Henrietta Cornelia. With these three grandchildren Goethe's posterity died out.

HIS RELATION TO WOMEN.

WHEN reading any biography of Goethe we are apt to receive a wrong expression of his personality. We become acquainted with a number of interesting people whom he meets in different places, and among them many attractive women. We are told of his literary labors and bear in mind his rapidly spreading fame. Thus his life seems to be a series of pleasures and triumphs while the quiet and concentrated work in which he was usually engaged is scarcely considered. His labors were almost playfully performed and his very recreations entered into them as part of his experiences which made him pause. His very sentiments are the material of his work, for, says he, "God made me say what in my heart I feel." Thus the seriousness of his life does not appear to a superficial observer, and yet those judge Goethe wrongly who would look upon his life as a mere series of flirtations, of lucky incidents and undeserved successes of all kinds. He himself relates his life in a charming style which renders every insignificant detail interesting, but all those pleasant events are drawn upon a somber background which the less noticed it is serves to render the more fascinating the figures that appear upon it.

Goethe's was a serious constitution, and the joyous events of his life are more incidental than the reader of "Truth and Fiction" might think. He was the butt of much envy and hostility in his lifetime, and, above all, his relations to women have been severely censured, but they were much purer and more innocent than is commonly assumed. We must remember that all the denunciations hurled against him by his critics are based upon

his own story. There are no accusations coming from those whom he is assumed to have wronged.



GOETHE IN HIS THIRTIETH YEAR.
Painted by G. O. May, 1779.

When we wish to understand the part which women play in Goethe's life we ought to speak first of all of the poet's relations with his mother. He knew very well what he owed to his father

and what to his mother, tersely and poetically expressed in the lines:

From father my inheritance
Is stature and conduct steady;
From mother my glee, that love of romance,
And a tongue that's ever ready.

[Vom Vater hab ich die Statur,
Des Lebens ernstes Führen,
Vom Mütterchen die Frohnatur
Und Lust zu fabuliren.

GOETHE'S MOTHER, FRAU AJA.

After a picture in the possession of Solomon Hirzel. Original portraits of the Frau Rath are very rare.

Great-grandpapa liked ladies fair,
And this my soul is haunting;
Great-grandmamma loved gems to wear,
Like her I'm given to flaunting.

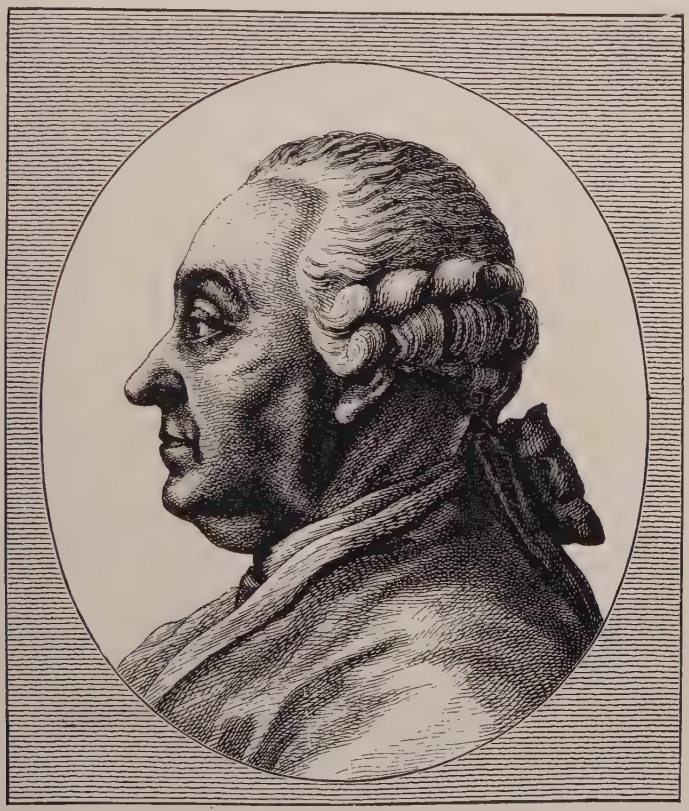
Urahnherr war der Schönsten hold,
Das spukt so hin und wieder;
Urahnfrau liebte Schmuck und Gold,
Das zuckt wohl durch die Glieder.

Now since this complex can't but be
The sum of all these features,
What is original in me
Or other human creatures?

Sind nun die Elemente nicht
Aus dem Complex zu trennen,
Was ist denn an dem ganzen Wicht
Original zu nennen?]

Goethe owed to his mother his poetic genius, his talent for story telling, and his buoyancy of spirit.

Frau Aja, as Goethe's mother was called by her son, was



GOETHE'S FATHER.*

After a copper engraving in Lavater's *Physiognomische Fragmente* (1777).

much younger than her husband, and we know that their marriage was not a love match. She was only seventeen and a half years old when on August 1748 she joined her life to that of the

* The explanatory text reads: "Here is a pretty good likeness of the excellent, skilful, order-loving, discreet and clever executive man, who, however, made no pretense to a spark of poetic genius,—the father of the great man."

THE GOETHE FAMILY OF FRANKFORT.

Painted in 1762 by the Darmstadt artist J. C. Seekatz for 60 gulden.

After the death of Goethe's mother this picture came into possession of Bettina von Arnim who left it to her son-in-law, Hermann Grimm. Goethe kept two of the artist's sketches of this picture in his collection. It is one of these which is here reproduced. The oil painting differs slightly.

Counselor Johann Caspar Goethe who was her senior by nineteen years. The warmth of the young wife's heart did not find the

THE ROOM OF FRAU RATH GOETHE.
After a drawing by E. Büchner.

response she sought in the care of her sober and paternal mate, and so she lavished upon her son all the sentiment and fervor

of which her soul was capable. Of six children she lost four[1] in early childhood, and only two, Wolfgang and Cornelia, survived. These sad bereavements only served to intensify her love for her two remaining children. Others might have succumbed to the gloom of melancholy, or their disposition would have soured, not so Frau Aja. With all the tenderness of a young woman's affection she clung to her children, especially to her spritely boy, and she not only shared his joys when a child but also the unreserved confidence of the youth and the man. With him she renewed her girlhood days more as her son's companion in his sometimes giddy pranks than as his educator and parent. "My Wolfgang and I," she used to say, "always clung close together, because we were young together."

Frau Aja surrounded her son with her motherly love, removing from his life even in later years everything that could worry him or cause him solicitude. For instance it is not commonly known how much she did for him in pecuniary sacrifices at the time when her illustrious son was well able to take care of his own accounts. During the Napoleonic war Frankfort had to pay a heavy contribution, and Goethe, owning some property there though not a citizen of the free city, was directly affected. His mother paid every penny of his share without ever referring to her son, simply to spare him the worry of making these increased payments. There is preserved in Weimar a little sheet containing a few figures in Frau Aja's own handwriting which tell us how much the poet's mother still cared for the comfort of her son, and continued to spoil him with her motherly love. They read as follows:

1778.	700
1782.	888
1782.	1000
1785.	1000
1794.	1000
1801.	1000
	f. 5588
	600
	f. 6188

[1] Hermann Jacob, born in November, 1752, died in January, 1759; Catharina Elisabeth, born in September, 1754, died in December, 1755; Johanna Maria, born in March, 1757, died in August, 1759; and Georg Adolf, born in June, 1760, died in February, 1761.

The sum of 6188 florins is more than twenty-five hundred dollars.

* * *

It is true that Goethe's poetic nature needed the stimulation of a woman's interest, but his relations to his women friends were not frivolous. He was not unprincipled, but he dreaded the indissoluble bond of marriage, and he carefully avoided giving any woman just cause to make a claim on his constancy. He himself expressed this sentiment in a humorous poem entitled *Vorschlag zur Güte* which might be translated simply "Proposal" or "For Consideration." It reads in an English translation thus:

He: So well thou pleasest me, my dear,
That as we are together here
I'd never like to part;
'Twould suit us both, sweet heart.

She: As I please you, so you please me,
Our love is mutual, don't you see?
Let's marry, and change rings,
Nor worry about other things.

He: We marry, darling, and for aye?
My heart grows faint, I must away.

She: Why hesitate? For then of course
If it won't work, we'll try divorce.

[*Er*: Du gefällst mir so wohl, mein liebes Kind,
Und wie wir hier bei einander sind,
So möcht' ich nimmer scheiden;
Da wär' es wohl uns Beiden.

Sie: Gefall' ich dir, so gefällst du mir;
Du sagst es frei, ich sag' es dir.
Eh nun! heirathen wir eben!
Das übrige wird sich geben.

Er: Heirathen, Engel, ist wunderlich Wort;
Ich meint', da müsst' ich gleich wieder fort.

Sie: Was ist's denn so grosses Leiden?
Geht's nicht, so lassen wir uns scheiden.]

Being fearful that he might marry some one who would become a hindrance to him in his poetic work, Goethe was careful not to be carried away by passion, and he expresses this principle in another poem entitled *Wahrer Genuss,* i. e., "True Enjoyment," where he says:

Wouldst not be tied in holy bondage,
Oh youth, practice control of thee.
Thus mayest thou preserve thy freedom,
Nor yet without attachment be.

[Soll dich kein heilig Band umgeben,
O Jüngling, schränke selbst dich ein!
Man kann in wahrer Freiheit leben
Und doch nicht ungebunden sein.]

We have reason to believe that Goethe's relations with women were dominated by this maxim, and in more advanced years when his fame had made him more attractive he fortified himself against temptations and all advances by the fair sex as expressed in the following rhyme:

Only this time be not caught as yet,
And a hundred times you escape the net.

[Einmal nicht gefangen
Ist hundertmal entgangen.]

* * *

Goethe's first love was of a very harmless character. It was in the year 1764 when he was a mere boy of fifteen, and his adored one, Gretchen, was a few years his senior, probably seventeen or eighteen years old,—a good-natured girl whom the vicissitudes of life had rendered both modest and pensive, so as to impress the bold stripling with the dignity of a pure soul. For instance once, when she had rebuked him for entering into the silly jokes of his friends he was so infatuated with the lovely girl that he wanted to embrace her, but she stood aloof. "Don't kiss me," said she, "that is vulgar; but love me if you can."

Gretchen seems to have been an orphan, presumably the daughter of an inn-keeper at Offenbach, and was brought up

in the house of relatives. Her family name is not known. At her home the young Goethe became acquainted with a man

GRETCHEN.
By Kaulbach.

whom he recommended to his father for a position, and when the youth's protegé turned out to be a scoundrel, an investigation

ensued in which Gretchen spoke of the young Wolfgang as a "boy," which offended him greatly. The following comment in "Truth and Fiction" describes Goethe's sentiments at the disillusionment of his first affection. Having related the result of the investigation as told by his tutor, he continues:

"At last I could contain myself no longer, and asked what had become of Gretchen, for whom I, once for all, confessed the strongest attachment. My friend shook his head and smiled. 'Set your mind at rest,' replied he, 'that girl has passed her examination very well, and has borne honorable testimony to that effect. They could discover nothing in her but what was good and amiable. She even won the favor of those who questioned her, and who could not refuse to grant her desire to remove from the city. Even what she confessed regarding you, my friend, does her honor. I have read her deposition in the secret reports myself, and have seen her signature.'—'That signature!' exclaimed I, 'which makes me so happy and so miserable. What has she confessed, then? What has she signed?' My friend hesitated to reply, but the cheerfulness of his face showed me that he concealed nothing dangerous. 'If you must know, then,' replied he at last, 'when she was asked about you and her intercourse with you, she said quite frankly, "I cannot deny that I have seen him often and with pleasure; but I have always treated him as a child, and my affection for him was truly that of a sister. In many cases I gave him good advice and, instead of instigating him to any equivocal action, I have hindered him from taking part in wanton tricks, which might have brought him into trouble." '

"My friend still went on making Gretchen speak like a governess; but for some time I had ceased to listen to him. I was terribly affronted that she had set me down in the reports as a child, and I at once believed myself cured of all passion for her. I even hastily assured my friend that all was over now. I also spoke no more of her, named her no more; but I could not leave off the bad habit of thinking about her, and of recalling her face, her hair, her demeanor, though now, to be sure, all appeared to me in quite another light. I felt it intolerable that a girl, at the most only a couple of years older than I, should regard me as

a child; while I had imagined that I passed with her for a very sensible and clever youth."

A reminiscence of Gretchen is preserved in Goethe's "Faust" in so far as the heroine bears her name.

* * *

Goethe's relation to his sister might well serve all brothers as a model. We cannot characterize her better than in his own words:

THE POET'S SISTER.

Drawn by Goethe, presumably in 1770. From the portfolio *Juvenilia.*

"She was tall, well and delicately formed, and had something naturally dignified in her demeanor, which melted away into pleasing mildness. The lineaments of her face, neither striking nor beautiful, indicated a character which was not, nor ever could be, in union with itself. Her eyes were not the finest I have ever seen, but the deepest, behind which you expected the most; and when they expressed any affection, any love, their brilliancy was

unequalled. And yet, properly speaking, this expression was not tender, like that which comes from the heart carrying with it at the same time something of longing and desire. This ex-

CORNELIA, GOETHE'S SISTER.

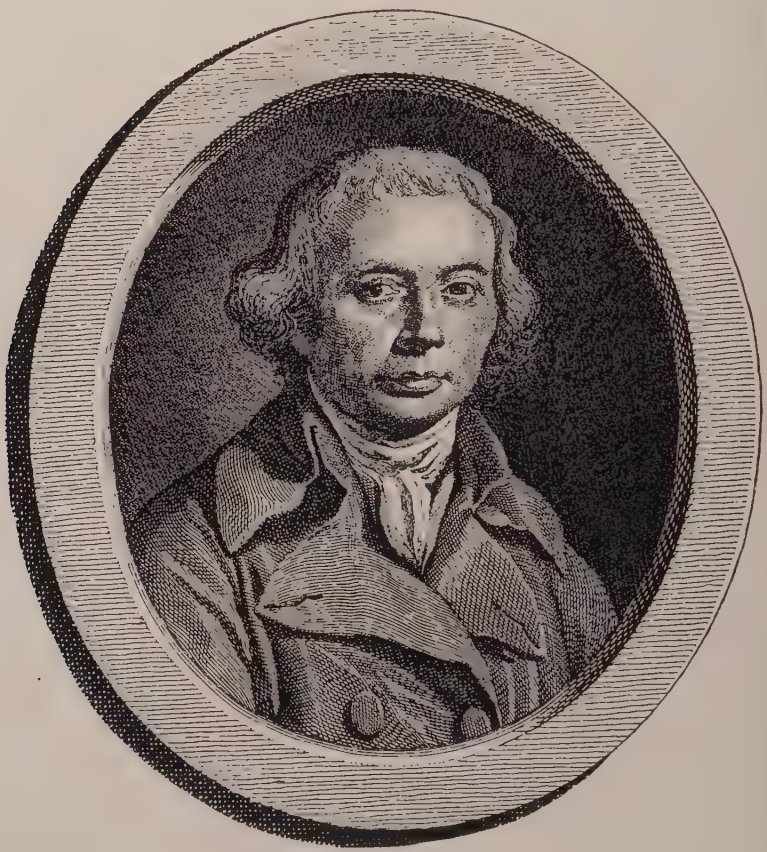
pression came from the soul; it was full and rich and seemed as if it would only give without needing to receive.

"But what disfigured her face in a peculiar manner so that she would often appear positively ugly, was the fashion of those times, which not only bared the forehead, but, either accidentally or on purpose, did everything apparently or really to enlarge it. Now, as she had the most feminine, most perfect arched forehead, and, moreover, a pair of strong black eyebrows and prominent eyes, these circumstances occasioned a contrast, which if it did not repel every stranger at the first glance, at least did not attract him. She felt it at an early age; and this feeling became constantly the more painful to her, the farther she advanced into the years when both sexes find an innocent pleasure in being mutually agreeable.

"To nobody can his own form be repugnant. The ugliest, as well as the most beautiful, has a right to enjoy his own presence; and as favor beautifies, and every one regards himself in the looking glass with favor, it may be asserted that every one must see himself with complacency, even if he would struggle against the feeling. Yet my sister had such a decided foundation of good sense, that she could not possibly be blind or silly in this respect. On the contrary she perhaps knew more clearly than she ought, that she stood far behind her female playmates in external beauty, without feeling consoled by the fact that she infinitely surpassed them in internal advantages.

"If a woman can find compensation for the want of beauty, she richly found it in the unbounded confidence, the regard and love, which all her female friends bore to her; whether they were older or younger, all cherished the same sentiments. A very pleasant society had collected around her. Young men were not wanting who knew how to insinuate themselves into it and nearly every girl found an admirer; she alone had remained without a partner. While, indeed, her exterior was in some measure repulsive, the mind that gleamed through it was also more repelling than attractive; for the presence of dignity puts a restraint upon others. She felt this sensibly; she made no attempt to conceal it from me, and her love was directed to me with all the greater force. The case was singular enough. As confidants to whom one reveals a love-affair actually by genuine sympathy become lovers also, nay, grow into rivals, and at last, perchance, trans-

fer the passion to themselves, so it was with us two. For, when my connection with Gretchen was torn asunder, my sister consoled me the more earnestly, because she secretly felt the satisfaction of having got rid of a rival; and I, too, could not but feel a quiet, half-mischievous pleasure, when she did me the



JOHANN GEORG SCHLOSSER.
After a medallion by Becker.

justice to assure me that I was the only one who truly loved, understood, and esteemed her."

In November, 1773, Cornelia was married to Schlosser, and the newly married couple left for Strassburg. Her marriage was not fortunate and she sought refuge in her brother's friendship,

but he could offer no help. She died prematurely in Emmendingen in 1777.

Her husband was a lawyer who served as private secretary to the Duke of Württemberg. In 1773 he accepted a position as a state counselor of Baden at Carlsruhe, and after an appointment as Oberamtmann at Emmendingen, he returned to Carlsruhe

CHARITAS MEIXNER.
After an oil painting.

in 1787 as director of the ducal court and retired in 1794. He died at Frankfort in 1799 at the age of sixty.

* * *

One of Cornelia's friends was Charitas Meixner, a young girl born in 1750 at Worms. While Goethe studied in Leipsic he devoted some passing attention to her, as appears from his correspondence with her cousin, a young Mr. Trap. We know too little about her to form an adequate idea of her character

and the influence she might have had on the young poet. She afterwards married a merchant of Worms by the name of Schuler, and died at the age of twenty-seven years.

* * *

At Frankfort Cornelia was visited by some friends who played a part in her brother's life. They were Frau Betty Jacobi, the wife of Fritz Jacobi, and Johanna Fahlmer, a younger sister of Fritz Jacobi's mother, with her niece, Fritz Jacobi's half-sister Lolo. Fraülein Fahlmer was a daughter of her father's second wife and considerably younger than her nephews. Being

BETTY JACOBI, NÉE VON CLERMONT.

JOHANNA FAHLMER IN OLD AGE.

Jacobi's aunt she was called "Auntie" (*Tantchen*) even as a young girl, and in Goethe's letters she always figured as Auntie Fahlmer. These three young women contributed not a little to cement a friendship between Goethe and Fritz Jacobi which in spite of profound difference of religious conviction lasted to the end of their lives. The maiden name of Helene Elisabeth Jacobi (called Betty) was Von Clermont. She was born October 5, 1743, and died prematurely on February 9, 1784. She was of Dutch nationality and was married in 1764 to Fritz Jacobi. Her visit to Frankfort, falls in the year 1773. Goethe was very fond

of her and describes her in "Truth and Fiction" as genuinely Dutch in her appearance, "without the slightest sentimentality in her feeling, true, cheerful in speech, a splendid Dutch woman, who without any trace of sensuality reminds one of the plump type of Rubens's women."

Auntie Fahlmer was born June 16, 1744, at Düsseldorf and died October 31, 1821, in her native city. She visited Frankfort

KITTY SCHÖNKOPF.

during the summer of 1772 and the spring of 1774. She was a friend of both Wolfgang and Cornelia Goethe and became more and more attached to the latter after her marriage, and during the years 1773-1777 she carried on a lively correspondence with Goethe. Somewhat more than a year after Cornelia's death, June 8, 1777, she became the wife of the widower Johann George

Schlosser. The only procurable picture of her is a portrait made at an advanced age.

* * *

Kitty Schönkopf, the "Aennchen" of Goethe's autobiography, was a pretty and attractive girl, but, being the daughter of the proprietor of a restaurant where Goethe took his dinners during the summer of 1766, she was not of a distinguished family. Their courtship was much disturbed by jealousy and whims, which finally led to a rupture. The main cause of the trouble seems to have been the restless character of the young poet, who felt that his interest would not be lasting, and who was almost afraid to tie himself permanently to her by marriage. Kitty was married in 1770 to Dr. Karl Kanne, later vice-mayor of Leipsic.

This flirtation at Leipsic (in 1766) with "Aennchen" was of a transient nature and did not leave a deep impression on the poet's heart. So we may regard his romance with Friederike Brion of Sesenheim as the first true love affair of his life.

* * *

At Strassburg Goethe had taken dancing lessons at the house of a French dancing master, whose two daughters were in love with the young poet, and one day the older one, jealous of her sister, kissed him, and solemnly cursed the woman who would be the first to kiss him again. The scene is dramatically told in Goethe's autobiography, and the unhappy victim of this curse was to be Friederike.

A student by the name of Wieland introduced Goethe to the Brion family. The father, a Huguenot of French extraction, was a Protestant clergyman at Sesenheim, a village about twenty miles from Strassburg. He had six children; one of his daughters was married, while the two youngest lived at home. The name of the elder of these two was Maria Salome, and Friederike, the youngest daughter of the Brion family (born April 19, 1752), was just nineteen years of age, with blue questioning eyes and a most alluring smile, not exactly beautiful, but very attractive, and unusually responsive. No wonder that the young poet's heart was at once aflame. The time was spent in lively conversation on

KAULBACH'S BRION FAMILY.

Friederike is reading *The Vicar of Wakefield,* to the characters of which story Goethe compared the inmates of the Sesenheim parsonage.

Goldsmith's *Vicar of Wakefield* and other literary topics, in moonlight promenades, dances and rural frolics, until Goethe was so thrilled with youth and love that, forgetful of the French damsel's curse, he yielded to the temptation and pressed a kiss upon her yielding lips.

FRIEDERIKE'S HOME, THE PARSONAGE AT SESENHEIM.

After an oil painting formerly in the possession of A. Störber, now in the Freie Deutsche Hochstift at Frankfort on the Main.

Can we doubt that the lines of his poem "To the Moon" have reference to Friederike's love when he says:

Once that prize did I possess	[Ich besass es doch einmal,
Which I yearn for yet,	Was so köstlich ist!
And alas! to my distress,	Dass man doch zu seiner Qual
Never can forget.	Nimmer es vergisst!]

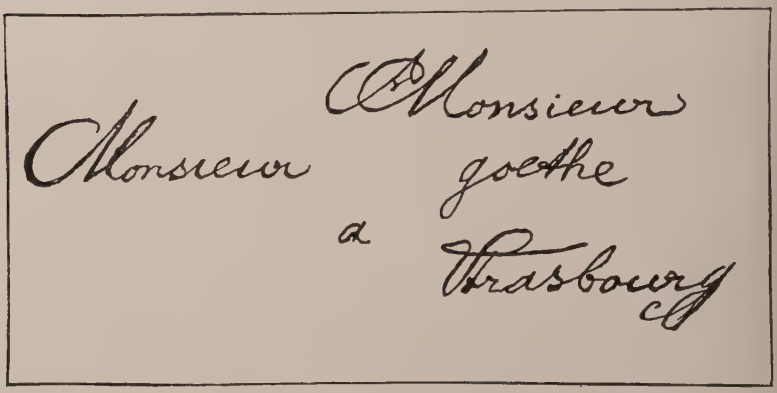
No wonder that Goethe never forgot this idyllic courtship and that the remembrance of it seemed to gain in power with

his advancing age. George Henry Lewes, on his visit to Weimar met some persons then living who had known the great poet personally. He says with reference to Friederike: "The secre-

FALK'S FRIEDERIKE PORTRAIT.
Found among Lenz's papers.

tary to whom this episode was dictated, told me how much affected Goethe seemed to be as these scenes revisited his memory. Walking up and down the room with his hands behind him, he often stopped his walk and paused in the dictation; then after a long silence, followed by a deep sigh, he continued the narrative in a lower tone."

It is to be regretted that we have no portrait of Friederike which can be considered as unequivocally authentic. Among the papers of the poet Lenz, however, a pencil drawing has been found which represents a youthful girl in Alsacian costume who may very probably be this much wooed daughter of the Sesenheim parson. There is a great probability that such is the case



FRIEDERIKE'S AUTOGRAPH.

but we have no positive evidence. The handwriting of Friederike, however, is still preserved, and we reproduce here one of the best known specimens of it from an envelope addressed to Goethe.

There are many readers of Goethe's autobiography who become so charmed with the loveliness of Friederike that they cannot forgive the poet for not having married her. Some have gone so far as to attack him most violently and censure him for a breach of faith. They forget that their accusations are based on evidence furnished exclusively by the accused person himself. That Goethe had never a harsh word for her certainly does not speak against him, and we must assume that there were weighty reasons which led to the rupture. In fact he accuses himself,

THE PARSONAGE AT SESENHEIM.

After a drawing by Goethe. In the original, the words "Brion Pfarrer" can still be read on the left gate post.

GOETHE PARTING FROM FRIEDERIKE.
By Eugen Klimsch.

not at all considering himself blameless although he felt that he could not have acted differently. We will quote the most important passage on the subject from his autobiography. When he wrote her that he would have to leave she answered in a most touching way. Goethe says:

"Friederike's answer to my farewell letter rent my heart. It was the same hand, the same tone of thought, the same feeling which was formed for me and by me. I now for the first time felt the loss which she suffered, and saw no means to supply it or even alleviate it. I was always conscious that I missed her; and, what was worst of all, I could not forgive myself for my own misfortune. Gretchen had been taken away from me; Annette

SESENHEIM.

had left me; now, for the first time, I was the guilty one. I had wounded her lovely heart to its very depths; and the period of a gloomy repentance, with the absence of the refreshing love to which I had grown accustomed, was most agonizing, nay, intolerable."

Further on Goethe continues:

"At the time when I was pained by my grief at Friederike's situation, I again sought aid from poetry after my old fashion. I again continued my wonted poetical confession in order that by this self-tormenting penance I might be worthy absolution in my own eyes. The two Marias in 'Götz von Berlichingen' and 'Clavigo,' and the two bad characters who act the parts of their lovers, may have been the results of such penitent reflections."

When Goethe speaks of first love as the only true love he apparently has reference to his love for Friederike, not to his prior and more boyish flirtations with Gretchen and Annette Schönkopf; and this explains why he cherished this episode of his life with such tenderness. Goethe says:

"The first love, it is rightly said, is the only one; for in the second, and by the second, the highest sense of love is already lost. The conception of the eternal and infinite which elevates and supports love is destroyed; and it appears transient like everything else that recurs."

The correspondence between Goethe and Friederike has been destroyed, which fact proves that both parties shunned publicity. However, Goethe remembered Friederike's love, and set up for her an everlasting monument in the story of his Sesenheim romance, while ever afterward he carefully endeavored to crowd out from his mind all memories that would disfigure these recollections so dear to him. In Goethe's autobiography Friederike appears of such natural and lovely charm that her personality has remained one of the favorite women characters of German literature. She died April 3, 1813, at the house of her sister, Frau Pfarrer Marx at Meissenheim, and on her tombstone two simple lines are inscribed:

Upon her fell a ray of poesy,
So bright it lent her immortality.

[Ein Strahl der Dichtersonne fiel auf sie,
So hell dass er Unsterblichkeit ihr lieh.]

Goethe's description of Friederike has made Sesenheim a place of pilgrimage to lovers of German literature, and the first distinguished visitor of the old Brion parsonage was the poet Ludwig Tieck in the summer of 1822, but he expressed his disappointment by saying that in a certain sense he "repented having visited Sesenheim." He adds, "'repented' is not the word, but an unpoetic sadness fills me to find that everything there is so different from the picture my imagination formed according to the incomparable description of our poet."

In the autumn of the same year (1822) Professor Naeke, of

Bonn, visited Sesenheim and was greatly disillusioned at the report of Pastor Schweppenhäuser, the successor of Friederike's father in that rural parsonage. The real Friederike was somewhat different from the poetical figure of Goethe's autobiography. Naeke wrote down his impressions under the title of "A Pilgrimage to Sesenheim," and having stated the result of his investigations concludes his report with an expression of satisfaction that she had no reason to reproach Goethe for her misfortunes. Naeke's "Pilgrimage to Sesenheim" remained unprinted until 1840, when it was published by Varnhagen von Ense, but a copy of the manuscript had been sent to Goethe at the time, and he made the following comment which appears to be all he ever cared to say on the subject:[2]

"In order to give brief expression to my thoughts about the news from Sesenheim I shall make use of a symbol of general physics derived more particularly, however, from entoptics; I shall speak here of repeated reflections of light.

"1. A blessed youthful delusion (*Wahnleben*) unconsciously reflects itself forcibly in the young man.

"2. The image long cherished, and probably revived, surges ever to and fro, gracious and lovely, before his inner vision for many years.

"3. Tenderly received in early years and long retained, finally in vivid remembrance it is given external expression and is once more reflected.

"4. This image radiates in all directions into the world, and a fine, noble heart may be charmed by this appearance as if it were the reality, and receives from it a deep impression.

"5. From this is developed an inclination to actualize all that may still be conjured up out of the past.

"6. The longing grows, and that it may be gratified it becomes indispensably necessary to return once more to the spot in order to make his own the vicinity at least.

"7. Here by happy chance is found on the commemorated

[2] This short article is inscribed *Wiederholte Spiegelungen* (i. e., "repeated or continued mirrorings"), and is registered under that title in the index of any edition of Goethe's complete works. It was published first in his posthumous works 1833, Vol. IX, and is contained in his complete works as No. 117 in the volume entitled *Aufsätze zur Literatur.*

spot a sympathetic and well-informed man upon whom the image has likewise been impressed.

"8. Now in the locality which had been in some respects desolated, it becomes possible to restore a true image, to construct a second presence from the wrecks of truth and tradition, and to love Friederike in her entire lovableness of yore.

"9. Thus in spite of all earthly intervention she can again be once more reflected in the soul of her old lover, and charmingly revive in him a pure, noble and living presence.

"When we consider that repeated moral mirrorings not only vividly revive the past but even ascend to a higher life, then we think of the entoptic phenomena which likewise do not fade from mirror to mirror but are kindled all the more. Thus we shall obtain a symbol of what has often been repeated in the history of the arts and sciences, of the church and even of the political world, and is still repeated every day.

"January 31, 1823."

We can now understand those other lines in Goethe's ode "To the Moon," when the poet sighs:

Flow along, dear river, flow;	[Fliesse, fliesse, lieber Fluss;
Joy for aye is sped.	Nimmer werd' ich froh!
Glee and kisses even so,	So verrauschte Scherz und Kuss,
Yea, and troth have fled.	Und die Treue so.]

Historical investigations have led to a bitter discussion, the extremes of which are represented on the one side by I. Froitzheim,[3] on the other by Düntzer, Erich Schmidt, Bielowski, etc. Although an idealist would be naturally inclined to take Düntzer's view of the case, we can not ignore Goethe's own statements which, though very guardedly, concede the reliability of Naeke's information. We know further that Friederike was engaged for some time to Jacob Michael Reinhold Lenz, one of the minor German poets and a personal friend of Goethe, but that he too found cause to break off the engagement.

It is impossible to deny the pertinence of these and other

[3] In protest against the exaggerated glorification of Friederike by certain hero-worshipers, Dr. I. Froitzheim followed up the scent of Professor Naeke and published the result of his investigations under the title, *Friederike von Sesenheim nach geschichtlichen Quellen* (Gotha, F. A. Perthes, 1893).

facts, but on the other hand we need not (as does Froitzheim) begrudge to Friederike the honor of the inscription on her tombstone. Friederike was human, perhaps too human, but her foible was the same as Goethe's. The suffering she endured for her fault was sufficient atonement. We must remember that even the severest critics of her character grant that she was full of grace and loveliness, not a striking beauty but of rare charm, capable of intense devotion, charitable, self-sacrificing and thirsting for love. Even when her youth was gone she could fascinate men of talent and set their hearts aflame with passion. There is no need to require her to be a saint, and we might as well repeat of her the words of Christ, "Her sins which are many are forgiven, for she loved much."

* * *

While convalescent in Frankfort from his Leipsic illness, Goethe became acquainted with Fräulein Susanna Catharina von Klettenberg, an old lady and a friend of his mother. She belonged to the Moravian church and took a great interest in religious mysticism which made a deep impression on Goethe without, however, converting him to pietism. Her personality is mirrored in the "Confessions of a Beautiful Soul" incorporated in his novel "Wilhelm Meister." Goethe here made use of her letters, explained and enlarged by personal conversation with her, and it is commonly assumed that as to facts and sometimes even in the letter of descriptions she is virtually to be considered as the author of this autobiography.

"The Confessions of a Beautiful Soul" is of extraordinary interest and belongs to Goethe's most attractive sketches, depicting a pure and truly pious personality. In her childhood the author of these "Confessions" had been thrown upon herself by a severe disease which cut her off from the sports of childhood. "My soul became all feeling, all memory," says she, "I suffered and I loved: this was the peculiar structure of my heart. In the most violent fits of coughing, in the depressing pains of fever, I lay quiet, like a snail drawn back within its house: the moment I obtained a respite, I wanted to enjoy something pleasant; and, as every other pleasure was denied me, I endeavored to amuse

myself with the innocent delights of eye and ear. People brought me dolls and picture-books, and whoever would sit by my bed was obliged to tell me something."

She regained her health and tells of her studies, but her enjoyments lacked the giddiness of childhood. Only gradually did she become fond of dancing, and for a while at this time her fancy was engaged by two brothers, but both died and faded from her memory. Later on she became acquainted with a young courtier whom she calls Narcissus, and on one occasion when he was attacked and wounded by a quick tempered officer, she became engaged to him and cherished this young man with great tenderness. In the meantime her relation to God asserted itself at intervals. For a while she says (and these are her very words) "Our acquaintance had grown cool," and later on she continues: "With God I had again become a little more acquainted. He had given me a bridegroom whom I loved, and for this I felt some thankfulness. Earthly love itself concentrated my soul, and put its powers in motion; nor did it contradict my intercourse with God."

But Narcissus was a courtier and wanted a society woman for a wife, while she found social enjoyments more and more insipid. They disturbed her relations with God, so much so indeed that she felt estranged from him. She says: "I often went to bed with tears, and, after a sleepless night, arose again with tears: I required some strong support; and God would not vouchsafe it me while I was running with cap and bells.....And doing what I now looked upon as folly, out of no taste of my own, but merely to gratify him, it all grew wofully irksome to me."

The lovers became cool and the engagement was broken off, —not that she no longer loved him. She says in this autobiography: "I loved him tenderly; as it were anew, and much more steadfastly than before.

Nevertheless he stood between herself and God and for the same reason she refused other suitable proposals. Her reputation did not suffer through the rupture with her fiancé. On the contrary the general interest in her grew considerably because she was regarded as "the woman who had valued God above her

bridegroom." In passing over further particulars of the life of the "Beautiful Soul," we will quote her view of hell:

"Not for a moment did the fear of hell occur to me; nay, the very notion of a wicked spirit, and a place of punishment and torment after death, could nowise gain admission into the circle of my thoughts. I considered the men who lived without

SUSANNA VON KLETTENBERG IN HER FORTY-FOURTH YEAR.
In the National Museum at Weimar.

God, whose hearts were shut against the trust in and the love of the Invisible, as already so unhappy, that a hell and external pains appeared to promise rather an alleviation than an increase of their misery. I had but to look upon the persons in this world who in their breasts gave scope to hateful feelings; who hardened their hearts against the good of whatever kind, and strove to

force the evil on themselves and others; who shut their eyes by day, so that they might deny the shining of the sun. How unutterably wretched did these persons seem to me! Who could have devised a hell to make their situation worse?"

Finally through the influence of her uncle and a friendly counsellor whom she calls Philo she found composure of mind which she expresses thus:

"It was as if my soul were thinking separately from the body; the soul looked upon the body as a foreign substance, as we look upon a garment. The soul pictured with extreme vivacity events and times long past, and felt, by means of this, events that were to follow. Those times are all gone by; what follows likewise will go by; the body, too, will fall to pieces like a vesture; but I, the well-known I, I am."

She does not consider her life as a sacrifice but on the contrary as the attainment of an unspeakable joy. She says at the conclusion of her autobiography:

"I scarcely remember a commandment: to me there is nothing that assumes the aspect of law; it is an impulse that leads me, and guides me always aright. I freely follow my emotions, and know as little of constraint as of repentance. God be praised that I know to whom I am indebted for such happiness, and that I cannot think of it without humility! There is no danger I should ever become proud of what I myself can do or can forbear to do: I have seen too well what a monster might be formed and nursed in every human bosom, did not a higher influence restrain us."

The nobility of character of Fräulein von Klettenberg, of this "Beautiful Soul," contributed not a little to purify the young poet's mind, and her interest in mysticism caused him to study alchemy and to read the works of Theophrastus, Paracelsus, Agrippa von Nettesheim and other occultists, the study of whose books proved helpful in the composition of "Faust." We have evidence that this thoughtful and mystical lady had fantastic inclinations, for when one of her friends, Fräulein von Wunderer, entered the Cronstätt Institute, Susanne had her own portrait painted for her in the dress of a nun. The picture came into Goethe's possession in 1815.

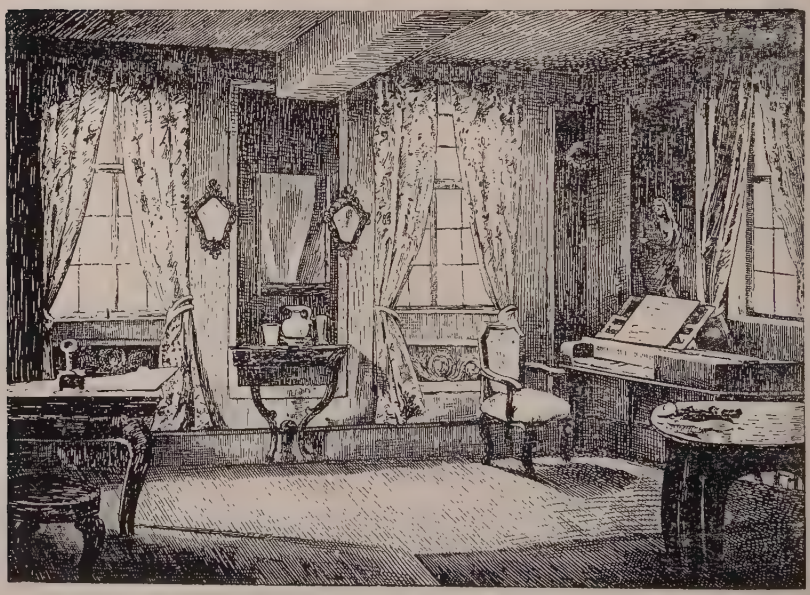
At Wetzlar on the Lahn Goethe met Charlotte Buff, the daughter of an imperial government official. She acted as a real mother to her many younger brothers and sisters and was engaged to be married to Kestner, secretary to the Hanoverian legation. Goethe felt greatly attracted to the young lady and, being at the same time a good and fast friend of Kestner, was

CHARLOTTE SOPHIE HENRIETTE BUFF.

Later on wife of Johann Christian Kestner. Redrawn from a pastel in the possession of Georg Kestner of Dresden.

a constant visitor at the home of her father in the Deutsche Haus. Charlotte was made the heroine of "The Sorrows of Werther," and as Goethe's acquaintance with her was followed by the sad fate of his friend Jerusalem, the combination suggested to him the tragic plot of this novel.

THE DEUTSCHE HAUS, SHOWING THE WINDOWS OF CHARLOTTE'S ROOM.



CHARLOTTE BUFF'S ROOM IN THE DEUTSCHE HAUS AT WETZLAR.

COLUMBIA, MO.

In those days Goethe was in an irritable and almost pathological condition. He experienced in his own mind a deep longing for an escape from the restlessness of life, and in his autobiography he speaks of "the efforts and resolutions it cost him to escape the billows of death." His friend Merck came to the rescue. From the dangerous atmosphere of Wetzlar he took him

FRAU SOPHIE VON LA ROCHE.

on a visit to the jolly circle of Frau Sophie von La Roche at Ehrenbreitstein.

Goethe had met Frau von La Roche in the preceding April (1772) in Homburg, and he was glad to renew the friendship at this critical moment of his life. Born December 6, 1731, Sophie von La Roche was the daughter of Dr. Gutermann, a physician of Kaufbeuren, and was a relative and childhood com-

panion of Wieland, whose friend she remained throughout her life. In 1754 she married Georg Michael Frank von Lichtenfels, surnamed La Roche. As an author she is best known by "Rosalie's Letters to Her Friend Mariane." She had two beautiful daughters. While in Ehrenbreitstein Goethe passed the time with Maximiliana in a harmless but entertaining flirtation, before

FRAU MAXIMILIANA BRENTANO.
Daughter of Sophie von La Roche, and mother of Bettina von Arnim.

she was married to an older and jealous husband, Mr. Brentano. Frau von La Roche removed with her husband to Speyer and later to Offenbach where she died February 18, 1807.

The novels and moral tales of Frau von La Roche were much read in those days. In a somewhat sentimental language

she advocated marriage for love's sake, but she herself did what she condemned other mothers for; she urged her daughters to accept aged husbands for the sake of worldly advantages. Bettina, the daughter of Maximiliana, will be mentioned further on.

ANNA ELISABETH SCHOENEMANN: GOETHE'S LILI.

During the winter of 1774-75 Goethe became acquainted with Anna Elisabeth Schönemann, the daughter of a rich banker, a pretty girl of sixteen but a spoiled child and a flirt. He called her Lili, and devoted several poems to her which are exceedingly poetical but at the same time betray his dissatisfaction with the

charms of the fascinating young lady. In "Lili's Park" he compares her many lovers to a menagerie and himself to a bear

LILI'S MENAGERIE. By Kaulbach.

who does not fit into the circle of his mistress at the Schönemann residence.

In April 1775 Goethe was officially engaged to Lili, but the engagement lasted only into May; since both families were opposed to it, it was soon revoked. Three years later she was married to the Strassburg banker Bernhard Friedrich von Türckheim. She died near Strassburg in 1817.

The poems "New Love, New Life"; "To Belinde," and "Lili's Park" are dedicated to her, and some later songs made in Weimar, "Hunter's Evening Song" and "To a Golden Heart" Goethe wrote in remembrance of Lili.

* * *

While Goethe's heart was still troubled with his love for Lili, he received an anonymous letter signed "Gustchen." The writer gained his confidence and he answered with unusual frankness, telling her of all that moved him and especially of the joys and disappointments of his courtship with Lili. This correspondence developed into a sincere and pure friendship with his unknown correspondent, and Goethe soon found out that Gustchen was the countess Augusta Stolberg, the sister of his friends, the brothers Stolberg.

* * *

In the summer of 1775 when Goethe visited his friends Bodmer and Lavater in Zurich, the latter introduced him to his friend Frau Barbara Schulthess, née Wolf, the wife of a merchant in Zurich. At first sight she was not particularly attractive nor was she brilliant in conversation, but she had a strong character and impressed her personality upon all with whom she came in contact. Her connection with Goethe has not been sufficiently appreciated, presumably because two years before her death (1818) she burned all the letters she had received from him. We know, however, that Goethe submitted to her most of his new productions, among them "Iphigenia," "Tasso" and "Wilhelm Meister," and he appears to have been greatly influenced by her judgment. He calls her *die Herzliche,* "my cordial friend." He is known to have met her on only two occasions afterwards, in 1782 and again on October 23, 1797. Herder characterizes her briefly as follows:

"Frau Schulthess, to be brief, is a she-man (*Männin*). She

says almost nothing, and acts without any show of verbiage. She is not beautiful, nor well educated, only strong and firm without

BARBARA SCHULTHESS.

After a painting by Tischbein (1781) in possession of Dr. Denzler-Ernst of Zurich.

coarseness. She is stern and proud without spreading herself, an excellent woman and a splendid mother. Her silence is in-

MIGNON IN WILHELM MEISTER.
By Kaulbach.

structive criticism. To me she is a monitor and a staff.... She is only useful through silence. She only receives and does not give from pure humility, from true pride."

Through her a most important work of Goethe's has been preserved, which is nothing less than his original conception of "Wilhelm Meister." It is not merely a variation of the one finally published, but a different novel altogether, three times as large in extent. It bore the title *Wilhelm Meister's theatralische Sendung*, and was written in 1777. Goethe sent it to Frau Schulthess, familiarly called Bebé, in 1783, and the entire manuscript was copied partly by herself, partly by her daughter. This copy was discovered by Dr. Gustav Villeter, Professor at the Zurich Gymnasium, to whom it was brought by one of his scholars. It has been edited by Dr. H. Mayne and was published in 1910.

* * *

When speaking of the women who played a part in Goethe's life we must not forget Corona Schröter (born January 17, 1751, at Guben). She had met Goethe as a student in Leipsic and had at that time been greatly impressed by the charm of his personality. In 1776 she was engaged as a concert singer in court circles at Weimar, and to her were assigned the heroine parts of romantic love dramas. The most critical minds were agreed in regarding her as one of the greatest stars in her specialty, and she was also a great favorite with Goethe who sometimes appeared with her on the stage. She was the first Iphigenia and acted the rôle with Goethe as Orestes. A good drawing of one of these scenes was made by Georg Melchior Kraus. Corona's whole appearance was such as worthily to represent the Greek heroine. The audience was confined to the ducal court of Weimar, and no other public was admitted. In Kraus's picture the scenery is in so far misleading as it suggests that the play was performed in the open air at Ettersburg, but we know definitely that "Iphigenia" was first performed indoors.

Later on Corona Schröter became a successful teacher of recitation and singing, and many of the most distinguished Weimar ladies were her pupils. She was also an exquisite and gifted painter and composer. She set to music Goethe's "Fisher Maiden"

of which the Erl King is a part, and her composition of this poem appears like a rough draft of Schubert's more elaborate, more powerful and more artistic composition.

This little drama, Goethe's "Fisher Maiden," in which Corona Schröter took the part of Dortchen, was performed on the banks of the Ilm at Tiefurt, the summer residence of the Duchess

CORONA SCHROETER.*
By Anton Graff.

Anna Amalia, and has been portrayed in a wash drawing by Georg Melchior Kraus. The picture represents the first scene. Dortchen is enraged because she contends that women are not appreciated. She contrives a plot in which she makes it appear

* The picture is not definitely identified, but judging from tradition and its similarity to a known portrait of the singer there can scarcely be any doubt that she is the subject of the painting.

that there has been an accident. She hides one pail, places another on a plank near the water, and throws her hat among the bushes so that her father and lover will think she is drowned. After these preparations, she disappears in the woods just as the men return in their boat. They take alarm as she desired, but

IPHIGENIA AND ORESTES.
By Georg Melchior Kraus.

after a while their fears are dissolved when she returns and sets their minds at rest.

The field of Corona Schröter's activity was not limited to the stage, for she was endowed with almost every other talent.

"THE FISHER MAIDEN" PLAYED IN TIEFURT PARK.
By Georg Melchior Kraus.

Moreover her charming personality was like an incarnation of the heroines she represented. When Wieland first met her together with her great poet friend in the park, he described her appearance in these strong terms:

CORONA SCHROETER.
By Georg Melchior Kraus.

"There we found Goethe in company with the beautiful Corona Schröter who in the infinitely noble Attic elegance of her whole figure and in her quite simple yet infinitely *recherché*

and insidious costume looked like the nymph of the charming grotto."

Goethe called her *Krone*, the German equivalent of Corona

FRIEDRICH HILDEBRAND VON EINSIEDEL.
Drawing by Schmeller.

meaning "crown," and in his poem "On Mieding's Death" refers to her suggestive name in one of his verses, saying,

And e'en the name Corona graces thee.

In the same passage he dwells on her advantage in being endowed with beauty, a queenly figure, and all the arts, saying:

Unto the world she like a flower appears,
Is beauty's model in its finished state.
She, perfect, doth perfection personate.
The Muses did to her each grace impart
And nature in her soul created art.
—*Tr. by Bowring.*

CUPID FEEDING A NIGHTINGALE.

[Als Blume zeigt sie sich der Welt:
Zum Muster wuchs das schöne Bild empor,
Vollendet nun, sie ist's und stellt es vor.
Es gönnten ihr die Musen jede Gunst,
Und die Natur erschuf in ihr die Kunst.]

In Weimar she was a favorite with almost every one and was especially admired by Friedrich von Einsiedel. Goethe dedicated to her the following lines inscribed beneath the statue of a Cupid feeding a nightingale, which adorned the Chateau Tiefurt:

Certainly Cupid has raised thee,
O singer; himself he has fed thee,
And on his arrow the god
Childlike presented thy food.

Thus Philomele, thy throat,
Which is steeped in the sweetest of poisons,
Chanting thy strains without guile
Fills with love's power our hearts.

[Dich hat Amor gewiss, O Sängerin, fütternd erzogen,
Kindisch reichte der Gott dir mit dem Pfeile die Kost,
So, durchdrungen von Gift die harmlos atmende Kehle,
Trifft mit der Liebe Gewalt nun Philomele das Herz!]

After Corona Schröter retired from the stage she made her home in Ilmenau and died there August 23, 1802.

Anna Amalia, Duchess Dowager of Saxe-Weimar, plays a most important part in Goethe's life; and her influence on his destiny cannot be overestimated, for she was the guiding star which led him to Weimar. The elevating spirit in which she dominated the social atmosphere of the small duchy contributed not a little to mature the untamed spirit of the wild young genius.

Anna Amalia was the daughter of the Duke Karl of Brunswick. She was born October 24, 1739, and was married to the Duke Constantin of Saxe-Weimar, March 16, 1756. Her husband died on May 28, 1758, after a married life of only two years, and she took the regency until her son, the young Duke Karl August, became of age, September 3, 1775. She proved not only very efficient in the affairs of government but was also a good mother and did her best to bestow upon her son a broad and liberal education. When the Duke married Louise, the daughter of the Landgrave of Hesse-Darmstadt, these three royal personages, the Duke, his mother, and his wife, formed an auspicious trinity in their love and patronage of German literature.

Even at an advanced age the Duchess preserved her beauty and distinguished appearance, and when she retired from active participation in the government, she concentrated her interest in *belles lettres,* art and everything that tends to the cultivation of the mind. She died at Weimar, April 10, 1807.

The painter Kraus immortalized the circle of the Duchess

Amalia in a watercolor which we here reproduce, and we may assume that it represents a scene of actual life. The figures as numbered in the picture are (1) Johann Heinrich Meyer, called

AMALIA, DUCHESS DOWAGER OF SAXE WEIMAR.
After a painting by Angelica Kauffmann.

Kunstmeyer, born in Zurich 1760; met Goethe on his Italian journey 1786; was called as professor of drawing to Weimar 1791; after 1807 director of the academy; died October 11,

1832, in Jena. (2) Frau Henriette von Fritsch, née Wolfskell, lady-in-waiting. (3) Goethe. (4) Friedrich Hildebrand von Einsiedel, councilor in the government at Weimar, later chief

DUCHESS DOWAGER AMALIA IN ADVANCED YEARS.
Etching by Steinla, after a painting by Jagemann.

master of ceremonies of Duchess Amalia. (5) Duchess Amalia. (6) Elise Gore. (7) Charles Gore. (8) Emilie Gore. (9) Fräulein von Göchhausen, lady-in-waiting. (10) Herder. Fräu-

lein von Göchhausen has come into prominence of late from the fact that she copied Goethe's first draft of "Faust," and this docu-

THE CIRCLE OF THE DUCHESS AMALIA.
After a water-color by Kraus, 1795

ment was discovered by Professor Erich Schmidt in 1887. She was one of the most faithful of the attendants of the duchess,

and in Goethe literature is sometimes simply called Thusnelda and sometimes, on account of her deformity, Gnomide.

CASTLE KOCHBERG, MANSION ON THE STEIN ESTATE.
Drawn by Goethe.

Among the acquaintances Goethe made in Weimar was Charlotte von Stein, the wife of the Master of Horse. She was

seven years older than Goethe and mother of seven children, to the eldest of whom, called Fritz, Goethe was greatly attached.

FRIEDRICH CONSTANTIN VON STEIN (CALLED FRITZ).
Drawing by Schmeller, about 1819.

Goethe's correspondence with Charlotte von Stein throws much light upon the poet's thoughts and sentiments and explains the

origin of many of his poems. Among the poems dedicated to her we will mention "Restless Love," "To Linda," "Dedication," and above all the two short poems entitled "Wanderer's Night-song."[4]

* * *

On his return from a journey to Italy Goethe's relations to Frau von Stein had become cool. In 1788 he met Christiana

CHRISTIANA VULPIUS.

Vulpius who handed him a petition in favor of her brother. She was the daughter of a talented man, who, however, had lost his situation through love of liquor. Christiana's position in life was a humble one. She worked in the flower factory of Mr.

[4] For the text and translations of these songs see pp. 217-219.

CHRISTIANA WAITING.
Drawn from life by Goethe

Bertuch, a business man who had done much to develop Weimar and of whom we have previously given some account.[5] The girl was a buxom country lass with rosy cheeks and a simple-hearted disposition. Goethe took a fancy to her and used to meet her in his garden house. We have a picture of her, drawn by Goethe himself, which shows her as a demure maiden sitting quietly at a simple table. On the wall hang pictures of Rome. The small picture is Tischbein's sketch of his painting of Goethe on the ruins of the Campagna.[6]

CHRISTIANA ASLEEP.
Drawn by Goethe in illustration of his poem.

Once it happened that Goethe kept Christiana waiting so long that she grew first impatient, then sleepy, and when he arrived he could not find her. Searching around he finally discovered her curled up in the corner of a sofa fast asleep:

> In the hall I did not find the maiden,
> Found the maiden not within the parlor.
> And at last on opening the chamber
> Found I her asleep in graceful posture;
> Fully dressed she lay upon the sofa.

[5] See page 37.

[6] See page 41.

[Auf dem Saale fand ich nicht das Mädchen,
Fand das Mädchen nicht in ihrer Stube.
Endlich, da ich leis die Kammer öffne,
Fand ich sie, gar zierlich eingeschlafen,
Angekleidet auf dem Sopha liegen.]

Goethe brought her into his home where she took charge of the household. A charming little poem is dedicated to her which describes their meeting in a figurative way. In the translation of William Gibson it reads as follows:

I walked in the woodland,
And nothing sought;
Simply to saunter—
That was my thought.

I saw in shadow
A floweret rise,
Like stars it glittered,
Like lovely eyes.

I would have plucked it,
When low it spake:
'My bloom to wither,
Ah! wherefore break?'

I dug, and bore it,
Its roots and all,
To garden-shades of
My pretty hall.

And planted now in
A sheltered place,
There grows it ever
And blooms apace.

[Ich ging im Walde
So für mich hin,
Und nichts zu suchen,
Das war mein Sinn.

Im Schatten sah ich
Ein Blümchen stehn,
Wie Sterne leuchtend,
Wie Aeuglein schön.

Ich wollt' es brechen,
Da sagt' es fein:
Soll ich zum Welken
Gebrochen sein?

Ich grub's mit allen
Den Würzlein aus,
Zum Garten trug ich's
Am hübschen Haus.

Und pflanzt' es wieder
Am stillen Ort;
Nun zweigt es immer
Und blüht so fort.]

Goethe married Christiana October 19, 1806.

* * *

Madame Goethe was not welcomed socially in the homes of Weimar, nor was her presence deemed desirable at court. The first lady who received her was Johanna Schopenhauer, the mother of the famous pessimist. She had just moved to Weimar in 1806 after the death of her husband, a banker of Danzig. Johanna Schopenhauer was at the time a popular author, while her son, the philosopher, was almost unknown. Goethe, however, prophesied that the gloomy young thinker would sometime grow above the heads of his contemporaries, and the latter, con-

scious of his own importance, said to his mother in a dispute about the worth of their respective writings, that his works, then ignored, would be read when her novels would moulder in the attic as waste paper.

On May 8, 1814, Goethe dedicated to the pessimist philos-

FRAU JOHANNA SCHOPENHAUER AND HER DAUGHTER, ADELE

opher two lines which the Schopenhauer Gesellschaft has published in its first annual in Goethe's own handwriting as he wrote it down for Schopenhauer "with reference to and in memory of many friendly discussions." The couplet reads as follows:

"Willst du dich deines Werthes freuen,
So musst der Welt du Werth verleihen."

Willst du dich deines Werthes freuen;
So mußt der Welt Du Werth verleihen.

in Gefolg und zum Andenken
mancher vertraulichen Gespräche

Weimar, d. 8 May 1814 Goethe

GOETHE'S HANDWRITING.

Mihi.
A.S.

SCHOPENHAUER'S HANDWRITING.

In this epigram Goethe has immortalized his critical view of Schopenhauer's pessimism. This is the sum total of his opinion of the badness of the world which he had discussed with Schopenhauer in many confidential talks, as Goethe himself says. The lines were written in consequence of these discussions as a souvenir for the philosopher. When this poem was published by Goethe's publisher, Cotta, in 1815, Schopenhauer wrote on the margin of his copy "*Mihi* A. S.," which means, "This verse was written especially for me."

No better answer could have been given to pessimism, no better criticism and no better comment could have been made upon it than is contained in this verse. We can very well imagine that Goethe was deeply impressed with the truth of Schopenhauer's views. There can be no question that the world is full of misery, and that at best "its strength is labor and sorrow." But after all, the world as it is is the fact which we have to face, and it is our business to make the best of it. The world to us is how we mold circumstances and what part we play in it, and thus the poet says:

> Thy worth, wouldst have it recognized?
> Give to the world a worth that's prized.

The question is not whether the world is bad or good, but whether our life is worth the living, and if it is not in our power to change the constitution of the world it is our duty to acquire worth ourselves.

* * *

In 1797 Karoline Jagemann, distinguished both as a singer and an actress, filled an engagement at the Weimar theater. She was born at Weimar on January 15, 1777, and began her career on the stage at Mannheim at the age of fifteen. Four years later she returned to her native city to take a leading place in both opera and drama. She possessed not only remarkable beauty and a queenly bearing, but was also distinguished by rare talent and gained the favor of the Duke, who conferred nobility upon her under the name of Frau von Heygendorf. Strange to say she is the only woman of Goethe's acquaintance who was hostile to him. She used her influence with the Duke to intrigue against the poet and caused him so much annoyance that he considered

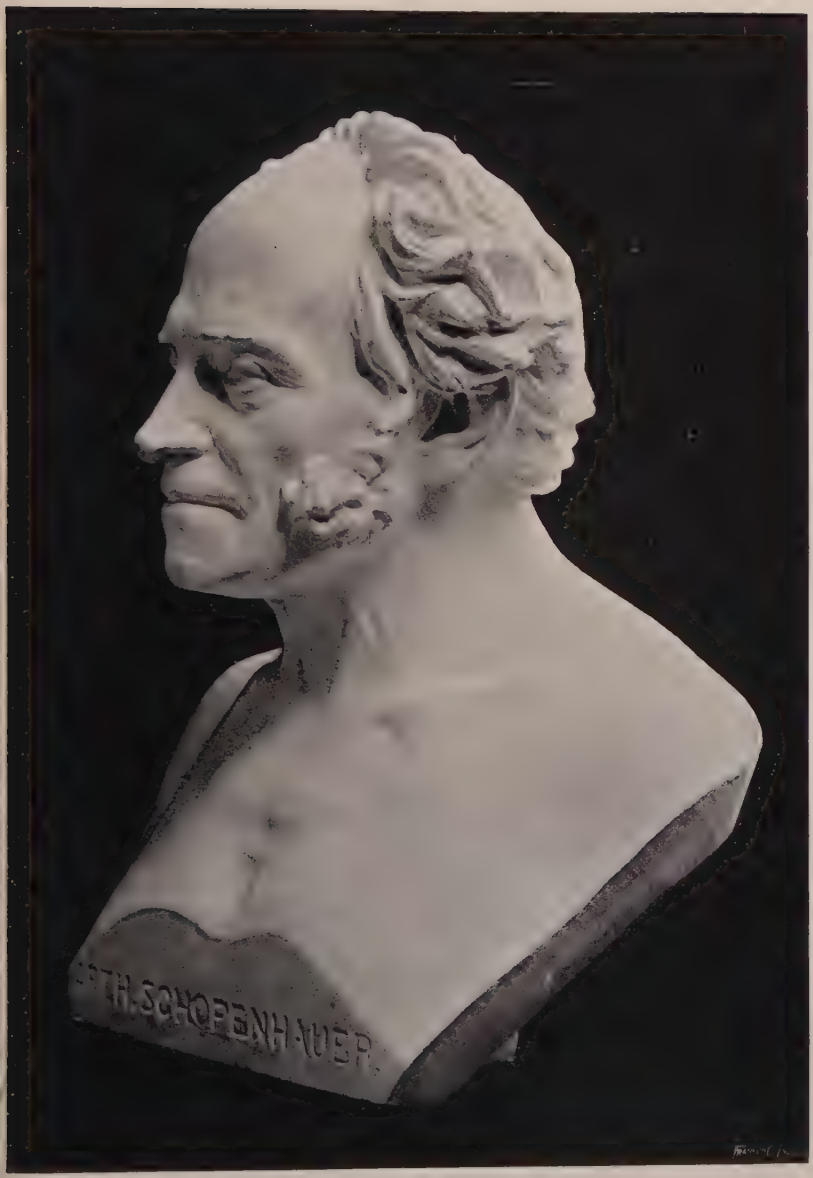
it a relief when in 1817 he resigned his position as director of the theater.

Frau von Heygendorf is of special interest to us because she is the only woman to whom the pessimist and woman-hater Schopenhauer addressed a love poem. That Schopenhauer was not entirely proof against feeling admiration for intellectual women is evidenced by his relation to Elizabet Ney, the sculptor, who modelled his bust, the only one of him in existence. The case of Frau von Heygendorf, however, is more serious, as his

CAROLINE VON HEYGENDORF, NEE JAGEMANN.

interest in her might have induced him to forget his prejudice against marriage. Wilhelm von Gwinner publishes the facsimile of Schopenhauer's poem in the third *Jahrbuch der Schopenhauer-Gesellschaft,* 1914, and writes as follows (as communicated by Prof. Paul Deussen in the preface, page ix):

"He (Schopenhauer) felt personally drawn to only one person, the actress Karoline Jagemann. 'This woman,' he owned once to his mother, '....I would make my wife (*heimführen*) even if I had picked her up breaking stones on the highway.' By the bye, she was ten years his senior. His only love poem, written in the winter of 1809, was inspired by her. She visited him in Frankfort as Frau von Heygendorf, on which occasion

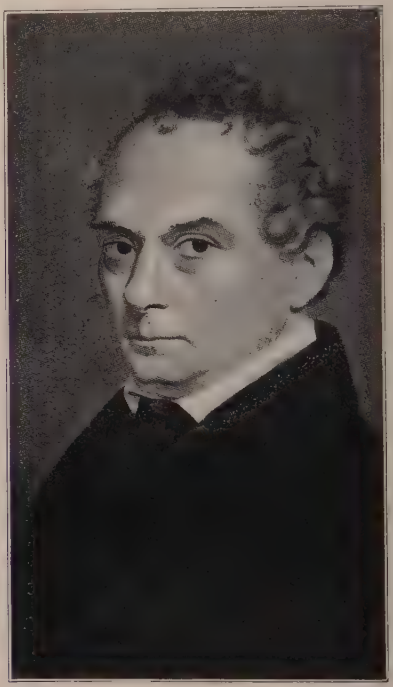


ARTHUR SCHOPENHAUER.
Bust by Elisabet Ney.

he had read to her his parable of the company of porcupines just written at that time (Parerga II, 396) which she had greatly enjoyed."

The poem describes a chorus of singers who went out to serenade the actress on a murky day. The philosopher joins them and is disappointed that she does not appear at the window.

LUDWIG JOACHIM VON ARNIM
Known as Achim von Arnim.



CLEMENS BRENTANO.

The versification is poor, and the sentiment expressed almost trivial. The last stanza reads as follows:

The chorus goes parading;
Linger in vain mine eyes.
The sun is veiled by curtains,
My fate beclouded lies.

[Der Chor zieht durch die Gassen,
Vergebens weilt mein Blick,
Die Sonne hüllt der Vorhang—
Bewölkt ist mein Geschick.]

BETTINA VON ARNIM, NEE BRENTANO.
Enlarged from a miniature by A. von Achim Baerwalde.

In April, 1807, Bettina Brentano (later Frau von Arnim) the daughter of Maximiliana von La Roche, and a sister of the poet Clemens Brentano, visited Goethe and was well received. Being an exceedingly pretty girl of a romantic disposition, she soon entered into a friendship with the famous poet which con-

MINNA HERZLIEB.

tinued for some time; but she caused him so much annoyance through her eccentricities that Goethe was glad of an opportunity to break with her. When once in 1811 she behaved disrespectfully to his wife, Frau Geheimerath Goethe, he forbade Bettina his house.

Goethe had corresponded with Bettina, and some time after his death she published letters that purported to be their correspondence, under the title "Goethe's Correspondence with a Child." Whatever of this book may be genuine, we know that it is greatly embellished and shows Goethe in a wrong light. Poems addressed to Minna Herzlieb are appropriated by Bettina, and Goethe is made to express sentiments which cannot have been in the original letters.

FRAU MARIANNE VON WILLEMER, NEE JUNG.
Engraved by Doris Raab, 1814.

Minna Herzlieb (born May 22, 1789, in Zülichau) was educated in the house of the publisher Frommel at Jena, where Goethe made her acquaintance and entertained a fatherly friendship for her. We may assume that he loved her, though the word "love" was never spoken between them. It is believed that she furnished the main features for the character of Ottilie in the "Elective Affinities" which he planned at that time. She was married in 1821 to Professor Walch of Jena but later separated

from her husband. She suffered from melancholia and died July 10, 1865, in a sanitarium at Goerlitz.

THE BRIDGE OVER THE MAIN AT FRANKFORT.

At the celebration of the first anniversary of the battle of Leipsic in 1814, Goethe visited his native city, where he met a

rich banker, the privy councilor Johann Jacob von Willemer. On the Willemer estate in the vicinity of the Gerbermühle near Offenbach, the poet made the acquaintance of Marianne Jung, later Frau von Willemer, a most attractive and highly intellectual lady. She was born November, 1784, as the daughter of Matthias Jung, a manufacturer of musical instruments at Linz on the

MARIANNE VON WILLEMER.

Danube, but since her father died during her childhood the young girl was compelled to make her own living, and she joined the Thaub ballet at Frankfort on the Main in 1799. She appeared on the stage, but the privy councilor who was in charge of the business management of the theater soon rescued the charming maiden from the dangers of a theatrical career. He

took her into his home and had her educated as if she were his own daughter. Very soon after their acquaintance with Goethe in August, 1814, Marianne became the wife of her then widowed benefactor, September 27 of the same year.

Goethe enjoyed the company of the Willemer family so much that he visited them at Frankfort again for a few days in 1815. He never saw them afterwards but remained in correspondence with Frau von Willemer to the end of his life. With all her warm friendship for Goethe, Marianne never ceased to be a dutiful wife. Her husband knew of her letters to the poet and found no fault with her. This correspondence was published in 1877 and contains also a letter of Eckermann with an account of Goethe's last moments. She influenced Goethe while he wrote the "West-Eastern Divan," many verses of which (especially the Suleika stanzas) literally express her own sentiments.

Goethe's wife died June 6, 1816, and he felt the loss more keenly than might have been expected. He felt lonely in his home until, after the marriage of his only son August with Ottilie von Pogwisch, he saw his grandchildren grow up around him. Ottilie, born October 31, 1796, in Danzig, was the daughter of Baron Pogwisch and his wife, née countess Henckel von Donnersmarck. She was educated at Weimar where her mother was mistress of ceremonies at the ducal court. She was married to August von Goethe in 1817 and bore him three children,[7] Walther Wolfgang, born April 9, 1818, Wolfgang Maximilian, born September 18, 1820, and Alma, born October 29, 1827.

* * *

In the year 1823 Goethe became deeply interested in Ulrike von Levetzow, whose mother he had formerly met in Carlsbad in company with her parents, Herr and Frau Brösigke. Amalia Brösigke had first been married to a Herr von Levetzow, who was court marshal of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, and by this marriage she had two daughters, Ulrike and Amalia. After a divorce she married her husband's cousin Friedrich von Levetzow, an officer who met his death in the battle of Waterloo. By this second marriage Amalia von Levetzow had another daughter named Bertha, and Goethe met the interesting widow and her

[7] See above, pages 63-65.

three daughters in Marienbad in 1821 and 1822. He felt a deep attachment for the eldest daughter Ulrike, and to characterize their relation we quote one of his letters to her, dated January 9, 1823, in which he speaks of himself as "her loving papa" and

OTTILIE VON GOETHE, NEE VON POGWISCH.
After a crayon drawing by Heinrich Müller about 1820.

also mentions her daughterly affection. The letter in answer to one of hers reads thus:

"Your sweet letter, my dear, has given me the greatest pleasure, and indeed doubly so on account of one particular circumstance. For though your loving papa always remembers his faithful and lovely daughter, yet for some time her welcome

figure has been more clearly and vividly before my inner vision than ever. But now the matter is explained. It was just those days and hours when you too were thinking of me to a greater degree than usual and felt the inclination to give expression to your thoughts from afar.

"Therefore many thanks, my love; and at the same time my best wishes and greetings to your kind mother of whom I like to think as a shining star on my former horizon. The excellent physician who has so entirely restored her health shall also be an honored Æsculapius to me.

"So be assured that my dearest hope for the whole year would

ULRIKE VON LEVETZOW.
After a pastel miniature.

be again to enter your cheerful family circle and to find all its members as kindly disposed as when I said farewell....

"So, my darling, I bespeak your daughterly consideration for the future. May I find in your company as much health in that valley among the mountains (Marienbad) and in its springs as I hope again to see you joyous and happy."

When Goethe met the Levetzow family late in the following summer his attachment for Ulrike became so strong that though he was then 74 years old he seriously thought of marrying this charming young girl of nineteen. But the difference in their ages seemed too great an obstacle. He resigned himself and in the same year wrote the "Trilogy of Passion" which was dedicated

to Ulrike. This summer in Marienbad was the last occasion on which they met. Ulrike never married and died at an advanced age in 1899.

KOLBE'S GOETHE PORTRAIT.

Goethe lived in a house of glass in the sense that all he ever did or that ever happened to him lies before us like an open book. During his lifetime he was watched by many curious people, by

both friends and enemies, and the gossips of Weimar noted whom he visited or on whom he called. Even to-day we can almost study his life day by day, and know whom he ever met or how he busied himself. Every letter of his that is still extant has been published, and we have an insight into every one of his friendships, yet nothing has ever been discovered that could be

FRAU CHARLOTTE VON STEIN, NEE SCHARDT.
Drawn by herself, 1790.

used to his dishonor, or would support the malicious accusations of his enemies. The married women to whom Goethe was attracted never tried to conceal their friendship with the poet, nor did their husbands see any reason to enter a protest. Apparently the good conscience which Goethe enjoyed made him unconcerned about the possibility of stirring gossip; and yet he

FRAU CHARLOTTE VON STEIN.
After a painting by H. Meyer, 1780, in the Grand-Duke's Museum at Weimar.

felt it deeply, and sometimes gave expression to his indignation, as for instance in a letter to Frau von Stein, May 24, 1776. He said: "Even the relation, the purest, most beautiful and truest in which, except to my sister, I ever stood to a woman, is thus disturbed.... The world which can be nothing to me, does not want that you should be something to me."

While at different times Goethe cherished several friendships with different women, and while his poetic nature seemed to need a stimulation in different ways and by different characters, he longed for an ideal monogamy in which all his friendship and love would be concentrated on one woman, but fate did not grant him this boon. He expresses his wish in a letter to Frau von Stein, dated March 2, 1779, as follows: "It is an unpleasant idea to me that there was a time when you did not know and love me. Should I come again upon earth, I will ask the gods that I may love only one, and if you were not so opposed to this world, I would then ask you to become this dear companion of mine."

Goethe was human, and his life, his passions, his interests and his work were thoroughly human. We will not make out that he was a saint, but grant that he had human failings. We claim, however, that even his failings had no trace of vulgarity and that his character was much purer than that of many a saint whom we know not in his sins but only in his contrition and repentance. Goethe did not want to be anything but human and so he portrays his humanity without trying to make it appear different from what it was, and with all his shortcomings we must come to the conclusion that his humanity was ennobled by all the considerations demanded by reason as well as a respect for the rights of others. While he did not hesitate to enjoy himself he never lost self-control nor did he ever do anything that would cause remorse.

GOETHE'S PERSONALITY.

GOETHE was of a fine stature and had a prepossessing noble face. He had large bright eyes and generally wore a serene and kindly expression. We know from many reports of his contemporaries that his appearance was striking, although we may fairly well take for granted that most of the portraits made of Goethe are idealized. This is especially the case of the bust made by Alexander Trippel (born 1744 at Schaffhausen, died September 24, 1793 at Rome). He met Goethe in Rome, and the bust he made of the poet is commonly called Goethe's Apollo bust, because it bears an unmistakable resemblance to the Belvidere statue of the god of music and poetry. Goethe wrote of this piece of art under September 14, 1787: "My bust is very well executed. Everybody is satisfied with it. Certainly it is wrought in a beautiful and noble style, and I have no objection that posterity should think I looked like this."

* * *

As a rule Goethe enjoyed good health, but when a child he not only passed through all the usual children's diseases but also the dangerous black pox. In his eighteenth year at Leipsic he suffered from a hemorrhage of the lungs and remained for some time in a critical condition. In later years he observed the rules of hygienic living and only once afterwards suffered any dangerous disease. Slight disturbances of his health he would not allow to interfere with his work, for he exercised his will power and was firmly convinced that a man could overcome the danger of infection by courage, while fear of a disease rendered

THE APOLLO BUST OF GOETHE.
By A. Trippel.

the system liable to succumb to it. He said to Eckermann (April 7, 1829):

"It is remarkable what the moral will can accomplish. It pervades the body, so to speak, and puts it in an active condition

GOETHE IN HIS EIGHTY-THIRD YEAR.
After an engraving by Schwerdgeburth.

that throws off all injurious influences. Fear, on the other hand, is a condition of cowardly weakness and susceptibility which makes it easy for every foe to gain possession of us."

He repeated this opinion in the last year of his life (March 21, 1831):

"I often suffer from abdominal trouble, but a determined will and the powers of my superior parts keep me going. The spirit must not yield to the body. I work more easily when the barometer is high than when it is low. Since I have discovered this I try by greater exertion to overcome the evil effects of the low barometer, and I succeed very well."

* * *

Goethe's genius consisted mainly in what may be called "objectivity." It was a significant trait of his character that he was able to view the world and the persons with whom he came in contact with a minimum degree of personal equation. His soul was like a perfect mirror which reproduced his surroundings with great correctness and impartiality. He was conscious of this himself. Whenever his genius was praised in his presence he used to explain it in some such words as these, recorded to have been spoken to Chancellor von Müller: "I permit objects to make their impression upon me quietly. I observe the effect and endeavor to reproduce it faithfully and without vitiation. That is the whole secret of what men are pleased to call genius."

In the same way he spoke to M. Soret, the tutor of the young princes: "By no means do I owe my works to my own wisdom, but to thousands of people and things around me that have furnished the material. There came to me fools and sages, bright minds and narrow, childhood and youth as well as mature age. All told me their opinions, how they lived and worked and what experiences they had gathered, and I had nothing else to do but go to work and reap what others had sown for me."

The objectivity of Goethe's character enabled him to work out the *dramatis personae* of his dramas with great perfection. It is true that the main characters always reflected one or another trait of himself, and mostly in an exaggerated degree. Goethe was Werther himself, and he experienced the pathological condition so marvelously described in his book; but Goethe possessed sufficient strength to diagnose his own case and as soon as he had worked it out in good literary form he had rid himself of the disease.

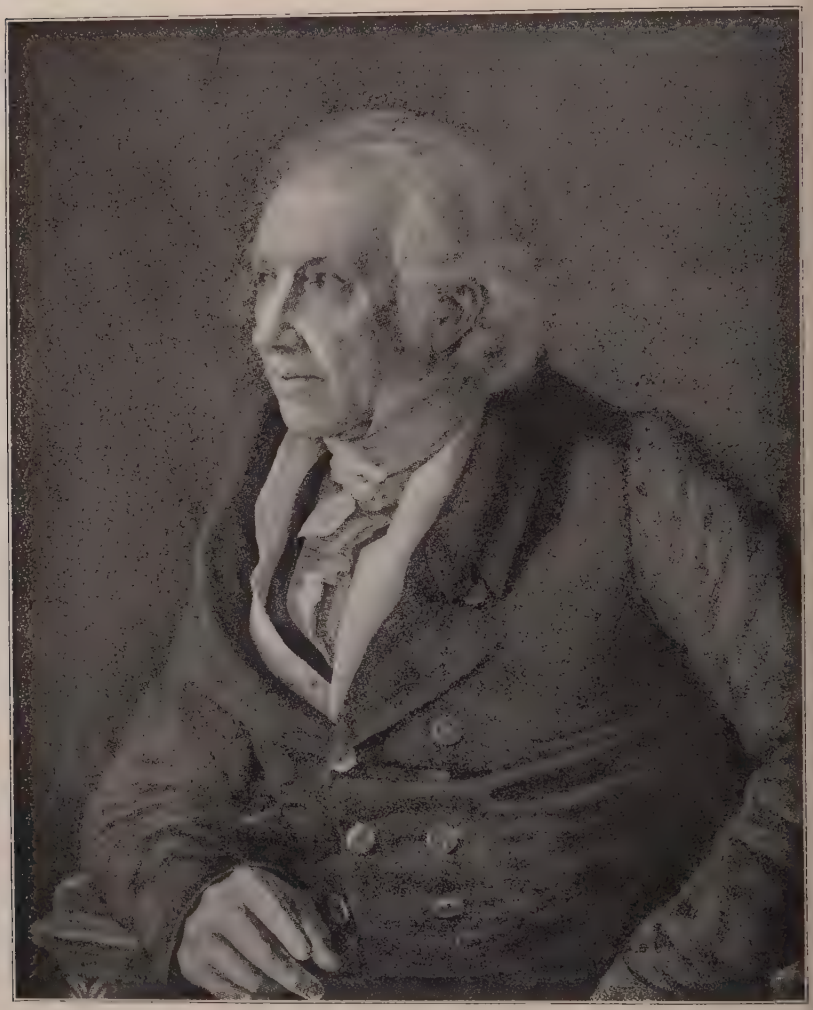
It is for this reason that Goethe's novels are by no means characteristic of his genius, and we deem it regrettable that in certain circles they are read more than his other works. Goethe has incorporated the pathology of his own development in all his books, but his novels, "Werther," "Elective Affinities," and "Wilhelm Meister," contain much that would better have been relegated to oblivion. It is true that problems are treated in them which will always command the interest of the student of psychology, but this being the case we must remember that the book should not be taken by the broad public as ideal literature, but should bear a warning sub-title, such as "Studies for the Pathologist." It takes a deeper knowledge of the human mind to appreciate the genius here displayed, which as in all of Goethe's works reflects the objectivity of his mind.

This same objectivity in Goethe's character enabled him to understand persons who were different from himself, and to be just to every one. Part of his success in life is due to his marvelous faculty of treating persons in the proper way, avoiding unnecessary conflicts and making friends of enemies. This is illustrated in an incident which occurred to him in 1774 when he was still a young man in the period of Storm and Stress.

While traveling with Lavater he sat at the dinner table at Duisburg together with several guests of the hotel, one of whom was Rector Hasenkampf, a pious but tactless man. While Goethe and the rest were carrying on a jovial conversation, Herr Hasenkampf interrupted them by asking, "Are you Herr Goethe?" Goethe nodded assent. "And did you write that notorious book, 'The Sorrows of Young Werther'?" "I did." "Then I feel in duty bound to express my horror at that infamous book. May God change your perverted heart! For woe to that man by whom offense cometh." A painful silence followed, for all present expected the young poet's temper to be aroused, but Goethe answered calmly, "I understand that from your point of view you must judge me as you do, and I respect the honesty of your reproof. Remember me in your prayers." In this way Goethe disarmed the pious rector and won over every heart. The conversation continued merrily, even the rector taking part in it.

Goethe could sympathize with others because he had expe-

rienced in his own life much of the fate common to all men. Thus we have a letter from him to Karl Friedrich Zelter, a musician of Berlin with whom he carried on a long correspon-



KARL FRIEDRICH ZELTER.

dence, and to whom he looked up as his musical adviser. Zelter's son had committed suicide, and Goethe wrote to him in these words: "About the deed or misdeed itself, I know of nothing

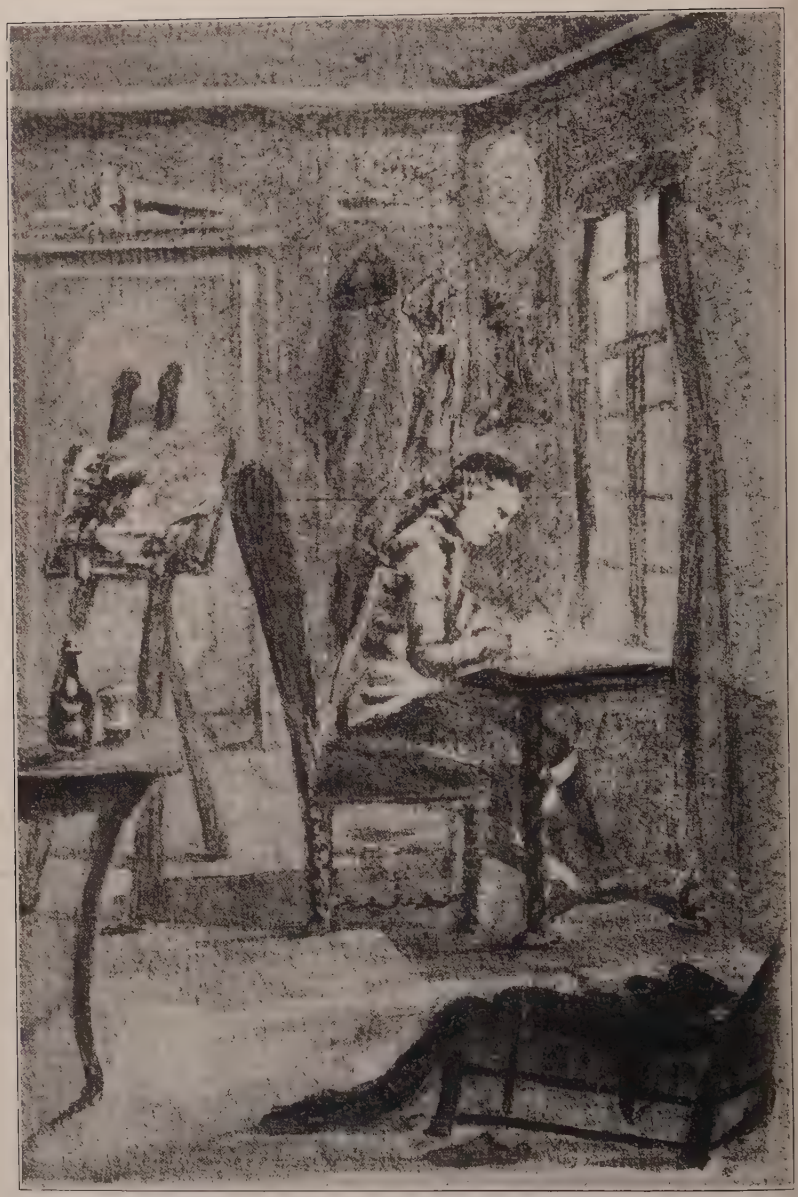
to say. When the *taedium vitae* attacks a man it can only be regretted, not censured. That the symptoms of this wonderful disease, as natural as it is unnatural, once took possession of my inmost being also, 'Werther' leaves no one in doubt. I know right well what exertion and decisions it cost me at that time to escape the waves of death, just as I have also with great trouble rescued myself from many a later shipwreck, and recovered only by the utmost effort."

* * *

Goethe's father was a patron of painters, and so the love of art was naturally instilled into the poet from his earliest childhood. We have many sketches by the young Goethe which betray considerable talent, and even though he never became a real artist he did not cease to exercise his eye in seeing beauty and his hand in reproducing on paper the impression received. He never traveled without taking paper and sketch-book with him, and we have innumerable drawings from his hand which, though by no means perfect, possess some interest even for great artists.

In one drawing the young poet has sketched himself, and we notice his intention to display the characteristic interests of his life. He himself is seated at a table writing, and on the wall in the background hang his hat and coat together with his sword, and probably a guitar. At the left upper corner of the window is his sketch of his sister, Cornelia. Behind his chair stands an easel with an unfinished landscape upon it. Tradition does not betray the contents of the bottle on the table behind him. In spite of some technical mistakes, the conception of the sketch is admirable and shows both thought and taste. How much Goethe trained himself in artistic observation appears in the following sentence in "Truth and Fiction": "I saw no old castle, no old building, which I did not reproduce as closely as possible."

Goethe collected all the sketches he made in his early youth in a portfolio which he called *Juvenilia*. The *Goethe-Gesellschaft* has published the most characteristic of these drawings, and we here reproduce some of them. Most of them are artistic in conception and drawn with a firm yet delicate hand. Take for instance the watch-tower of Sachsenhausen and the church



THE YOUNG POET, DRAWN BY HIMSELF.
From the portfolio *Juvenilia.*

COLUMBIA, MO.

of St. Leonhard, and consider that they were made by a boy in his 15th year who had no special artistic education.

As an instance of the happy disposition of Goethe we will

THE WATCH TOWER OF SACHSENHAUSEN ON THE MAIN, OPPOSITE FRANKFORT.

Drawing by Goethe contained in the portfolio *Juvenilia.*

here recapitulate an anecdote of his younger years as told by Johann Daniel Falk.[1] It dates from June, 1777, when he had just settled in Weimar.

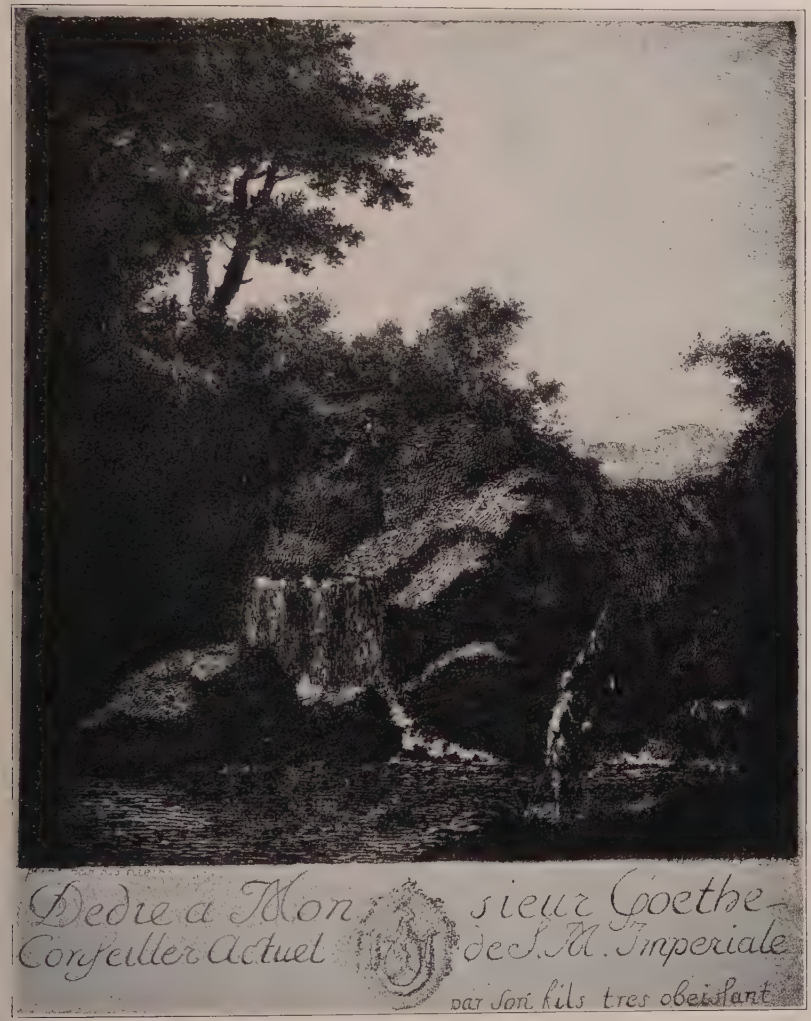
[1] *Goethe aus näherem persönlichem Umgang dargestellt.* Leipsic, 1832, p. 139.

The narrative rests on the authority of Johann Ludwig Gleim, one of the most popular poets of Germany before Goethe. Gleim

THE CHURCH OF ST. LEONHARD.
Drawing by Goethe in 1764. From the portfolio *Juvenilia*.

was born April 2, 1719, and died at Halberstadt, February 18, 1803. He is best known for his "Prussian War Songs of a

Grenadier," and his are the thrilling dithyrambs in honor of Prussia's great king, beginning "Fredericus Rex, unser König und Herr," which have been set so grandly to music. He was a



AN ETCHING BY GOETHE.
From the portfolio *Juvenilia.*

patron of the whole generation of younger poets; he cheered them up and encouraged them even with pecuniary assistance when required, and often he helped those who were unworthy of

his generosity. But this was Gleim's nature, and so he deserved the title "Father Gleim" which literary Germany accorded him. Naturally he was anxious to meet the young Goethe, the new star that had so suddenly risen on the horizon of German literature and was strong enough not to stand in need of Father Gleim's patronage. Falk tells the story thus:

"Shortly after Goethe had written his 'Werther'—the venerable old Gleim once related to me [Falk]—I came to Weimar and desired to make his acquaintance. One evening I was invited with some others to the Duchess Amalia's where it was said that Goethe too would come later in the evening. By way of a literary novelty I had brought with we the latest *Göttinger Musenalmanach* from which I read aloud one thing and another to the company. While I was reading, a young man, whom I had hardly noticed, with boots and spurs and a short green hunting coat, had mingled with the other auditors. He sat opposite me and listened very attentively. With the exception of a pair of wonderfully sparkling black Italian eyes there was nothing about him which particularly attracted my attention. Nevertheless I was destined to know him much more intimately. During a brief pause in which some gentlemen and ladies were giving their judgment about this or that piece, praising one and criticizing another, our elegant hunter—for such I had taken him to be at the start—rose from his chair, joined in the conversation and, bowing to me courteously, offered to take turns with me in reading aloud from time to time, if I would be pleased to do so, that I might not tire myself too greatly. I could not avoid accepting this polite proposal and at once handed him the book. But by Apollo and the Nine Muses, not to forget the Three Graces, to what was I at last compelled to listen! In the beginning to be sure it went quite passably:

'Zephyrs listened,
Brooks murmured and glistened,
The sun
Spread light for sheer fun, etc.'

"Even the somewhat heavier fare of Voss, Leopold Stolberg and Bürger was delivered so well that no one could find fault.

But all at once it was as if the devil of impertinence had seized the reader, and I thought that I beheld the wild huntsman incarnate before me. He read poems which were never in the *Almanach*, and he took turns with every conceivable key and style—hexameter, iambic, and doggerel just as it happened, everything mixed up and thrown together as if he just poured it out that way.

"What did he not improvise in his gay mood that evening! Sometimes there were such splendid thoughts—even though as carelessly thrown off as roughly sketched—that the authors to whom he ascribed them might well thank God upon their knees if such thoughts had occurred to them at their desks. As soon as every one shared the joke general merriment spread through the room. The mysterious reader worked in something about all who were present. Even the patronage which I had always considered my duty towards young scholars, poets and artists, although he praised it on the one hand, yet he did not forget on the other hand to give me a little stab for making mistakes sometimes in the individuals to whom I accorded my support. Therefore in a little fable composed *ex tempore* in doggerel verses he compared me, wittily enough, with a pious, and at the same time exceedingly long-suffering, turkey cock who sat very patiently upon large numbers of eggs of his own and other kinds, but to whom it once happened (and he did not take it ill) that a chalk egg was put under him in place of a real one.

" 'That is either Goethe or the devil!' I exclaimed to Wieland who sat across the table from me. 'Both,' Wieland replied. 'He is possessed by the devil again to-day. Then he is like a spirited bronco that strikes out in all directions so that one would do well not to come too near him.' "

* * *

Goethe's own home at Weimar was comfortable and testified to his love of art, but there was no show of luxury, and his study presented the appearance of Spartan simplicity. In his "Conversations with Eckermann" (March 23, 1829) he said:

"Magnificent buildings and rooms are for princes and kings. He who lives in them feels at ease; he is contented and wishes for

nothing else. It is quite contrary to my nature. In a splendid dwelling such as I had at Karlsbad I am lazy and indolent. Narrow quarters, on the other hand, like this poor room where we now are, in somewhat disorderly order, a little Bohemian, are the right things for me. They permit my nature entire freedom to be active and to make something of myself."

Two days later he touched on the same subject:

"You see no sofa in my room; I always sit in my old wooden chair and only in the last few months I have arranged a sort of

GOETHE'S STUDY.
Drawn by O. Schultz after a photograph by L. Held.

rest for my head. Surroundings of comfortable, tasteful furniture dull my thought and reduce me to a passive condition."

While Goethe's study was simple and serviceable his home was large and comfortable and did not lack a display of art. One of his friends, the naturalist-philosopher Karl Gustav Carus of Dresden, describes Goethe's house at Weimar thus:

"Immediately upon entrance into the modestly large house, built in a simple antique style, the inclinations of the owner were

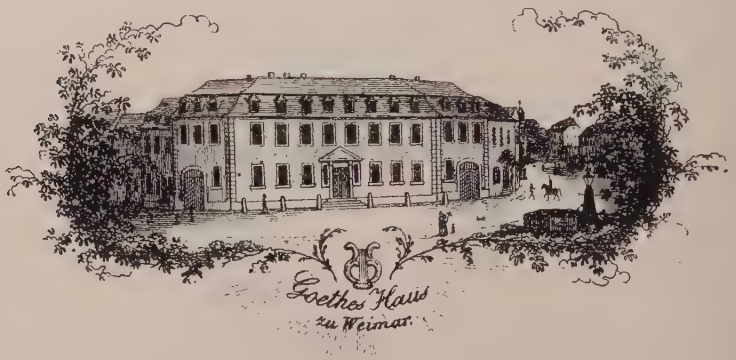
clearly indicated by the broad easy stairway as well as the decoration of the banisters with the hound of Diana and the young fawn of Belvidere. Farther up a group of Castor and Pollux agreeably surprised the eye, and on the main floor the guest was

GOETHE'S HOUSE IN WEIMAR.

greeted by a hospitable *Salve* in the hall. This room itself was richly decorated with busts and engravings, and towards the back of the house opened through another hall of statuary upon the gaily entwined balcony and a stairway leading into the gar-

den. Conducted into another room the guest found himself surrounded anew with works of art and antiquities. Beautifully burnished vessels of chalcedony stood around on marble tables; above the sofa green hangings half concealed a large copy of the old mural painting known by the name of 'the Aldobrand Wedding';[2] while the selection of pieces of art kept under glass and in frames, and mostly representing objects of ancient history, deserved the closest attention."

This house was a gift from Duke Karl August in 1792. Walther von Goethe, the poet's grandson and the last of the family, bequeathed it to the state of Saxe-Weimar at his death,



April 15, 1885, and it is now the seat of the Goethe National Museum. In 1827 Otto Wagner made a drawing of it under which Goethe wrote two couplets which may be translated freely thus:

Why stand they there outside?
The doors are open wide.

If they'll come in and see
Right welcome they will be.

* * *

Goethe loved traveling. He journeyed along the Rhine, through Switzerland and Italy, and frequently visited Karlsbad

[2] The Aldobrand Wedding is a picture dating presumably from the age of Augustus, which has been discovered (1606) near the Church of St. Maria Maggiore at Rome, on the grounds which formerly belonged to Mæcenas. It represents the preparation for a wedding, consisting of three groups. It was named after Cardinal Aldobrandini, its first owner, and is now kept in the Vatican library.

and Teplitz; but he was always glad to return to his home in Weimar, and in one of his letters to Christiana Vulpius, his faithful consort, he wrote:

From east to west,
At home is best.

[Von Osten nach Westen—
Zu Hause am besten.]

He always dressed as occasion demanded. At court or when receiving guests he would appear in a somber black court dress with his decoration on his breast, but he did not hesitate to be seen by his intimate friends on hot days in his shirt sleeves, or in his comfortable woolen gown in winter.

Goethe enjoyed gardening, and his philosophical as well as scientific interest in plant life is sufficiently proved by his poem on the "Metamorphosis of Plants." He stayed frequently in his little garden house outside the city and loved to meet his friends there.

* * *

A humorous incident is told by Goethe of Gottsched,[3] who was considered a kind of dictator of German literature. While Goethe was a student at Leipsic Gottsched still basked in the glory of his fame though he had long since passed the zenith of his significance. He was a pompous man of the old style belonging to the period of the full-bottomed wig, and Goethe criticised him as an author with impartiality in the second book of his "Truth and Fiction." When Schlosser visited Leipsic Goethe called on Gottsched in company with his future brother-in-law, and gives an account of this interview. We quote again from Oxenford's translation of "Truth and Fiction":

"I cannot pass over the visit we paid Gottsched, as it exemplifies the character and manners of that man. He lived very respectably in the first story of the Golden Bear, where the elder Breitkopf, on account of the great advantage which Gottsched's writings, translations, and other aids had brought to the trade, had promised him a lodging for life.

[3] Gottsched was born February 2, 1700, at Juditten in Eastern Prussia, and died September 12, 1766, at Leipsic, where he had lived since 1724. In 1730 he became professor of poetry, and in 1734 professor of logic and metaphysics.

"We were announced. The servant led us into a large chamber, saying his master would come immediately. Now, whether we misunderstood a gesture he made, I cannot say; at any rate, we thought he directed us into an adjoining room. We entered, to witness a singular scene; for, on the instant, Gottsched, that tall, broad, gigantic man, came in at the opposite door in a morning-gown of green damask lined with red taffeta; but his monstrous head was bald and uncovered. This, however, was to be immediately provided for. The servant rushed in at a side-

GOTTSCHED REBUKES HIS SERVANT.

door with a full-bottomed wig in his hand (the curls came down to the elbows), and handed the head-ornament to his master with gestures of terror. Gottsched, without manifesting the least vexation, raised the wig from the servant's arm with his left hand, and, while he very dexterously swung it up on his head, gave the poor fellow such a box on the ear with his right paw, that the latter went spinning out at the door, as is often seen in comedies; whereupon the respectable old grandfather invited us

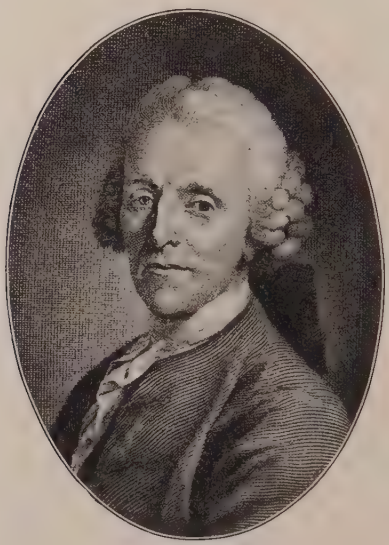
JOHANN CHRISTOPH GOTTSCHED.

quite gravely to be seated, and kept up a pretty long discourse with good grace."

* * *

Gellert's lectures in Leipsic on the history of literature were very attractive to Goethe, and we cannot better describe the significance and character of this interesting professor than in the poet's own words:

"The reverence and love with which Gellert was regarded by all young people was extraordinary. I called on him and was kindly received. Not tall of stature, delicate without being lank,

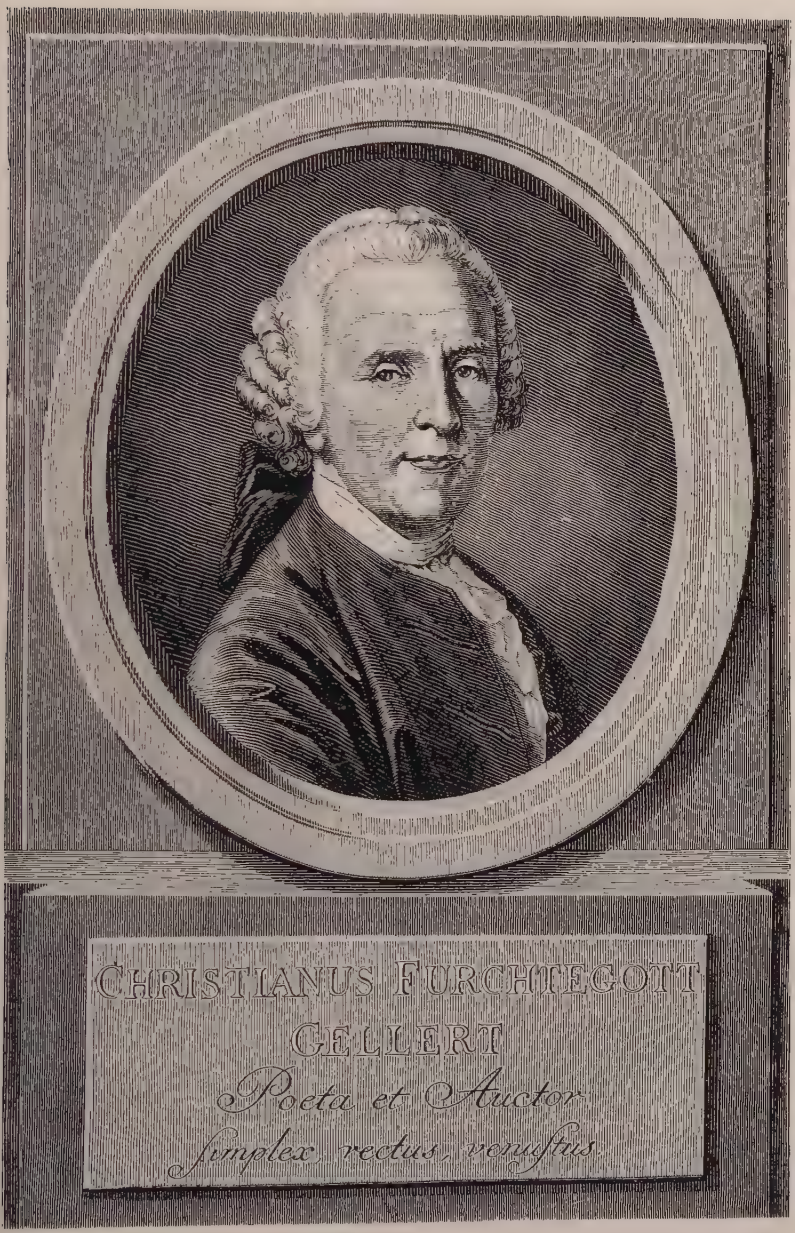


C. F. GELLERT.

J. C. GOTTSCHED.

—with gentle and rather pensive eyes, a very fine forehead, a nose aquiline but not too much so, an aristocratic mouth, a face of an agreeable oval—all made his presence pleasing and desirable. It cost some trouble to reach him. His two *famuli* appeared like priests who guard a sanctuary to which access is not permitted to everybody nor at every time. Such a precaution was very necessary, for he would have sacrificed his whole time had he been willing to receive and satisfy all those who wished to become intimate with him.

"Gellert, in accordance with his pious feelings, had com-



From Haid's mezzotint after the painting by Anton Graff.

posed a system of ethics, which from time to time he publicly read, thus acquitting himself in an honorable manner of his duty to mankind. Gellert's writings had for a long time been the foundation of German moral culture, and every one anxiously wished to see that work printed; but as this was not to be done till after the good man's death, people thought themselves very fortunate to hear him deliver it himself in his lifetime. At such times the philosophical lecture room was crowded; and the beautiful soul, the pure will, and the interest of the noble man

GELLERT'S LECTURE ROOM.

in our welfare, his exhortations, warnings and entreaties, uttered in a somewhat hollow and mournful tone, made indeed an impression for the moment. But this did not last long, the less so as there were many scoffers who contrived to make us suspicious of this tender, and, as they thought, enervating, manner. I remember a Frenchman traveling through the town who asked what were the maxims and opinions of the man who attracted such an immense concourse. When we had given him the necessary information, he shook his head and said smiling, *'Laissez le faire, il nous forme des dupes.'*

"And in the same way good society which does not easily brook anything worthy, knew how to find occasion to spoil the moral influence which Gellert might have upon us....and so pulled about the good reputation of the excellent Gellert that, in order not to be mistaken about him, we became indifferent towards him and visited him no more; yet we always saluted him in our best manner when he came riding along on his gentle white horse. This horse the Elector of Saxony had sent him, to oblige him to take the exercise so necessary for his health,—a distinction for which he was not easily to be forgiven."

There are six religious songs of Gellert's for which Beethoven has composed the music. In the translation of H. Stevens they read as follows:

PRAYER.

O Lord, thy goodness reaches far,
As far the clouds are guided;
By mercy crowned, thy creatures are
With needful help provided.
Lord! my defense, my tower and shield,
To me a gracious audience yield,
Approve my supplication.

LOVE THY NEIGHBOR.

If one shall say, 'I love the Lord,'
While yet his brother hating,
With mockers he shall reap reward
God's truth abominating;
For God is love, and wishes me
With all on loving terms to be.

DEATH.

Life is ebbing fast away,
Hourly towards the grave I hasten;
Death may come without delay,
Let this thought my spirit chasten.
Man bethink thee Death is rife,
One thing needful is in life.

NATURE PRAISES GOD.

The Heavens declare the Lord's infinite glory,
The sea and earth sound forth his name,
And tell their origin's wonderful story,
Mark well, O man, what they proclaim.

Who gave the numberless stars their existence,
Who calls the Sun from his abode,
He comes in brightness and smiles from the distance,
And like a hero keeps his road.

POWER OF GOD.

God is my song!
In strength he reigns victorious,
High is his name,
And all his works are glorious;
Earth, Sea and Heaven to him belong.

PENITENTIAL HYMN.

I.

'Gainst thee alone, God, have I sin committed,
And evil done in thy dread sight;
Thou seest my guilt for which thy wrath is fitted,
See, Lord, my woe and sore affright.

My piteous wail, my sighs are all before thee,
My tears of deep and bitter grief,
O God, my God, shall I in vain implore Thee?
How long wilt thou deny relief?

Lord, do not after my deserts reward me.
Chastise me not! Show me thy face;
I crave for thee! thy pardon, Lord, accord me,
Thou God of patience and of grace.

II.

O grant me early, God, thy consolation,
Oh Father of mercy, God of love,
For thine own name's sake grant my supplication,
Thou lov'st to bless from Heav'n above.

Let on thy path me walk; let me be steady
In my obedience to thy word.
To do thy will I shall be always ready,
I am thy servant, thou my Lord.

Lord, hasten thou to shelter and defend me;
Show me thy path, point out the goal.
Thy helping hand, O Lord, thy helping hand extend me
And with thy comfort fill my soul.

* * *

Goethe was a man of the world. It is true that in his youth he passed through a period of fermentation in which, Titan-like, he could rebel against authority in any form, but when he saw more of the world he followed the behests of common sense and respected rank and power even when due merely to heredity. He

was a poet by nature, but in Weimar he had become a man of affairs and a courtier. In this respect he was different from Beethoven who remained an outspoken democrat all his life, at least a non-respector of rank, preserving this tendency even in the presence of his imperial friend, the liberal-minded Emperor Joseph, who not only distinguished him frequently with marks of personal friendship, but also humored his often rude inde-

CARICATURE OF GOETHE.
By Daniel Maclise after a similar caricature by Thackeray.

BEETHOVEN IN THE STREETS OF VIENNA.
Sketch by J. P. Lyser.

pendence. Bettina von Arnim tells a story which illustrates this contrast between Goethe and Beethoven.

One day Beethoven and Goethe were walking together, during their stay at Teplitz, when they met the whole coterie of royal personages. Beethoven went so far as to show a certain disrespect by passing through their midst regardless of their rank, while Goethe modestly doffed his hat and made room for them

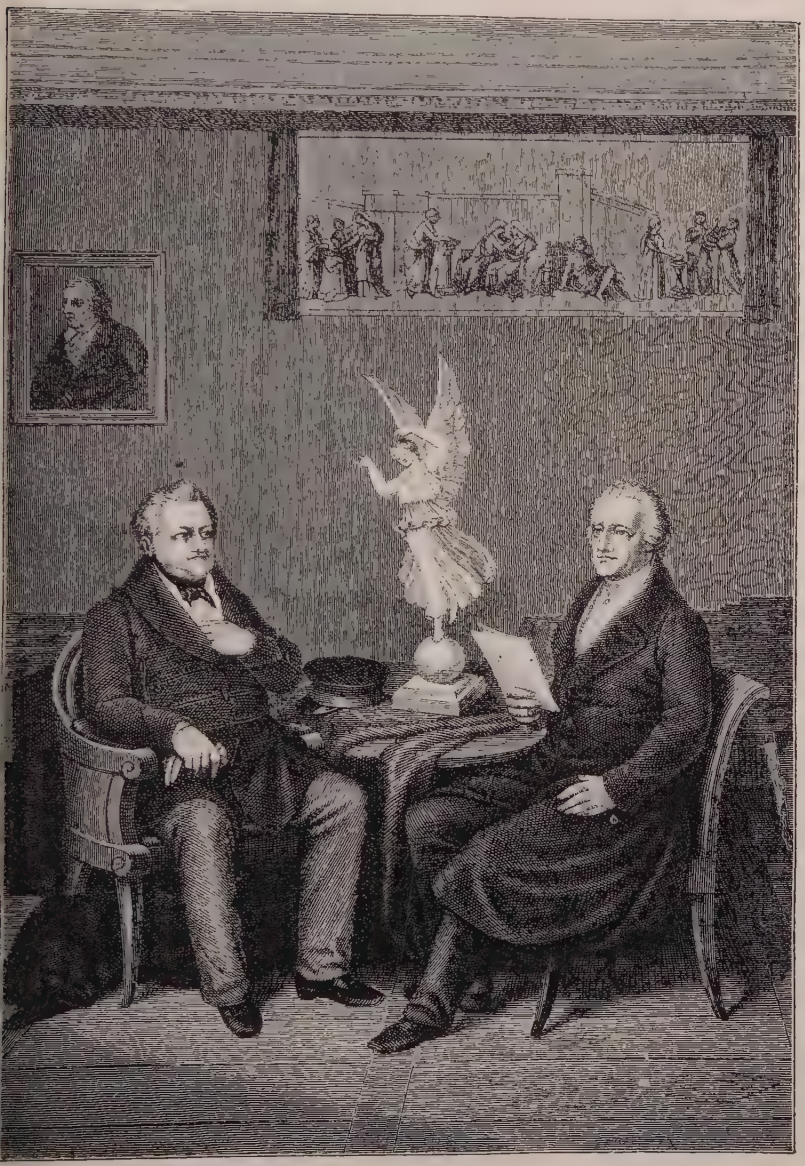
to pass. Bettina tells us that Goethe was somewhat perplexed by the "quite untamed" personality of the great composer, while Beethoven blamed Goethe for his courtier-like behavior and on the following day vented his indignation in these words: "Kings and princes can indeed bestow titles and orders, but they can not make great men, who therefore must be held in respect. When two come together such as Goethe and I, then these great gentlemen must observe what it is that counts for great with such as we. Yesterday we met the whole imperial family [of Austria], and Goethe disengaged himself from my arm in order to stand aside. I pressed my hat down on my head and went through the thickest of the crowd with my arms hanging at my sides. Princes and courtiers drew up in a double line, the Duke of Weimar took off his hat to me and the Empress greeted me first. Much to my amusement I saw the procession file by Goethe who stood at one side bowing with his hat in his hand. I took him roundly to task for it afterwards."

This makes Goethe appear in a rather unfavorable light, but we must consider that Beethoven also went too far in his brusque manner, and he might perhaps on second thought have granted that even royolty ought to be treated with gentlemanly behavior.

To complement this trait of Goethe's character we ought to say that while he admired his own sovereign, Karl August, and while he respected his rights even in punctilious formalities, he was by no means a pliable courtier, but in his official duties whenever he thought that his own judgment was better than his sovereign's, he insisted on his point with great tenacity so that the Duke is reported to have complained sometimes of his obstinacy. Once while disagreeing about filling a chair at the university of Jena, the Duke finally broke off the conversation by saying in a tone of comradeship, "Thou art an odd fellow and canst not stand contradiction."

* * *

Though Goethe was upon the whole very simple in his habits of life and in a way frugal, he spent much money, partly for his travels, partly for books and art treasures, and also for his wines. Further we have good reason to know that neither his wife Christiana nor his daughter-in-law Ottilie were good house-



DUKE KARL AUGUST AND GOETHE.
After an engraving by Schwerdgeburth.

keepers. He drew a very good income from his books and received many gifts from home. When his mother died he inherited the fortune of his parents which was not inconsiderable. Payments made to him between 1795 and 1832 by Cotta alone, his main publisher, amounted to 401,090 thalers; and between the years 1832 and 1865, until the expiration of the copyright, his heirs drew the additional amount of 154,824 thalers. He

JOHANN FRIEDRICH COTTA, BARON COTTENDORF.
Goethe's publisher and founder of *Die Horen.*

kept a faithful account of his expenses, and yet his pecuniary affairs were never prosperous, and he frequently complained of being short of funds.

* * *

Goethe loved jovial company and wrote several jolly drinking songs. In his younger years especially he drank wine rather

following fashion. 'Your name is Mr. Goethe, is it not?'—Quite right.—'From Weimar?'—Right again.—'You have written books, haven't you?'—Oh yes.—'And made verses?'—That too.—'They are said to be fine.'—Hm!—'Have you written much?'—Some might think so.—'Is it hard to write verses?'—So so.—'It depends a good deal on one's mood I fancy? Whether a person has eaten and drunk well, doesn't it?'—It amounts to about that.—'Now see! You ought not to waste your time in Weimar, but in my opinion you should come to Vienna.'—I've often thought of it.—'Now see! It's fine in Vienna, they have good things to eat and drink!'—Hm!—'And they make a lot of such people who can write verses.'—Hm!—'Yes indeed, such people—if you are a good fellow, you see, and know how to live—are received in the first and finest houses.'—Hm!—'Do come and try! Let me know when you come, for I have a wide acquaintance, relatives and influence. Just write: Goethe from Weimar, met at Karlsbad. The last is necessary to remind me because I have so much on my mind.'—I'll not fail to.—'But tell me though, what have you written?'—All sorts of things from Adam to Napoleon, from Ararat to Blocksberg, from the cedar to the bramble bush.—'They say it is widely known.'—Hm! Unfortunately.—'Too bad that I have never read anything of yours, and never heard of you before! Have new revised editions of your writings appeared?'—Oh yes, probably.—'And perhaps more will appear?'—Let us hope so.—'Well, but see! then I will not buy your works. I only buy final editions. Otherwise one always has the annoyance of owning a poor book or else one must buy the same book a second time. Therefore in order to be secure I always wait until the author is dead before I buy his books. It is a principle with me, and I can not depart from this principle even in your case.'—Hm!"

* * *

Another encounter of a humorous kind is reported of a captain of hussars, Franz von Schwanenfeld, who happened to cross Goethe's path in Teplitz in 1833. The gallant officer had reached the place at the end of June and could not get a room except in the basement of a garden house situated on the promenades. One

morning the light of his room was darkened by the figure of a fine old gentleman who sat on the bench just outside his window and drank a mug of water, which the servant brought him. This was repeated so frequently that our hussar was annoyed and yet he was attracted by the fine features of the stranger. He opened his window and called out, "Good morning!" but received no reply except a glance of rebuke. Undaunted the captain continued, "Are you a hypochondriac?" No answer. The question was repeated in a voice of thunder. Finally the old gentleman spoke: "Strange!" said he. "Indeed it is strange," replied the captain, "here you are sick and sit out in the cold fog drinking your water alone in solitude and silence. I would rather drink ink in company with others and would be cured the sooner. Do you know, I would be disposed to come to blows with you." The other's eyes opened wide in amazement, and the captain continued: "No danger! I like your hero face too much!"

The stranger was pleased with the aggressive soldier who clothed his offensive language so adroitly in flattery. They entered into conversation and soon were walking together arm in arm. They talked about Schiller and Goethe, about the Duke of Weimar and the war, and the captain said he was very fond of "Tasso" but disliked "Werther." The stranger called the hussar his doctor because he had cured him of his attack of hypochondria, and on the following day they met again, but this time the patient was in company with another gentleman whom the doctor took to be a forester or the tenant of some large estate, and he tried to instill into both a more joyous conception of life. After a few days Herr von Schwanenfeld was informed that his acquaintance was Goethe, and the latter's companion whom he had addressed so unceremoniously, the Duke Karl August.

* * *

A curious incident is reported by Dr. G. Parthey, of a Berlin woman who may be characterized as a German Mrs. Malaprop. He quotes her as giving the following account of her meeting with the famous poet.

"I had made up my mind to visit the great Goethe just once, and so one day when I rode through Weimar I went to his gar-

den and gave the gardener one dollar so that he would hide me in an arbor and give me the wink when Goethe came along. Now when he came down the path and the gardener beckoned to me, I stepped out and said: 'Worshipful sir!' Then he stood still, put his hands behind his back, looked at me and asked, 'Do you know me?' I answered, 'Great man, who is there that does not know you?' and began to recite,

> Firmly bound, the mold of clay
> In its dungeon walls doth stand.[4]

At that he made a bow, turned around and went on. So I had my way and had seen the great Goethe."

* * *

It was characteristic of Goethe that he was opposed to all gossip, and whenever slander was reported to him he resented it strongly. Once he said to Chancellor von Müller, "Through such malevolent and indiscreet inventions one makes enemies and embitters one's own existence. I would rather hang myself than be constantly negative, constantly in the opposition, constantly ready to shoot at the faults and shortcomings of my fellows and neighbors. One must be very young and frivolous to tolerate such things." On another occasion he replied very sharply to a visitor who related some scandal, "Keep the sweepings of your dirt at home, and do not bring it into my house."

Once while passing through a park at Weimar his attention was called to a couple of lovers who thought themselves unobserved. They were known in Weimar, and when asked whether he had seen them Goethe answered, " I did, but I don't believe it."

* * *

Goethe was lenient in judging harmless joys and insisted especially upon the protection of the liberties of the children. He used to complain that the police disturbed the people in some of their innocent enjoyments. Eckermann reports the following remarks under the date of March 12, 1828:

"I only need look out of the window in our dear Weimar to

[4] This is the beginning of Schiller's best known poem "The Bell."

become aware of how things are with us. When recently the snow lay on the ground and my neighbor's children wished to try their little sleds in the street, a police officer was immediately on the spot, and I saw the poor little things run away as fast as they could. Now when spring sunshine entices them out of the houses and they want to play some little game with their companions in front of their doors, I see that they are always uneasy as if they were not sure and as if they feared the arrival of some police tyrant. No boy can crack a whip or sing or call out but the police is on hand at once to forbid him. In our town everything tends toward making young people tame before their time and drive out of them all naturalness, all originality, and wildness, so that in the end there is nothing left but the Philistine."

When the ancient custom of burning up old brooms on St. John's day was prohibited by a regulation of the Weimar police, Goethe wrote down the following lines to be circulated as a propaganda against this interference with boyish merry-making:

St. John's day fires be not forbid,
Nor hindered harmless joys;
For of old brooms we must be rid,
And boys will still be boys.

[Johannisfeuer sei unverwehrt,
Die Freude nie verloren!
Besen werden immer stumpf gekehrt,
Und Jungens immer geboren.]

THE RELIGION OF GOETHE.

GOETHE'S faith in God received a severe shock while he was a small child from the news of the earthquake at Lisbon. From his religious instruction the boy had learned to look upon God as all-good, all-wise and all-powerful, and such a dreadful accident seemed to be incompatible with his conception of deity. In his autobiography the poet describes his own state of mind as follows:

"An extraordinary event deeply disturbed the boy's peace of mind for the first time. On the 1st of November, 1755, the earthquake at Lisbon took place, and spread a prodigious alarm over the world, long accustomed to peace and quiet. A great and magnificent capital which was at the same time a trading and mercantile city, was smitten without warning by a terrible calamity. The earth trembled and tottered; the sea foamed; ships dashed against one another; houses fell down, and churches and towers on top of them; the royal palace was partly swallowed by the waters; the bursting land seemed to vomit flames; everywhere among the ruins were seen smoke and fire. Sixty thousand persons, a moment before in ease and comfort, perished together; and he was most fortunate who was no longer capable of a thought or feeling about the disaster. The flames raged on; and with them raged a troop of desperadoes, before concealed, or set at large by the event. The wretched survivors were exposed to pillage, massacre and every outrage; and thus on all sides nature asserted her boundless caprice.

"Intimations of this event had spread over wide regions more quickly than the authentic reports; slight shocks had been felt in

many places; in many springs, particularly those of a mineral nature, an unusual receding of the waters had been remarked; and such phenomena added to the effect of the accounts themselves, which were rapidly circulated, at first in general terms, but finally with dreadful definiteness. Hereupon the religiously inclined were not wanting in reflections, neither were the philosophical in grounds for consolation, nor the clergy in warnings. So complicated an event arrested the attention of the world for a long time; and, as additional and more detailed accounts of the extensive effects of this explosion came from every quarter, those who had already been aroused by the misfortunes of strangers now began to be more and more anxious for themselves and their friends. Perhaps the demon of horror had never so speedily and powerfully diffused his terrors over the earth.

"The boy, who was compelled to endure frequent repetitions of the whole story, was not a little staggered. God, the Creator and Preserver of heaven and earth, whom the explanation of the first article of the creed declared so wise and benignant, in abandoning both the just and the unjust to the same destruction, had not manifested himself by any means in a fatherly character. In vain the young mind strove to resist these impressions. This was the more impossible since the wise and scripture-learned could not themselves agree as to the light in which such a phenomenon should be regarded.

"The next summer gave a closer opportunity of knowing directly that angry God of whom the Old Testament records so much. A sudden hail-storm, accompanied by thunder and lightning, violently broke the new panes at the back of our house which looked toward the west, damaged the new furniture, destroyed some treasured books and other valuable things, and was the more terrible to the children, as the whole household, quite beside themselves, dragged us little folks with them into a dark passage, where, on their knees, with frightful groans and cries, they thought to conciliate the wrathful deity. Meanwhile, my father, who was the only one self-possessed, forced open and unhinged the window-frames, by which we saved much glass, but made a broader inlet for the rain which followed the hail; so that after we were finally quieted we found ourselves completely

surrounded by floods and streams of water, in the halls and on the stairs."

* * *

The poetic inclination of Goethe appeared also in his religious yearnings, and it is interesting to see how even as a boy he presents an exact parallel to the religion of ancient Persia where God was worshiped under the symbol of light, and the sun was greeted as the visible representative of deity in the world. We let Goethe show the condition of his mind in his own words:

"It may be taken for granted that among our other lessons we children had a continued and progressive instruction in religion. But the ecclesiastical Protestantism imparted to us was, properly speaking, nothing but a kind of dry morality. Ingenious exposition was not thought of, and the doctrine appealed neither to the understanding nor to the heart. For that reason there were various secessions from the Established Church. Separatists, Pietists, Moravians (*Herrnhuter*), the Quiet-in-the-Land, and others differently named and characterized, sprang up, all of whom were animated by the same purpose of approaching the deity, especially through Christ, more closely than seemed to them possible under the forms of the established religion.

"The boy heard these opinions and sentiments constantly spoken of, for the clergy as well as the laity divided themselves into *pro* and *con*. Those who dissented more or less widely formed the minority; but their modes of thinking proved enticing on account of their originality, heartiness, perseverance, and independence. All sorts of stories were told of their virtues and of the way in which these were manifested. The reply of a pious tinker was circulated, who when one of his craft attempted to shame him by asking, 'Who then is your confessor?' answered with great cheerfulness and confidence in the goodness of his cause, 'I have a very famous one,—none less than the confessor of King David.'

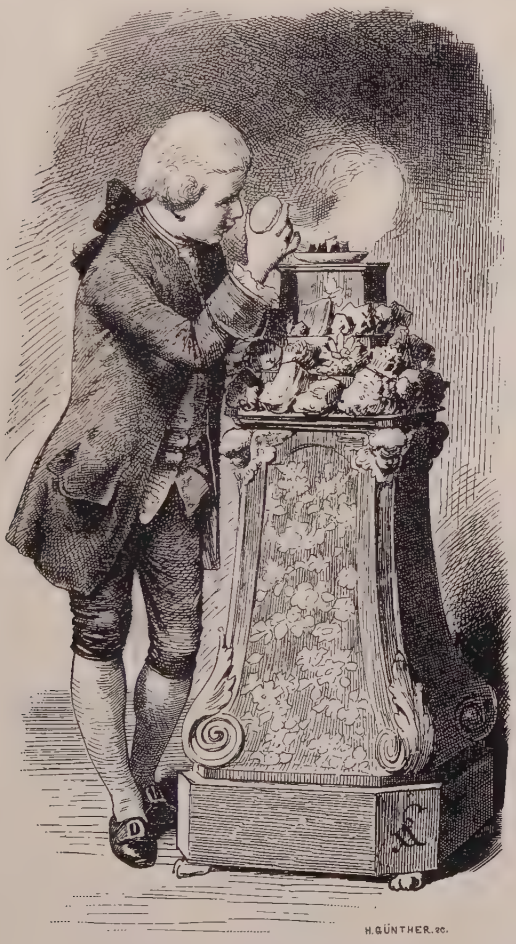
"Things of this sort naturally made an impression on the boy, and led him into similar states of mind. In fact, he came to the conclusion that he might approach directly the great God

of nature, the Creator and Preserver of heaven and earth, whose earlier manifestations of wrath had long been forgotten in the beauty of the world and the manifold blessings in which we participate while upon it. The way he took to accomplish this was very curious.

"The boy had chiefly kept to the first article of belief. The God who stands in immediate connection with nature, and owns and loves it as his work, seemed to him the proper God who might be brought into closer relationship with man as with everything else, and who would take care of him, as of the motion of the stars, the days and the seasons, and animals and plants. There were texts of the Gospels which explicitly stated this. The boy would ascribe no form to this Being: he therefore sought him in his works, and would fain build him an altar in the good Old Testament fashion. Natural productions were set out to represent the world, and over these a flame was to burn, signifying the aspirations of man's heart towards his Maker. He brought the best ores and other specimens out of his natural history collection which had been increased as chance directed. But the next difficulty was how to arrange and build them up. His father possessed a beautiful red-lacquered music-stand, ornamented with gilt flowers, in the form of a four-sided pyramid, with different elevations, which had been found convenient for quartets but lately was not much in use. The boy took possession of this, and set up his natural specimens one above the other in steps; so that it all looked quite pretty and at the same time sufficiently significant.

"His first worship of God was to be celebrated at early sunrise, but the young priest had not yet settled on how to produce a flame which should at the same time emit an agreeable odor. At last it occurred to him to combine the two, as he possessed a few fumigating pastils, which diffused a pleasant fragrance with a glimmer, if not with a flame. Nay, this soft burning and exhalation seemed a better representation of what passes in the heart, than an open flame. The sun had risen long before, but the neighboring houses concealed the east. At last it appeared above the roofs. The boy at once took up a burning-glass and applied it to the pastils, which stood on the summit in a fine

porcelain saucer. Everything succeeded as desired, and the service of devotion was complete. The altar remained as a peculiar ornament of the room which had been assigned him in the new house. Every one regarded it only as a well-arranged collec-



THE YOUTHFUL PRIEST.

tion of natural curios. The boy knew better but concealed his knowledge. He longed for a repetition of the solemnity. But unfortunately, just when the most opportune sun arose, the porcelain cup was not at hand: he placed the pastils on the upper

surface of the stand with no protection; they were kindled; and so great was the devotion of the priest, that he did not observe until it was too late the mischief his sacrifice was doing. The pastils had burned mercilessly into the red lacquer and beautiful gold flowers, and had vanished as if some evil spirits had left their black, ineffaceable footprints. This threw the young priest into the most extreme perplexity. The mischief could be covered up to be sure with the largest of his specimens; but the spirit for new offerings was gone, and the accident might almost be considered a hint and warning of the danger there always is in wishing to approach the Deity in such a way."

* * *

Goethe's polytheistic tendencies appear in an elaboration of the Christian doctrines into a religious system which was similar to the old gnosticism with the details of which, however, Goethe was probably unfamiliar. His elaboration will therefore remain a curious parallel in the eyes of any one who compares the laws of mental evolution in the individual and in the history of mankind. We ought to remember though that the following statement must not be taken too seriously. We must bear in mind that here it is Goethe the poet who speaks, and he recapitulates merely a phase of his development, not the final result of his views. He says:

"I diligently studied the various opinions; and I had often enough heard it said that ultimately every man has his own religion, so nothing seemed more natural to me than that I should form mine too; and this I did with much satisfaction. Neo-Platonism lay at the foundation; the hermetical, the mystical, the cabalistic, also contributed their share; and thus I built for myself a world that looked strange enough.

"I could easily represent to myself a Godhead which has gone on producing itself from all eternity; but, as production can not be conceived without multiplicity, so of necessity it must have immediately appeared to itself as a Second, which we recognize under the name of Son; now, these two must continue producing, and again manifested themselves in a Third, who was just as substantial, living, and eternal as the Whole. With these

three, however, the circle of the Godhead was complete; and it would not have been possible for them to produce another perfectly equal to them.

"But, since the creative impulse always proceeded, they created a fourth, which from the beginning was self-contradictory, inasmuch as it was, like them, unlimited, and yet at the same time was to be contained in them and bounded by them. Now, this was Lucifer, to whom the whole power of creation was committed from this time forth, and from whom all other beings were to proceed. He immediately displayed his infinite activity by creating the whole concourse of angels,—all, again, after his own likeness, unlimited, but contained in him and bounded by him. Surrounded by such a glory, he forgot his higher origin, and believed that he could find it within himself; and from this first ingratitude sprang all that does not seem to us in accordance with the will and purposes of the Godhead.

"Now the more Lucifer concentrated himself within himself, the more painful must his condition have become to him, as well as to all the spirits whose sweet uprising to their origin he had prevented. And so there took place what is known to us as the Fall of the Angels. One part of them joined Lucifer, the others turned to their origin.

"From this concentration of cosmic development—for it had proceeded out of Lucifer, and was bound to follow him—sprang all that we perceive under the form of matter, which we figure to ourselves as heavy, solid, and dark, but which, since it is descended, if even not immediately, yet by filiation, from the Divine Being, is just as unlimited, powerful, and eternal as its sire and grandsire.

"Now since the whole mischief, if we may call it so, arose merely through the one-sided direction of Lucifer, the better part of this creation was indeed wanting; for it possessed all that is gained by concentration, while it lacked all that can be effected by expansion alone. and so the entire creation might have been destroyed by everlasting concentration, have become annihilated with its father Lucifer, and have lost all its claims to an equal eternity with the Godhead. This condition the Elohim contemplated for a time: and they had their choice, either to wait for

those eons in which the field would again have become clear, and space would be left them for a new creation: or, if they would, to seize upon that which already existed, and supply the want according to their own eternity. They chose the latter, and merely by their will supplied in an instant the whole want which the consequence of Lucifer's undertaking involved. They gave to the Eternal Being the faculty of expansion, of moving towards them: the peculiar pulse of life was again restored, and Lucifer himself could not avoid its effects. This is the epoch when that appeared which we know as light, and when that began which we are accustomed to designate by the word 'creation.'

"However much this multiplied itself by progressive degrees, through the continually working vital power of the Elohim, still a being was wanting who might be able to restore the original connection with the Godhead: and so man was created, who in all things was to be similar, yea, equal to the Godhead, but thereby, in effect, found himself once more in the situation of Lucifer, that of being at once unlimited and limited. And since this contradiction was to manifest itself in him through all the categories of existence, and a perfect consciousness, as well as a decided will, was to accompany his various conditions, it was to be foreseen that he must be at the same time the most perfect and the most imperfect, the most happy and the most unhappy, creature. It was not long before he, too, completely acted the part of Lucifer. True ingratitude is the separation from the benefactor; and thus that fall was manifest for the second time, although the whole creation is nothing and was nothing but a falling from and returning to the original.

"One easily sees how the Redemption has here not only been decreed from eternity, but is considered as eternally necessary, —nay, that it must ever renew itself through the whole time of becoming and being (*Werden und Wesen*). In this view of the subject, nothing is more natural than for Divinity itself to take on the form of man, which had already prepared itself as a veil, and to share his fate for a short time, in order, by this assimilation, to enhance his joys and alleviate his sorrows. The history of all religions and philosophies teaches us that this great truth, indispensable to man, has been handed down by different nations,

n different times, in various ways, and even in strange fables nd images, in accordance with their limited knowledge. Enough, f it only be acknowledged that we find ourselves in a condition, vhich, even if it seems to drag us down and oppress us, yet ives us opportunity, nay, even makes it our duty, to uplift our- elves, and thereby to fulfil the purposes of the Godhead, so that, vhile we are compelled on the one hand to actualize our own elves (*uns zu verselbsten*), we, on the other hand, do not fail o unself ourselves (*uns zu entselbstigen*) in regular pulsation."

* * *

Goethe disliked the jealousy of the God of the Jews who vould not tolerate other gods beside himself. He loved Jacobi or his positive Christian conviction, and was only alienated from im through his friend's narrowness, but even then he never eased to appreciate his character and to cherish his regard. It s well known that the poet's pagan spirit frequently proved ffensive to the piety of this devout Christian; but it would be vrong to think that Goethe was an enemy to Christianity, for he vas both Christian and pagan at once.

Goethe wrote in his diary of 1812:

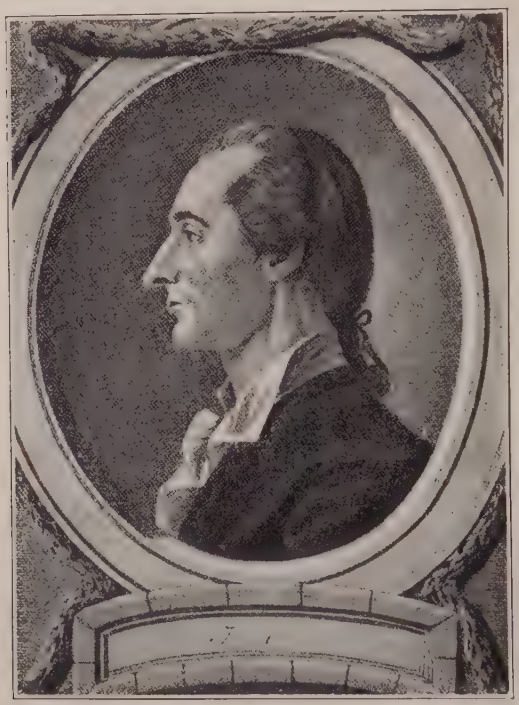
"Jacobi's book 'On Divine Things' does me no good. How ould I welcome the book of a dearly beloved friend in which I ound the proposition that 'nature conceals God'? Is it not atural that according to my pure, and deep, and inborn, and xpert conception which has taught me unfalteringly to see God n nature and nature in God, so that this conception constitutes he foundation of my entire existence—is it not natural that such strange and onesided and limited exposition must alienate me rom the noble man whose heart I dearly love? However, I did ot indulge my painful disappointment, but sought refuge in my ld asylum, making Spinoza's 'Ethics' for several weeks my daily ntertainment."

With regard to the same book Jacobi wrote to Goethe on December 28, 1812: "I am sorry that my booklet has 'pretty much ndisposed' you. Perhaps you will read it over once more after year's time and I sincerely hope that you will. I do not believe,

as you do, that we are constantly diverging, but that my love for you cannot die, you should know."

Goethe answered this kind letter of his friend on January 6, 1813:

"Men are united by convictions; they are separated by opinions. The former are units in which we come together, the latter are manifolds in which we become dispersed.... The



FRIEDRICH HEINRICH JACOBI.

friendships of our youth are founded on the former; our differences in an advanced age are due to the latter. As to myself I can not, considering the diverse directions of my nature, be satisfied with one way of thinking. As a poet and artist I am polytheistic, as a naturalist I am pantheistic, and I am the one as decidedly as the other. In case I needed a God for my personality as a moral being, I should be provided therewith. Heavenly and

arthly things comprise such a wide realm that they can be overed only by the activity of all taken together. You see such s my case, and in this way I work entirely within and without nyself, and I desire that every one else should do the same. Only when what is indispensable for my own being and doing s treated by others as subordinate, unreal or even obnoxious, do permit myself for some moments to be cross, nor do I conceal t from my friends or those who are near me. The mood soon passes and though I may be headstrong in my own way, I be-vare of a reaction."

After Jacobi's death in 1819, Goethe sums up his view of him as follows: "Jacobi thought first of spirit, I of nature. We were eparated by what should have united us, but the first ground of our relations remained unshaken. Our inclination, love and con-idence remained constant, yet the loving interest became grad-ually less and finally disappeared. During our later labors we never again exchanged a friendly word. Strange that persons who cultivate the powers of thought could not become clear con-erning their mutual relations, that they should allow themselves o be disturbed, through a mere onesidedness of speech, by an-agonistic thought and error that could easily be removed. Why did we not say in season, 'Who desires the highest, must will the whole; who speaks of spirit must presuppose nature; who speaks of nature must presuppose spirit, or if not presuppose, must acitly assume it. We cannot separate thinking from thought, will from what is willed.' Had we tried to understand one an-other we might have gone through life hand in hand, instead, as is now the case, at the end of our careers when contemplating our paths trodden in separation, with a kindly and even cordial, but none the less actual, regret."

* * *

Goethe can scarcely be called a believer in Christian dogmas, but he always took a deep and sympathetic interest in genuinely pious people. His friendship for Fräulein von Klettenberg, his fondness for Jacobi and his intimacy with Jung-Stilling are well known. He went so far as to help the latter in the publication of his books which appeared under the titles *Heinrich Stillings*

Jugend and *Stillings Jünglingsjahre*. At first sight Goethe might be thought to hold views at the same time that seem irreconcilable, and yet there need be no inconsistency in his several utterances. We will here enumerate some of these apparent contradictions.

Goethe's poetic nature made him appreciate Roman Catholic ceremonies and rituals. Protestantism was too prosaic and did not appeal to his emotional nature. His views are worth considering. He writes:

"The Protestant service has too little fulness and consistency to be able to hold the congregation together; hence it easily happens that members secede from it, and either form little congregations of their own, or, without ecclesiastical connection, quietly carry on their civic existence side by side. Thus for a considerable time complaints were made that church-going diminished from year to year, and also attendance at the Lord's Supper. With respect to both, but especially the latter, the cause lies close at hand; but who dares speak it out? We will make the attempt.

"In moral and religious, as well as in physical and civic, matters, man does not like to do anything on the spur of the moment; he needs a sequence from which habit results. What he is to love and to perform, he cannot represent to himself as single or isolated; and, if he is to repeat anything willingly, it must not have become strange to him. If the Protestant worship lacks fulness in general, so let it be investigated in detail, and it will be found that the Protestant has too few sacraments,—nay, indeed, he has only one in which he is himself an actor, the Lord's Supper; for baptism he sees only when it is performed on others, and is not greatly edified by it. The sacraments are the highest part of religion, the symbols to our senses of an extraordinary divine favor and grace. In the Lord's Supper earthly lips are to receive a divine Being embodied, and partake of a heavenly nourishment under the form of an earthly one. This import is the same in all kinds of Christian churches. Whether the sacrament is taken with more or less submission to the mystery, with more or less accommodation as to that which is intelligible, it always remains a great, holy thing, which in reality

takes the place of the possible or the impossible, the place of that which man can neither attain nor do without. But such a sacrament should not stand alone. No Christian can partake of it with the true joy for which it is given if the symbolical or sacramental sense is not fostered within him. He must be accustomed to regard the inner religion of the heart and that of the external church as perfectly one, as the great universal sacrament, which again divides itself into so many others, and communicates to these parts its holiness and eternity.

"Here a youthful pair join hands, not for a passing salutation or for a dance; the priest pronounces his blessing upon them, and the bond is indissoluble. It is not long before this wedded pair bring their own likeness to the threshold of the altar. The infant is purified with holy water, and so incorporated into the church that it cannot forfeit this benefit except through the most monstrous apostasy. In the course of life the child goes on growing in worldly things of his own accord, but in heavenly things he must be instructed. If on examination it proves that this has been fully done, he is received into the bosom of the church as an actual citizen, as a sincere and fully convinced Christian, not without outward tokens of the significance of this act. Now, only, is he truly a Christian; now for the first time does he know his privileges and also his duties. But, in the meantime, a great deal that is strange has happened to him as a man. Through instruction and affliction he has come to know how critical appears the state of his inner self, and there questions of doctrines and of transgressions will constantly occur; but punishment shall no longer take place. For here in the infinite confusion in which he must entangle himself, amid the conflict of natural and religious claims, an admirable expedient is given him, in confiding his deeds and misdeeds, his infirmities and doubts, to a worthy man appointed expressly for that purpose, who knows how to calm, to warn, to strengthen him, to chasten him likewise by symbolical punishments, and at last, by complete washing away of his guilt, to render him happy, and to give him back, pure and cleansed, the tablet of his manhood. Thus prepared, and set entirely at rest by several sacramental features, he kneels down to receive the Host; and, that the mystery of this high act may

be still enhanced, he sees the chalice only in the distance. It is no common eating and drinking that satisfies—it is a heavenly feast, which makes him thirst after heavenly drink.

"Yet let not the youth believe that this is all he has to do: let not even the man believe it. In earthly relations we finally become accustomed to depend on ourselves; and even there knowledge, understanding, and character will not always suffice; while on the other hand in heavenly things we never finish learning. The higher feeling within us, which often finds itself not quite at home, is, moreover, oppressed by so much from without, that our own power hardly administers all that is necessary for counsel, consolation, and help. But to this end that remedy is instituted for our whole life, and an intelligent, pious man is continually waiting to show the right way to the wanderers, and to relieve the distressed.

"And what has been so well tried throughout all of life, is now to show forth all its healing power with tenfold strength at the gate of death. According to a familiar custom, inculcated from youth upwards, the dying man receives with fervor those symbolical, significant assurances, and where every earthly warranty fails, he is assured by a heavenly one of a blessed existence for all eternity. He feels perfectly convinced that neither a hostile element nor a malignant spirit can hinder him from clothing himself with a transfigured body, so that, in direct relation with the Godhead, he may partake of the boundless bliss which flows forth from God.

"Then, in conclusion, that the whole man may be made holy, the feet are anointed and blessed. They are to feel, even in the event of possible recovery, a repugnance to touching this earthly, hard, impenetrable soil. A wonderful elasticity is to be imparted to them, by which they spurn from under the clod of earth which hitherto attracted them. And so, through a brilliant cycle of equally holy acts, the beauty of which we have only briefly hinted at, the cradle and the grave, however far asunder they may chance to be, are joined in one continuous circle.

"But all these spiritual wonders spring not like other fruits from the natural soil, where they can neither be sown nor planted nor cherished. We must supplicate for them another region—a

thing which cannot be done by all persons nor at all times. Here we meet the highest of these symbols, derived from pious tradition. We are told that one man may be more favored, blessed, and sanctified from above than another. But that this may not appear as a natural gift, this great boon, bound up with a heavy duty, must be communicated to others by one authorized person to another; and the greatest good that a man can gain, without having to acquire it by his own wrestling or grasping, must be preserved and perpetuated on earth by spiritual inheritance. In the very ordination of the priest is comprehended all that is necessary for the effectual solemnizing of those holy acts by which the multitude receive grace, without any other activity being needful on their part than that of faith and implicit confidence. And thus the priest joins the line of his predecessors and successors in the circle of those anointed with him, representing the highest source of blessings, so much the more gloriously as it is not he, the priest, whom we reverence, but his office; it is not his nod to which we bow the knee, but the blessing which he imparts, and which seems the more holy, and to come the more immediately from heaven, because the earthly instrument cannot at all weaken or invalidate it by its own sinful, nay, wicked, nature.

"How shattered to pieces is this truly spiritual connection in Protestantism, which declares part of the above-mentioned symbols apocryphal, and only a few canonical!—and how, by their indifference to some of these, will they prepare us for the high dignity of the others?

"In my childhood I was once confided to the religious instruction of a good old infirm clergyman, who had been confessor of the family for many years. The 'Catechism,' a 'Paraphrase' of it, and the 'Scheme of Salvation,' I had at my fingers' ends: I lacked not one of the strong and convincing Biblical texts, but from all this I reaped no fruit, for as they assured me that the honest old man arranged his chief examination according to an ancient set formulary, I lost all pleasure and inclination for the affair, spent the last week in all sorts of diversions, laid in my hat the loose leaves borrowed from an older friend who had gotten them from the clergyman, and unfeelingly and without

understanding read aloud all that I might have uttered with feeling and conviction.

"My good intention and my aspirations in this important matter were still more paralyzed by a dry, spiritless routine, when I was about to approach the confessional. I was indeed conscious of having many failings but no great faults; and that very consciousness diminished them, since it directed me to the moral strength which lay within me, and which, with resolution and perseverance, was at last to become master over the old Adam. We were taught that we were much better than the Catholics for the very reason that we were not obliged to confess anything in particular in the confessional,—nay, that this would not be at all proper, even if we wished to do it. I did not like this at all; for I had the strangest religious doubts, which I would gladly have cleared up on such an occasion. Now, as this was not to be done, I composed a confession for myself, which, while it well expressed my state of mind, was to confess to an intelligent man, in general terms, that which I was forbidden to tell him in detail. But when I entered the old choir of the ancient church of the Barefoot Friars (the church used by the Protestants of Frankfort), when I approached the strange latticed closets in which the reverend gentlemen used to be found for that purpose, when the sexton opened the door for me, when I now saw myself shut up in the narrow place face to face with my spiritual grandsire and he bade me welcome with his weak, nasal voice, all the light of my mind and heart was extinguished at once, the well-conned confession-speech would not cross my lips. In my embarrassment I opened the book I had in my hand, and read from it the first short form I saw, which was so general, that anybody might have spoken it with quite a safe conscience. I received absolution, withdrew neither warm nor cold, went the next day with my parents to the Table of the Lord, and, for a few days, behaved myself as was becoming after so holy an act."

While Goethe praises the beauty of the Roman Catholic ceremonies and criticizes the prosaic tenor of the Protestant religion, he recognizes the significance of the Reformation and expresses gratitude to Luther. In the very last year of his life in his "Conversations with Eckermann" he said:

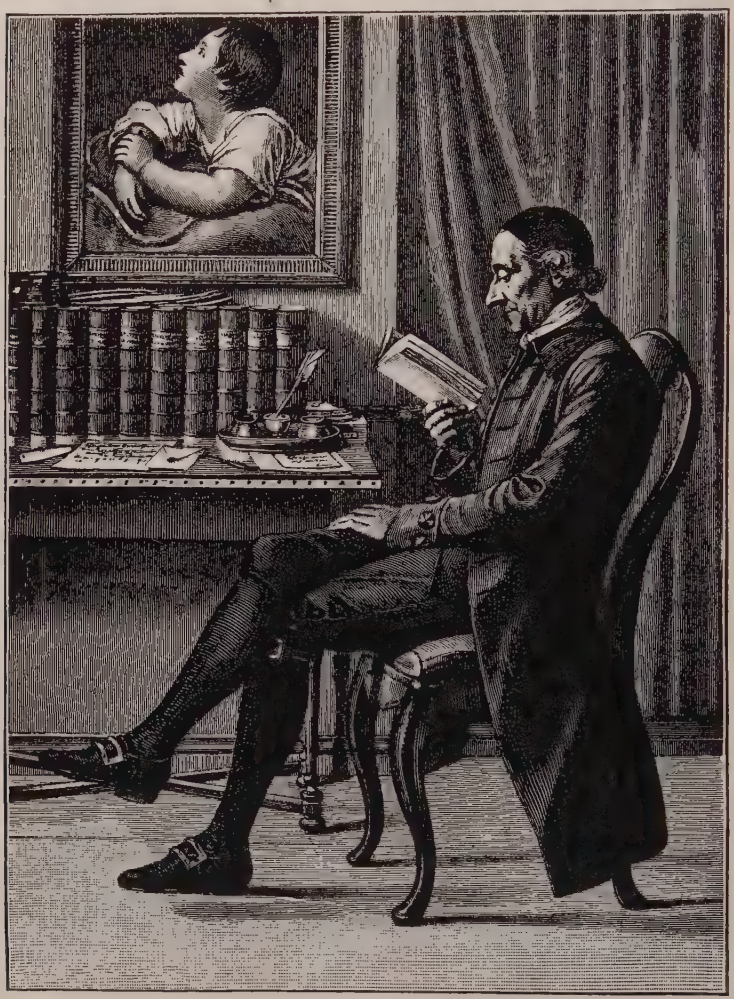
"We are not in the least aware of all for which we have to thank Luther and the Reformation in general. We have been made free from the fetters of spiritual narrowness; as a result of our advancing culture we have become able to go back to the source and grasp Christianity in its purity. We have once more the courage to stand on God's earth with firm feet and to recognize ourselves in our God-given human nature. If the spiritual culture continues to advance, if the natural sciences grow in ever increasing breadth and greater depth, and if the human soul expands, as it may, it will never surpass the sublimity and moral culture of Christianity as it gleams and shines in the Gospels."

* * *

Goethe was broader then either Roman Catholic or Protestant, and in the face of an attempt made by Countess Bernstein to convert him, he maintained his position in these words (October, 1809): "I have tried my life long to be candid with myself and with others, and in all earthly affairs have always looked at the highest things; you and yours have done the same. Let us therefore continue so as long as it is day for us; a sun will shine for others also. They will make their way to it and incidentally illuminate us with a brighter light. May all be again united in the arms of the all-loving Father!"

Goethe was a good observer and he noticed that pious Christians, in spite of their agreement in belief, held very different religious tenets. The words in which they expressed themselves were to some extent the same, but the sentiments, attitudes and conceptions of each varied according to their needs. So, for instance, he noted when Lavater met Fräulein von Klettenberg in Frankfort, that, although they were apparently and in all externalities one in their religious faith, yet they conceived of their Saviour in a very different manner. Goethe says in "Truth and Fiction," Book XIV: "It has been repeatedly claimed in times of toleration that every man has his own religion, his own way of serving God. Although I did not maintain this directly I could notice in the present case that men and women stand in need of a different Saviour. Fräulein von Klettenberg's attitude to him was a woman's attitude toward a lover to whom she surrenders

unconditionally. All joy and all hope is placed in his person and she entrusts to him, and without doubt or hesitancy, the fate of her life. Lavater, however, regarded his Saviour as a friend



JOHANN KASPAR LAVATER.

After a water color by H. Lips in the K. K. Familien-Fideikommiss-Bibliothek.

whom a man would jealously strive to imitate without envy and lovingly, whose merit he recognizes and praises and like whom for that reason he endeavors to become."

Goethe was not an anti-Christian but an anti-dogmatist, and demurred when Lavater attempted to convert him to his rather narrow view of Christianity. If he had to be classified at all he would even have preferred an outspoken infidelity. He says in "Truth and Fiction" (Book XIV):

"All unsuccessful attempts at conversion leave him who has been selected for a proselyte stubborn and obdurate; and this was especially the case with me when Lavater at last came out with the hard dilemma,—'Either Christian or atheist!' Upon this I declared that if he would not leave me my own Christianity as I had hitherto cherished it I could readily decide for atheism, particularly as I saw that nobody knew precisely what either meant."

* * *

Goethe loved and cherished the Bible; he says: "As for myself I loved and valued it; for almost to it alone did I owe my moral culture. The events, the doctrines, the symbols, the similes, had all impressed themselves deeply upon me and had influenced me in one way or another. Unjust, scoffing, and perverted attacks, therefore, disgusted me; but people had already gone so far as willingly to admit, partly for the sake of defending many passages, that God had accommodated himself to the modes of thought and power of comprehension in men; that even those moved by the spirit had not on that account been able to renounce their character, their individuality, and that Amos, a cow-herd, did not use the language of Isaiah, who is said to have been a prince."

An incident recorded by Falk under the date of November 10, 1810, seems to stand in flat contradiction to Goethe's praise of the Bible. In a conversation which he carried on with a bigoted Roman Catholic doctor in 1810 in the presence of the high-minded and pious Louis Bonaparte, ex-king of Holland, he branded the Bible as a dangerous book. We let Goethe tell this incident in his own words as related by Falk:

"But once when he [this bigoted man] started again an almost Capuchinian tirade on the dangerousness of books and the book-trade I could not help answering him with the opinion that the

most dangerous of all books, so far as the history of the world is concerned, is indubitably the Bible, because no other book has brought so much good and so much evil to the human race. When I had finished this speech I was somewhat frightened at what I had said, for I thought the powder-mine would now explode into the air in all directions. Fortunately, however, it happened otherwise. To be sure I saw the doctor first grow pale and then red again from terror and wrath at these words, but the king composed himself with his usual gentleness and friendliness and said almost jokingly: *'Cela perce quelquefois que Monsieur de Goethe est hérétique'*; (Sometimes the heretic crops out in Monsieur de Goethe)."

In *Wilhelm Meister,* Book VI, we read the following passage, which we cannot doubt relates an incident of Goethe's own experience, although it may seem inconsistent with the understanding of his views we have received from other statements he has made. He says: "Once I prayed out of the depth of my heart, 'Now Almighty give me faith.' I was then in the condition in which one must be, but seldom is, when one's prayers are acceptable to God. Who could describe what I felt in those moments? A powerful impulse drew my soul to the cross on which Jesus had perished. My soul was near to him who had become man and died on the cross, and then I knew what faith meant. 'This is faith indeed,' I cried, and started up overawed by the idea. For such emotions as these all words fail us."

Goethe did not reject the Christian religion, but only refused to be limited by the narrowness of its dogmatism. He accepted the truths which Christianity has given to the world, and mark the reason why he accepted them: Because they cannot be claimed as the exclusive possession of a sect, but are the heirloom of all mankind. Therefore, he contends, the "scientist" has a right to them; and identifying his right with that of the scientist, Goethe claims them for himself.

Addressing Christian believers, Goethe says:

> Ye faithful, do not claim that your confession
> Alone is truth; for we have faith like you.
> Searchers can't be deprived of the possession
> Belonging to the world, and to me too.

[Ihr Gläubigen! rühmt nur nicht euern Glauben
Als einzigen: wir glauben auch wie ihr;
Der Forscher lässt sich keineswegs berauben
Des Erbtheils, aller Welt gegönnt—und mir.]

Goethe, the searcher, the inquirer, believes in a religion of progress and would not reject any light, whatever its source.

Goethe disliked the literal belief in dogma and the narrow interpretation of the sacraments. He refused to attend the baptism of Schiller's second son because the ceremony would jar on him, but he was not opposed to Christianity. Accordingly he had his own son instructed in the Christian doctrine by his friend Herder who at that time was superintendent-general of the Weimar State Church. Herder consented to undertake this task in a liberal spirit and Goethe thanked him in these words: "You will have the kindness, my old and honored friend, to introduce my son to the Christian fellowship in a more liberal manner than custom prescribes. For this I thank you most heartily."

* * *

We meet frequently with the statement that Goethe's confession of faith is contained in Faust's reply to Margaret.[1] The passage is most beautiful and the words are so much like music as to deserve to be called a sonata of thought. Rhymes prevail in the beginning but are soon discarded while the verses proceed more and more in a dithyrambic style simply in obedience to the general principle of euphony.

In contrast to the common view I wish here to protest against the traditional interpretation. Faust's reply to Margaret is not intended to be a confession of faith, either of Faust or of Goethe himself. We must understand the scene according to the situation. Margaret in her anxiety about the soul of her dearly beloved examines her friend as to his belief in God, and he dodges the question, because he is unwilling to shock her with his unbelief. A philosophical explanation would be out of place with this sweet but simple-minded girl, and so he resorts to the strategem of answering her question in fine-sounding phrases. His words are carefully selected so as to make the same impression

[1] In the sixteenth scene of the first part of "Faust."

upon her that she receives from sermons in church, while in fact his meaning is the very opposite to the doctrines preached by the priest. His tone, his fervor, and his style are about the same as a devout pulpiteer might use, but the sense is different.

If we read the scene with this interpretation in mind, we will readily understand that Faust's reply to Margaret can not, and should not, be regarded as Goethe's confession of faith. Here is the scene in Bayard Taylor's excellent translation:

MARGARET.

Believest thou in God?

FAUST.

My darling, who shall dare
"I believe in God!" to say?
Ask priest or sage the answer to declare,
And it will seem a mocking play,
A sarcasm on the asker.

MARGARET.

Then thou believest not!

FAUST.

Hear me not falsely, sweetest countenance!
Who dare express Him?
And who profess Him?
Saying: I believe in Him!
Who, feeling, seeing,
Deny His being,
Saying: I believe Him not!
The All-enfolding,
The All-upholding,
Folds and upholds He not
Thee, me, Himself?
Arches there not the sky above us?
Lies not beneath us firm the earth?
And rise not, on us shining,
Friendly, the everlasting stars?
Look I not, eye to eye, on thee,
And feel'st not, thronging
To head and heart, the force,
Still weaving its eternal secret,
Invisible, visible, round thy life?
Vast as it is, fill with that force thy heart,

MARGARETE.

[Glaubst Du an Gott?

FAUST.

Mein Liebchen, wer darf sagen:
Ich glaub' an Gott?
Magst Priester oder Weise fragen,
Und ihre Antwort scheint nur Spott
Ueber den Frager zu sein.

MARGARETE.

So glaubst Du nicht?

FAUST.

Misshör mich nicht, Du holdes Angesicht!
Wer darf ihn nennen,
Und wer bekennen:
Ich glaub' ihn?
Wer empfinden
Und sich unterwinden,
Zu sagen: ich glaub' ihn nicht?
Der Allumfasser,
Der Allerhalter,
Fasst und erhält er nicht
Dich, mich, sich selbst?
Wölbt sich der Himmel nicht da droben?
Liegt die Erde nicht hier unten fest?
Und steigen, freundlich blickend,
Ewige Sterne nicht herauf?
Schau' ich nicht Aug' in Auge Dir,
Und drängt nicht Alles
Nach Haupt und Herzen Dir
Und webt in ewigem Geheimniss,
Unsichtbar, sichtbar, neben Dir?
Erfüll davon Dein Herz, so gross es ist,

And when thou in the feeling wholly blessed art,
Call it, then, what thou wilt,—
Call it Bliss! Heart! Love! God!
I have no name to give it!
Feeling is all in all:
The Name is sound and smoke,
Obscuring Heaven's clear glow.

MARGARET.

All that is fine and good, to hear it so:
Much the same way the preacher spoke,
Only with slightly different phrases.

FAUST.

The same thing in all places,
All hearts that beat beneath the heavenly day—
Each in its language—say;
Then why not I, in mine, as well?

Und wenn Du ganz in dem Gefühle selig bist,
Nenn' es dann, wie Du willst,
Nenn's Glück! Herz! Liebe! Gott!
Ich habe keinen Namen
Dafür! Gefühl ist Alles;
Name ist Schall und Rauch,
Umnebelnd Himmelsgluth.

MARGARETE.

Das ist Alles recht schön und gut;
Ungefähr sagt das der Pfarrer auch,
Nur mit ein Bisschen andern Worten.

FAUST.

Es sagen's aller Orten
Alle Herzen unter dem himmlischen Tage,
Jedes in seiner Sprache;
Warum nicht ich in der meinen?]

Faust's declaration as to his belief in God consists of phrases and of phrases only. It does not contain thoughts but displays a wonderful iridescence of sentiment, calculated to intoxicate the heart and capture the hearer's assent.

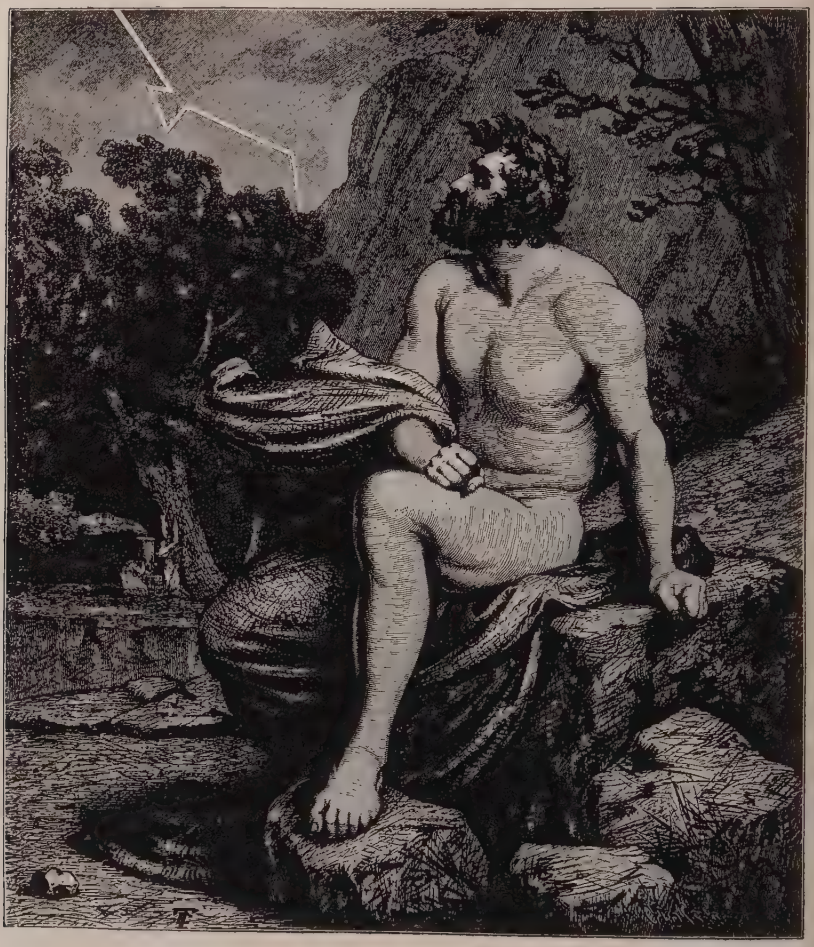
But where can we find Goethe's true confession of faith?

If Goethe ever wrote a confession of his faith it should be sought in the poem entitled "Prometheus," but even this slogan of the rebel, written in a mood of storm and stress, expresses only the religion of one of Goethe's souls. It is one-sided and incomplete unless it be contrasted with some other poem such as "Ganymede," "The Limitations of Mankind," or "The Divine."

The young Goethe passed through the period of revolution, called *Sturm und Drang*.[2] He was thrilled with the revolutionary spirit of titanic genius. He longed for independence and dared to assert himself in the face of any authority. But the old Goethe had calmed down, and was perfectly aware of the neces-

[2] The traditional translation of this phrase, which is "the period of storm and stress," is not quite correct. The meaning of the German words *Sturm-und Drang-Periode* does not denote an external condition, but a subjective and active attitude of a certain class of German poets. They were trying to take the heavens by storm and applied themselves with bold vigor. *Sturm* in this connection does not mean "a storm" but "a storming," and *Drang* "a pressing forward; violent endeavor; a wild aspiration."

sity of order, of law, of steady and peaceful conditions in life. This contrast between the young and the older Goethe does not characterize successive periods but is simultaneous. The titanic nature predominates in his youth and a conservative spirit in his



PROMETHEUS.

maturer years, but they are both integral parts of his being throughout the whole of his life. Both are reflected in his poetry and both permeate his religion and philosophy.

Goethe wrote "Prometheus" at the end of the year 1774, in a

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period of his life when he isolated himself from others and so felt in sympathy with the Titan who, apart from all the gods, constructed in his lonely workshop a world of his own. He communicated the poem to his friend Jacobi, and Jacobi showed it to Lessing in 1780 without revealing its authorship, and Lessing was so pleased with it that he declared the standpoint taken in "Prometheus" to be his own.

The poet gives the following account of his own intentions:

"The fable of Prometheus began to stir within me. I cut the garment of the old Titan to suit my own stature, and without further delay began to write a drama of the strained relations in which Prometheus had become estranged from Zeus and the other gods. He now molded men with his own hand, had them endowed with life by the favor of Minerva, and founded a third dynasty. And indeed the governing gods had good reason to complain since they might be looked upon as occupying an illegitimate place between Titans and men. Part of this work is the monologue, which as a separate poem has made some stir in German literature, because by it Lessing was prompted to explain several important points in thought and sentiment in contrast to Jacobi. It became a fuse for an explosion which revealed the most intimate thoughts of worthy men and drove them to the fore, revealing conditions which unconsciously were slumbering in the hearts of those members of our society who were otherwise most enlightened."

The poem reads as follows:

Zeus, cover thou thy heaven
With cloudy mist,
And like a boy
That chops off thistles,
Exercise thy strength
On oaks and mountain peaks.
Yet must thou leave me
The earth where standeth
My hut, which was not built by thee;
In it my hearth,
Whose cheerful flame
Evokes thy envy.

[Bedecke deinen Himmel, Zeus,
Mit Wolkendunst
Und übe, dem Knaben gleich,
Der Disteln köpft,
An Eichen dich und Bergeshöhn!
Musst mir meine Erde
Doch lassen stehn,
Und meine Hütte, die du nicht gebaut,
Und meinen Herd,
Um dessen Gluth
Du mich beneidest.

Naught do I know more wretched
In all the world, than you, ye gods,

Ich kenne nichts Aermeres
Unter der Sonn', als euch, Götter!

So miserably
With all your majesty,
Ye eke out your existence
By sacrifice
And mumbled prayer.
In sooth, ye'd starve
Were not children and beggars
Your hope-deluded dupes.

Ihr nähret kümmerlich
Von Opfersteuern
Und Gebetshauch
Eure Majestät,
Und darbtet, wären
Nicht Kinder und Bettler
Hoffnungsvolle Thoren.

When I was still a child
And knew not where to turn,
Mine eye strayed heavenward
To the sun, as if above there were
An ear listening to my complaint,
A heart like mine
Feeling the dint of pity
For a troubled soul.

Da ich ein Kind war,
Nicht wusste wo aus noch ein,
Kehrt' ich mein verirrtes Auge
Zur Sonne, als wenn drüber wär'
Ein Ohr, zu hören meine Klage,
Ein Herz, wie meins,
Sich des Bedrängten zu erbarmen.

Who helped me
Against the Titans' insolence?
Who rescued me from death,
From slavery?
Didst not thyself accomplish all,
O holy, glowing heart,
Deluded in thy youthful goodness,
Still glowing gratitude
Unto the slumbering god above?

Wer half mir
Wider der Titanen Uebermuth?
Wer rettete vom Tode mich,
Von Sklaverei?
Hast du nicht Alles selbst vollendet,
Heilig glühend Herz,
Und glühtest jung und gut,
Betrogen, Rettungsdank
Dem Schlafenden da droben?

Shall I yet honor thee? For what?
Didst thou ever assuage the pangs
Of the sorrow-laden?
Hast thou e'er dried the tears
Of souls in anguish?
Has not my manhood been wrought
in the forge
Of omnipotent Time
And of Fate,
My masters and thine?

Ich dich ehren? Wofür?
Hast du die Schmerzen gelindert
Je des Beladenen?
Hast du die Thränen gestillet
Je des Geängsteten?
Hat nicht mich zum Manne geschmiedet
Die allmächtige Zeit
Und das ewige Schicksal,
Meine Herren und deine?

Thinkest thou
That I should hate life
And fly into deserts,
Because not all
My blossoming dreams
Riped into fruit?

Wähntest du etwa,
Ich sollte das Leben hassen,
In Wüsten fliehen,
Weil nicht alle
Blüthenträume reiften?

Here am I, moulding men
After my image,
A race like mine

Hier sitz' ich, forme Menschen
Nach meinem Bilde,
Ein Geschlecht, das mir gleich sei,

To suffer, to weep,
And to enjoy life;—
And to disdain thee
As I do.

Zu leiden, zu weinen,
Zu geniessen und zu freuen sich,
Und dein nicht zu achten,
Wie ich.]

The poem "Ganymede" represents Goethe's devotion which, being expressed in the religious sentiment of ancient Greece, finds expression in a prayer of the cup-bearer of Zeus. It reads as follows:

In glitter of morning
Thou glowest around me,
Spring, thou beloved!
With thousandfold passionate rapture
All my heart thrills
To the touch divine
Of thine ardor undying.
Ambrosial Beauty!
Oh! that I might enfold
Thee in this arm!

[Wie im Morgenglanze
Du rings mich anglühst,
Frühling, Geliebter!
Mit tausendfacher Liebeswonne
Sich an mein Herz drängt
Deiner ewigen Wärme
Heilig Gefühl,
Unendliche Schöne!
Dass ich dich fassen möcht'
In diesen Arm!

Alas! on thy bosom
Rest I, and languish,
And thy flowers and thy grass
Are pressed to my heart.
Thou coolest the burning
Thirst of my bosom,
Morning wind exquisite!
Softly the nightingale
Calls to me out of the misty vale.
I come! I am coming!

Ach, an deinem Busen
Lieg' ich, schmachte,
Und deine Blumen, dein Gras,
Drängen sich an mein Herz.
Du kühlst den brennenden
Durst meines Busens,
Lieblicher Morgenwind!
Ruft drein die Nachtigall
Liebend nach mir aus dem Nebelthal.
Ich komm,' ich komme!
Wohin? Ach, wohin?

Whither? Ah! whither?
Upward the effort!
The clouds they are floating
Downwards, the white clouds
Bow down to the longing of love.
To me! Me!
In your lap float me
Aloft
Embraced and embracing!
Aloft to thy bosom,
All-loving Father!"

Hinauf! Hinauf strebt's.
Es schweben die Wolken
Abwärts, die Wolken
Neigen sich der sehnenden Liebe.
Mir! Mir!
In euerm Schoosse
Aufwärts!
Umfangend umfangen!
Aufwärts an deinen Busen,
Allliebender Vater!]

—Tr. by William Gibson.

It was Goethe's intention to offset "Prometheus" by "Ganymede," but it seems to us that he succeeded better in describing

religious devotion in two others of his dithyrambic poems, entitled "The Limitations of Mankind," and "The Divine."

In all these poems, as well as in "Prometheus," Goethe speaks as a believer in the Greek world-conception, and so the divine order is conceived as a polytheistic monotheism, the divinities being represented by the celestials—"the higher beings whom we revere"—among whom Zeus is the omnipotent, all-embracing father. The poem "The Divine" reads as follows:

Man must be noble,
Helpful and good!
For this alone
Distinguishes him
From all things
Within our ken.

Hail to the unknown
Higher presences
Whom we divine:
May man be like them,
And his conduct teach us
To meet them in faith.

Nature around us
Is without feeling:
The sun sheds his light
On the good and the evil;
The moon and the stars shine
Upon the guilty
As well as the upright.

Storms and torrents,
Hail and thunder,
Roar their course,
Seizing and taking
All things before them,
One after another.

Thus also Fortune
Gropes 'mid the crowd,
Now seizing the schoolboy's
Curly innocence,
Now, too, the gray crown
Of aged guilt.

Eternal and iron-clad
Are nature's great laws

[Edel sei der Mensch,
Hülfreich und gut!
Denn das allein
Unterscheidet ihn
Von allen Wesen,
Die wir kennen.

Heil den unbekannten
Höhern Wesen,
Die wir ahnen!
Ihnen gleiche der Mensch,
Sein Beispiel lehr' uns
Jene glauben.

Denn unfühlend
Ist die Natur:
Es leuchtet die Sonne
Ueber Bös' und Gute,
Und dem Verbrecher
Glänzen, wie dem Besten,
Der Mond und die Sterne.

Wind und Ströme,
Donner und Hagel
Rauschen ihren Weg,
Und ergreifen,
Vorübereilend,
Einen um den Andern.

Auch so das Glück
Tappt unter die Menge,
Fasst bald des Knaben
Lockige Unschuld,
Bald auch den kahlen
Schuldigen Scheitel.

Nach ewigen, ehrnen,
Grossen Gesetzen

By which all things
Must run and complete
The course of existence.

But man can accomplish,—
Man alone,—the impossible;
He discriminates,
Chooses and judges;
To the fleeting moment
He giveth duration.

His alone it is,
To reward the good,
To punish the wicked,
To save and to rescue,
To dispose with foresight
The erring, the straying.

And we revere
The great immortals
As if they were men,
Doing in great things
What in the lesser
The best one of mortals
Does or would fain do.

Let the noble man
Be helpful and good,
Untiringly do
What is useful and just!
Be an example
Of those presences
Whom we divine.

Müssen wir Alle
Unseres Daseins
Kreise vollenden.

Nur allein der Mensch
Vermag das Unmögliche;
Er unterscheidet,
Wählet und richtet;
Er kann dem Augenblick
Dauer verleihen.

Er allein darf
Den Guten lohnen,
Den Bösen strafen,
Heilen und retten,
Alles Irrende, Schweifende
Nützlich verbinden.

Und wir verehren
Die Unsterblichen,
Als wären sie Menschen,
Thäten im Grossen,
Was der Beste im Kleinen
Thut oder möchte.

Der edle Mensch
Sei hülfreich und gut!
Unermüdet schaff' er
Das Nützliche, Rechte,
Sei uns ein Vorbild
Jener geahneten Wesen!]

Goethe was by nature devout. He declared that "only religious men can be creative,"[3] and so it was natural that he gave repeated expression to his faith. The same sentiment of pious submission to the Divine, to God, to Father Zeus, or whatever we may call the Divinity that sways the fate of the world, is also set forth in "The Limitations of Mankind," written in 1781, which reads as follows:

When the primeval
Heavenly Father
With hand indifferent
Out of dark-rolling clouds
Scatters hot lightenings

[Wenn der uralte
Heilige Vater
Mit gelassener Hand
Aus rollenden Wolken
Sengende Blitze

[3] In a letter addressed to Riemer, of March 26, 1820.

Over the earth,
Kiss I the lowest
Hem of His garment,
Kneeling before Him
In childlike trust.

Ueber die Erde sä't,
Küss' ich den letzten
Saum seines Kleides,
Kindliche Schauer
Treu in der Brust.

For with the gods
No mortal may ever
Himself compare.
Should he be lifted
Up, till he touches
The stars with his forehead,
No resting-place findeth
He for his feet,
Becoming a plaything
Of clouds and winds.

Denn mit Göttern
Soll sich nicht messen
Irgend ein Mensch.
Hebt er sich aufwärts,
Und berührt
Mit dem Scheitel die Sterne,
Nirgends haften dann
Die unsichern Sohlen,
Und mit ihm spielen
Wolken und Winde.

Stands he with strong-knit
Marrowy bone
On the firmly founded
Enduring Earth,
Not high enough
Does he reach,
Merely to measure,
With oaks or vines.

Steht er mit festen
Markigen Knochen
Auf der wohlgegründeten,
Dauernden Erde;
Reicht er nicht auf,
Nur mit der Eiche
Oder der Rebe
Sich zu vergleichen.

What distinguisheth
Celestials from mortals?
There are many billows
Before them rolling,
A stream unending:
We rise with a billow,
Collapse with a billow,
And we are gone.

Was unterscheidet
Götter von Menschen?
Dass viele Wellen
Vor jenen wandeln,
Ein ewiger Strom:
Uns hebt die Welle,
Verschlingt die Welle,
Und wir versinken.

A little ring
Encircles our life,
And on it are linked
Generations to come,
In the infinite chain
Of their existence.

Ein kleiner Ring
Begrenzt unser Leben,
Und viele Geschlechter
Reihen sich dauernd
An ihres Daseins
Unendliche Kette.]

The contrast between these two kinds of poems, on the one hand "Prometheus" and on the other hand "Ganymede," "The Divine" and "The Limitations of Mankind," is almost a contradiction. Prometheus is the rebel who defies Zeus, while the other

poems exhibit piety, reverence, devotion for and love of the divine, whether gods, angels, or saints, having Zeus or God as the loving All-Father.

Goethe is convinced that both standpoints are justifiable and that both are needed in the development of mankind. Man is sometimes obliged to rebel against the conditions that would dwarf him and hinder the growth of his individuality; he must be a fighter even against the gods, and in his struggle he must prove strong and unyielding, hard and unmovable, and yet such a disposition should not be a permanent trait of his character. The humanity of man teaches him to be tender and pliable, to be full of concession and compromise. It may be difficult to combine these two opposite qualities, but it is certain that in order to be human and humane man stands in need of both. Man must be courageous and warlike and at the same time kind-hearted and a peace-maker. He must be animated with the spirit of independence, and yet possess a spirit of reverence and regard for order. He must be a doubter and yet have faith. He must be a Titan, a rebel, an iconoclast, perhaps even an atheist, and yet he must be devout and filled with love of God.

There was something of the nature of both Ganymede and Prometheus in Goethe.

Goethe was too broad to be either a Christian or an anti-Christian. He was both, and the Christians in his time, too narrow to understand his position, called him a pagan. Goethe was sufficiently clear-sighted to see that they were Christians in name only, and that in spite of his unbelief he himself was a better Christian than they. He said: "Who to-day is such a Christian as Christ would have him? Perhaps I am the only one, although you consider me a heathen."

Goethe was sometimes a pantheist after the heart of Spinoza, and, as he himself said, sometimes a polytheist who found the most perfect exposition of his religious views in Greek mythology; again he was a Christian and a theist. To be sure he did not believe in the gods of Greece in the crude sense of paganism or idolatry, but he recognized their presence in life after the fashion of Greek sages, or perhaps better, of modern naturalists,

conceiving the gods as factors that shape our lives. Goethe himself calls them "blissfully creating forces."[4]

Goethe's religious attitude has mostly been misunderstood. Though he gave ample evidence of his sympathy with Christian sentiment, he was not a Christian in the narrow sense of the word. To him Christianity was one form of religion like others, and he attributed greater importance to polytheism on account of its creative and artistic tendencies than to any doctrine of monotheism. Goethe had no objection to Christianity itself, but in his Christian friends he denounced the narrow spirit which would brook no other religions and would condemn as an object of abomination any different attempt at comprehending the divine. The Christian God-conception was to him one aspect only which needed correction by considering the truth of the pagan view, and, argued Goethe, is not the Christian view after all quite abstract and imaginary in comparison to the concrete figures of the Olympian pantheon? If God is a spirit, his existence must be purely spiritual, i. e., he must live in the brain of man,

> ...."behind
> Man's foolish forehead, in his mind."

This spirit-God would be subjective and could not be found outside in nature, in the concrete world of objective existence.

This idea is expressed in the poem "Great is Diana of the Ephesians," in which the artist's attitude represents Goethe's own sentiment. The artist chisels his ideal, the great goddess of the Ephesians, while Paul is preaching against idols.

GREAT IS DIANA OF THE EPHESIANS.

(Acts xix. 28.)

At Ephesus in his workshop sat
  A goldsmith, filing and beating
A golden statue; he wrought thereat,
  Still improving and further completing.
As boy and as youth at the goddess's shrine,
He had knelt and adored her form so divine;
Below the girdle there under her breast,
He saw so many creatures rest,
And faithfully at home had wrought

[4] *Selig mitschaffende Kräfte.* "Unterhaltung mit Falk," January 25, 1813.

The image, as his father taught.
So did the artist with skill and patience
Conduct his life and art aspirations.

DIANA OF THE EPHESIANS.

And once he heard a raging crowd
Howl through the streets, and clamor loud
That somewhere existed a God behind

Man's foolish forehead in his mind,
And that He was greater and loftier too,
Than the breadth and the depth of the gods he knew.
The artist scarce noted the words of the throng,—
He let his prentice boy run along,
But he himself continued to file
The stags of Diana without guile,
Hoping that worthily and with grace
He might succeed to chisel her face.

Should any one hold a different view,
He may in all as he pleases do;
But the craft of the master he must not despise,
For he in disgrace will end otherwise.

[Zu Ephesus ein Goldschmied sass
In seiner Werkstatt, pochte,
So gut er konnt', ohn' Unterlass,
So zierlich er's vermochte.
Als Knab' und Jüngling kniet' er schon
Im Tempel vor der Göttin Thron,
Und hatte den Gürtel unter den Brüsten,
Worin so manche Thiere nisten,
Zu Hause treulich nachgefeilt,
Wie's ihm der Vater zugetheilt;
Und leitete sein kunstreich Streben
In frommer Wirkung durch das Leben.

Da hört er denn auf einmal laut
Eines Gassenvolkes Windesbraut,
Als gäb's einen Gott so im Gehirn,
Da hinter des Menschen alberner Stirn,
Der sei viel herrlicher als das Wesen,
An dem wir die Breite der Gottheit lesen.

Der alte Künstler horcht nur auf,
Lässt seinen Knaben auf den Markt den Lauf,
Feilt immer fort an Hirschen und Thieren,
Die seiner Gottheit Kniee zieren;
Und hofft, es könnte das Glück ihm walten,
Ihr Angesicht würdig zu gestalten.

Will's aber Einer anders halten,
So mag er nach Belieben schalten;
Nur soll er nicht das Handwerk schänden;
Sonst wird er schlecht und schmählich enden.]

With reference to this poem Goethe writes to Jacobi (March 10, 1812):

"I am indeed one of the Ephesian artists who spends his

whole life in the temple of the goddess, contemplating and wondering and worshiping, and representing her in her mysterious manifestations. Thus it is impossible for me to be pleased with an apostle who forces upon his fellow citizens another and indeed a formless god. Accordingly if I were to publish some similar writing (to Jacobi's book *On God*) in praise of the great Artemis—which, however, I will not do because I belong to those who prefer to live quietly and do not care to stir people to mutiny—I would write on the reverse of the title page: 'No one can become acquainted with what he does not love, and the more perfect our knowledge, the stronger, the more vigorous, and the more vital must be our love, yea, our passion."[5]

Goethe mentions his love of polytheism in his autobiography when speaking of the poem "Prometheus." He says:

"The Titans are the foil of polytheism, as the devil is the foil of monotheism, but neither the devil nor the one-sided God whom the devil opposed are striking figures. Milton's Satan, although he is characterized as goody-goody enough,[6] labors under the disadvantage of subordination when he attempts to destroy the glorious creation of a supreme being. Prometheus, however, possesses the advantage that, in spite of superior beings, he shows himself capable of creating. Moreover, it is a beautiful and poetic thought which provides that men be produced not by the highest ruler of the universe, but by an intermediate character who, however, being a descendant of the oldest dynasty, is worthy of and great enough for the task."

Goethe speaks of Satan's "subordination," because in the Christian conception God alone is sovereign, and Satan lacks independence and freedom. He is a mere puppet in the hands of the Almighty, for even his revolt is ultimately the result of God's plan of creation.

[5] Translated by the author.

A convenient collection of all the passages that have reference to Goethe's world-conception and religion is found in Max Heynacher's book, *Goethe's Philosophie.* For the present quotations see pp. 72-73.

[6] Goethe here uses the word *brav,* and I regret that the *brav genug* is almost untranslatable in English. The word *brav* in German means "good" or "goody" in the sense of Sunday-school morality. A good boy is called *brav,* and the use of this word in its application to Satan is extremely humorous.

Prometheus is not the only rebel whom Goethe admires. He adds further down in the same passage:

"The other heroes of the same kind, Tantalus, Ixion and Sisyphus, also belonged to my saints. Having been received into the society of the gods, they did not show sufficient submissiveness, and as overbearing guests provoked the wrath of their condescending hosts, whereby they were forced into a dreary exile."

Goethe had much to suffer from the narrow spirit of the dogmatic Christians among his contemporaries, and not the least irritations consisted in ill-advised attempts at converting the "great pagan," as he was called by pietists. He smiled at the impudence and folly of those who concerned themselves about his future destiny, for he was confident that the cloven foot of his paganism would not render him unacceptable to God, the Father of all mankind, Jew and Gentile. Here is the fable which Goethe intended as an answer to his Christian friends:

In the wilderness a holy man
To his surprise met a servant of Pan,
A goat-footed faun, who spoke with grace;
"Lord pray for me and for my race,
That we in heaven find a place:
We thirst for God's eternal bliss."
The holy man made answer to this:
"How can I grant thy hold petition,
For thou canst hardly gain admission
In heaven yonder where angels salute:
For lo! thou hast a cloven foot."
Undaunted the wild man made the plea:
"Why should my hoof offensive be?
I've seen great numbers that went straight
With asses' heads through heaven's gate."

[In der Wüsten ein heiliger Mann
Zu seinem Erstaunen thät treffen an
Einen ziegenfüssigen Faun, der sprach:
"Herr, betet für mich und meine Gefährt',
Dass ich zum Himmel gelassen werd',
Zur seligen Freud': uns dürstet darnach."
Der heilige Mann dagegen sprach:
"Es steht mit deiner Bitte gar gefährlich,
Und gewährt wird sie dir schwerlich.
Du kommst nicht zum englischen Gruss:

Denn du hast einen Ziegenfuss."
Da sprach hierauf der wilde Mann:
"Was hat euch mein Ziegenfuss gethan?
Sah ich doch Manche strack und schön
Mit Eselsköpfen gen Himmel gehn."]

Goethe devoted another short poem to the pious ass who in all religions will remain an ass forever. He says:[7]

If the ass that bore the Saviour
Were to Mecca driven, he
Would not alter, but would be
Still an ass in his behavior."
—*Tr. by Bowring.*

[Wenn man auch nach Mekka triebe
Christus' Esel, würd' er nicht
Dadurch besser abgericht,
Sondern stets ein Esel bliebe.]

Goethe was more of a Christian than is generally assumed or might be inferred from his own preference for paganism. To be sure he was not a dogmatic Christian in the sense in which the term Christianity was used in those days. But Goethe would have been rejected also by polytheists and pagans, by Greek as well as Oriental devotees, on account of his latitudinarianism, for he was a sympathizer with all religions and could not be counted exclusively an adherent of any special faith.

How greatly Goethe appreciated Christianity appears from many poems and prose passages of his writings. If we consider that as a matter of principle he never wrote poetry unless he himself had experienced the sentiment he expressed, we will understand how devout he must have been in the days of his youth when he still accepted the Christian miracles and mysteries with unquestioning faith. He outgrew the childlike confidence in the supernatural and lost his belief in miracles, but he remembered the sacredness of his devotion and the hours of pious bliss—a reminiscence well described in the first scene of his "Faust." When Faust in his despair decides to drink poison, he is interrupted by the Easter message of the angelic choirs and the ringing of the Easter bells, and the sweet recollection of the faith of his youth restores in him the love of life.

What deep sentiment is also expressed in the third scene

[7] *Hikmet Nameth, Book of Proverbs.*

of "Faust"! He has returned from his walk with Wagner, his famulus, and sits down to find comfort in the Gospel of St. John. The monologue is again and again interrupted by the noise of a poodle, in which shape Mephistopheles approaches him. The diabolic nature of the animal appears in growls by which he expresses his dissatisfaction with Faust's religious sentiments. The passage reads in Bayard Taylor's translation as follows:

(Faust entering with poodle.)

Behind me, field and meadow sleeping,
I leave in deep, prophetic night,
Within whose dread and holy keeping
The better soul awakes to light.
The wild desires no longer win us,
The deeds of passion cease to chain;
The love of Man revives within us,
The love of God revives again.

Be still, thou poodle! make not such racket and riot!
Why at the threshold wilt snuffing be?
Behind the stove repose thee in quiet!
My softest cushion I give to thee.
As thou, up yonder, with running and leaping
Amused us hast, on the mountain's crest,
So now I take thee into my keeping,
A welcome, but also a silent, guest.

Ah, when, within our narrow chamber
The lamp with friendly lustre glows,
Flames in the breast each faded ember,
And in the heart, itself that knows.
Then Hope again lends sweet assistance,
And Reason then resumes her speech:
One yearns, the rivers of existence,
The very founts of Life, to reach.

Snarl not, poodle! To the sound that rises,
The sacred tones that now my soul embrace,
This bestial noise is out of place.
We are used to see that Man despises
What he never comprehends,
And the Good and the Beautiful vilipends,
Finding them often hard to measure:
Will the dog, like man, snarl *his* displeasure?

But ah! I feel, though will thereto be stronger,
Contentment flows from out my breast no longer.
Why must the stream so soon run dry and fail us,
And burning thirst again assail us?

Therein I've borne so much probation!
And yet, this want may be supplied us;
We pine and thirst for Revelation,

Which nowhere worthier is, more nobly sent,
Than here, in our New Testament.
I feel impelled, its meaning to determine,—
With honest purpose, once for all,
The haliowed Original
To change to my beloved German.

(*He opens a volume and commences.*)
'T is written: "In the Beginning was the *Word.*"
Here am I balked: who, now, can help afford?
The *Word*?—impossible so high to rate it;
And otherwise must I translate it,
If by the Spirit I am truly taught.
Then thus: "In the Beginning was the *Thought.*"
This first line let me weigh completely,
Lest my impatient pen proceed too fleetly.
Is it the *Thought* which works, creates, indeed?
"In the Beginning was the *Power,*" I read.
Yet, as I write, a warning is suggested,
That I the sense may not have fairly tested.
The Spirit aids me: now I see the light!
"In the Beginning was the *Act,*"[8] I write.

[Verlassen hab' ich Feld und Auen,
Die eine tiefe Nacht bedeckt,
Mit ahnungsvollem, heil'gem Grauen
In uns die bessre Seele weckt.
Entschlafen sind nun wilde Triebe
Mit jedem ungestümen Thun;
Es reget sich die Menschenliebe,
Die Liebe Gottes regt sich nun.

Sei ruhig, Pudel! Renne nicht hin und wieder!
An der Schwelle was schnoperst Du hier?
Lege Dich hinter den Ofen nieder!
Mein bestes Kissen geb' ich Dir.
Wie Du draussen auf dem bergigen Wege
Durch Rennen und Springen ergetzt uns hast,
So nimm nun auch von mir die Pflege
Als ein willkommner stiller Gast.

Ach, wenn in unsrer engen Zelle
Die Lampe freundlich wieder brennt,
Dann wird's in unserm Busen helle,
Im Herzen, das sich selber kennt.
Vernunft fängt wieder an zu sprechen
Und Hoffnung wieder an zu blühn;

[8] Perhaps "Deed" would be a better translation.

Man sehnt sich nach des Lebens Bächen,
Ach, nach des Lebens Quelle hin.

Knurre nicht, Pudel! Zu den heiligen Tönen,
Die jetzt meine ganze Seel' umfassen,
Will der thierische Laut nicht passen.
Wir sind gewohnt, dass die Menschen verhöhnen,
Was sie nicht verstehn,
Dass sie vor dem Guten und Schönen,
Das ihnen oft beschwerlich ist, murren;
Will es der Hund, wie sie, beknurren?

Aber ach, schon fühl' ich, bei dem besten Willen
Befriedigung nicht mehr aus dem Busen quillen.
Aber warum muss der Strom so bald versiegen,
Und wir wieder im Durste liegen?
Davon hab' ich so viel Erfahrung.
Doch dieser Mangel lässt sich ersetzen,
Wir lernen das Ueberirdische schätzen,
Wir sehnen uns nach Offenbarung,
Die nirgends würd'ger und schöner brennt
Als in dem Neuen Testament.
Mich drängt's den Grundtext aufzuschlagen,
Mit redlichem Gefühl einmal
Das heilige Original
In mein geliebtes Deutsch zu übertragen.

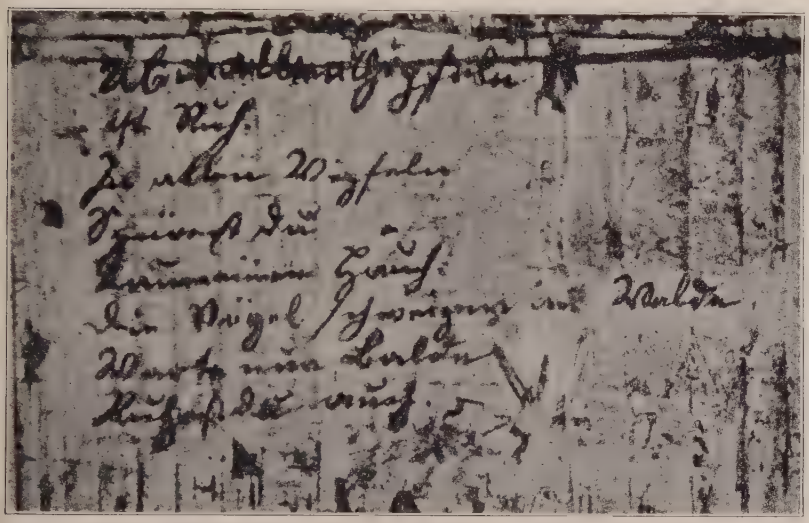
(*Er schlägt ein Volum auf und schickt sich an.*)

Geschrieben steht: "Im Anfang war das *Wort*!"
Hier stock' ich schon! Wer hilft mir weiter fort?
Ich kann das *Wort* so hoch unmöglich schätzen;
Ich muss es anders übersetzen,
Wenn ich vom Geiste recht erleuchtet bin.
Geschrieben steht: "Im Anfang war der *Sinn*."
Bedenke wohl die erste Zeile,
Dass Deine Feder sich nicht übereile!
Ist es der *Sinn*, der Alles wirkt und schafft?
Es sollte stehn: "Im Anfang war die *Kraft*!"
Doch, auch indem ich dieses niederschreibe,
Schon warnt mich was, dass ich dabei nicht bleibe.
Mir hilft der Geist! Auf einmal seh' ich Rath
Und schreibe getrost: "Im Anfang war die *That*!"]

In addition to this scene which incorporates Faust's reminiscenses of his former faith, we will quote a few poems and sentences from his rhymed proverbs, which characterize Goethe's Christianity in his mature years. Here is Longfellow's translation of Goethe's two songs, each entitled "The Wanderer's Night Song."

Thou that from the heavens art,
  Every pain and sorrow stillest,
And the doubly wretched heart
  Doubly with refreshment fillest,
I am weary with contending!
  Why this rapture and unrest?
Peace descending
Come, ah, come into my breast!

[Der du von dem Himmel bist,
Alles Leid und Schmerzen stillest,
Den, der doppelt elend ist,
Doppelt mit Erquickung füllest,
Ach, ich bin des Treibens müde!
Was soll all der Schmerz und Lust?
Süsser Friede,
Komm, ach komm in meine Brust!]



GOETHE'S POEM IN THE HUNTER'S HUT.

O'er all the hill-tops
  Is quiet now,
In all the tree-tops
  Hearest thou
Hardly a breath;
  The birds are asleep in the trees:
  Wait: soon like these
Thou, too, shalt rest.

[Ueber allen Gipfeln
Ist Ruh,
In allen Wipfeln
Spürest du
Kaum einen Hauch;
Die Vögelein schweigen im Walde.
Warte nur, balde
Ruhest du auch.]

The second of these songs Goethe composed in the night of September 6-7, 1780, and wrote on the wall of the little wooden hut on the peak of the Gickelhahn near Ilmenau. The handwriting was renewed by himself August 27, 1813. The hut burned down August 11, 1870.

This song of the Gickelhahn hut is familiar to all lovers of

music. Various English translations have been made, though Longfellow's is perhaps the most familiar. In its sweet simplicity the song is almost untranslatable. We add herewith

GOETHE ON THE GICKELHAHN.

another attempt which has the advantage of fitting the music of Schubert:

Over all the mountains
  Lies peace.
Hushed are the tree-tops;
  Breezes cease
    Slumber caressed.
Asleep are the birds on the bough,—
Wait then, and thou
  Soon too wilt rest.

THE HUNTER'S HUT ON THE GICKELHAHN NEAR ILMENAU.
After a photograph.

Under the title "God, Sentiment and the World"[9] Goethe published some rhymes which breathe a simple and almost child-like confidence in God. One of them reads:[10]

[9] *Gott, Gemüth und Welt.*

[10] Bowring's translation,

"Who trusts in God,
Fears not his rod,"

is perhaps better English, but does not render the original.

Who on God is grounded,
Has his house well founded.

[Wer Gott vertraut,
Ist schon auferbaut.]

Another rhyme is translated by Bowring thus:

This truth may be by all believed!
Whom God deceives, is well deceived.

[Sogar dies Wort hat nicht gelogen:
Wen Gott betrügt, der ist wohl betrogen.]

Goethe was one of the few poets who dared to introduce the Good Lord upon the stage, which he did in the Prologue to "Faust." This remarkable scene reveals before our eyes the heavens where God is enthroned among the angels that appear before him in praise of his creation. There has scarcely been in Christian literature a more dignified description of God in poetical form, over which even Milton can not claim superiority.

The Lord is greeted by the three archangels in these three stanzas which we quote after Bayard Taylor's translation:

RAPHAEL.

The sun-orb sings, in emulation,
'Mid brother-spheres, his ancient round:
His path predestined through Creation
He ends with step of thunder-sound.
The angels from his visage splendid
Draw power, whose measure none can say;
The lofty works, uncomprehended,
Are bright as on the primal day.

RAPHAEL.

[Die Sonne tönt nach alter Weise
In Brudersphären Weettgesang,
Und ihre vorgeschriebne Reise
Vollendet sie mit Donnergang.
Ihr Anblick giebt den Engeln Stärke,
Wenn Keiner sie ergründen mag;
Die unbegreiflich hohen Werke
Sind herrlich wie am ersten Tag.

GABRIEL.

And swift, and swift beyond conceiving,
The splendor of the world goes round,
Day's Eden-brightness still relieving
Night's darkness awful and profound:
The ocean-tides in foam are breaking,
Against the rocks' deep bases hurled,
And both, the spheric race partaking,
Eternal, swift, are onward whirled!

GABRIEL.

Und schnell und unbegreiflich schnelle
Dreht sich umher der Erde Pracht;
Es wechselt Paradieseshelle
Mit tiefer, schauervoller Nacht;
Es schäumt das Meer in breiten Flüssen
Am tiefen Grund der Felsen auf,
Und Fels und Meer wird fortgerissen
In ewig schnellem Sphärenlauf.

MICHAEL.

And rival storms abroad are surging
From sea to land, from land to sea.

MICHAEL.

Und Stürme brausen um die Wette,
Vom Meer aufs Land, vom Land aufs Meer,

A chain of deepest action forging
Round all, in wrathful energy.
There flames a desolation, blazing
Before the Thunder's crashing way:
Yet, Lord, Thy messengers are praising
The gentle movement of Thy Day.

Und bilden wüthend eine Kette
Der tiefsten Wirkung rings umher;
Da flammt ein blitzendes Verheeren
Dem Pfade vor des Donnerschlags;
Doch Deine Boten, Herr, verehren
Das sanfte Wandeln Deines Tags.

THE THREE.

Though still by them uncomprehended,
From these the angels draw their power,
And all Thy works are grand and splendid,
As in Creation's primal hour.

ZU DREI.

Der Anblick giebt den Engeln Stärke,
Da Keiner Dich ergründen mag,
Und alle Deine hohen Werke
Sind herrlich wie am ersten Tag.]

Bayard Taylor is a translator by God's grace, nevertheless his version of these lines does not render either the depth of sentiment nor the beauty of the German original. Goethe's language is inimitable in its directness, its simplicity and grandeur. Only a man of truly religious temperament could think these thoughts and express them in words so magnificent and yet so simple and unassuming.

GOETHE'S PHILOSOPHY.

GOETHE was not a philosopher, still less a psychologist, but none the less was he a thinker. First he was a poet, and though his poetry was philosophical, he cared little for philosophy and had a positive dislike for analytical and critical investigations. So it happened that in spite of the philosophical trend of Goethe's poetry, we find no satisfactory explanation of his thoughts, and this we feel most concerning his notions of the deity and man's soul. Goethe clung to the conclusions which were forced upon him by the needs of his heart and intellect, but he did not venture into dialectics. Thus he was at once a pagan and a Christian, an infidel and a believer. Being strong in his convictions himself he had an intense dislike of all negativism, and while he attacked Christian pietists for their antagonism to Greek mythology, he defended the Christian Gospels against higher criticism. All this seems contradictory, but it is not, and he who is familiar with Goethe's way of thinking will understand that in all this he is perfectly consistent with himself.

Goethe loved to represent his own views in contrasts, taking up first one standpoint and meeting it by its contrary so as to avoid a one-sided partisan conception. The poet might truly have applied Faust's words to himself, "Two souls, alas! dwell in my breast." How clearly Goethe was conscious of this contrast within his own nature appears from a later poem addressed to the two-lobed leaf of an Oriental tree called Gingo Biloba,[1] which he had planted in his garden at Weimar. Goethe says:

[1] According to botanists the gingo tree belongs to an antediluvian flora. (See Dr. H. Potonié's statement in *Weltall und Menschheit*, II, 396). Being one of the few plants that have been saved from extinction by some good fortune, it is raised in China and Japan by artificial methods only and is no

Leaf of Eastern tree transplanted
Here into my garden's field,
Hast me secret meaning granted,
Which adepts delight will yield.

Art thou one—one living being
Now divided into two?
Art thou two, who joined agreeing
And in one united grew?

To the question, pondered duly,
Have I found the right reply:
In my poems you see truly
Twofold and yet one am I.

[Dieses Baums Blatt, der von Osten
Meinem Garten anvertraut,
Giebt geheimen Sinn zu kosten,
Wie's den Wissenden erbaut.

Ist es Ein lebendig Wesen,
Das sich in sich selbst getrennt?
Sind es zwei, die sich erlesen,
Dass man sie als Eines kennt?

Solche Frage zu erwidern,
Fand ich wohl den rechten Sinn;
Fühlst du nicht an meinen Liedern,
Dass ich eins und doppelt bin?]

LEAF FROM GOETHE'S GINGO TREE.

Reproduced from a pressed leaf sent to the author as a souvenir from Weimar by Professor Hatfield of Northwestern University.

On this idea of a splitting up, which however is not a division, we quote another of Goethe's poems:

Life I never can divide,
Inner and outer together you see.
Whole to all I must abide,
Otherwise I cannot be.
Always I have only writ
What I feel and mean to say.
Thus, my friends, although I split,
Yet remain I one alway.

[Theilen kann ich nicht das Leben,
Nicht das Innen noch das Aussen.
Allen muss das Ganze geben,
Um mit euch und mir zu hausen.
Immer hab ich nur geschrieben
Wie ich fühle, wie ich's meine,
Und so spalt ich mich, ihr Lieben,
Und bin immerfort der Eine.]

Goethe had a dislike for abstract considerations. He was

longer found in its natural state. In Japan the gingo is regarded as a sacred tree, which explains its presence in the temples.

too much of a poet and liked to think even spiritual truths in such a way as to let them assume a definite and concrete shape. He was too human not to prefer the sense-perceptible image which is palpable, to the formula which is general and devoid of all tangible elements, and so if certain views became too abstract for him he clothed them in poetical allegories.

Goethe sketches his view of the soul in a fascinating poem, in which the explanation of its ascent to heaven and its descent to earth, in the sense of reincarnation, have to be taken seriously. It is entitled "Song of the Spirits Over the Waters," and reads as follows:

The soul of man
Is like unto water:
From heaven it cometh,
To heaven it riseth,
And down again
To the earth descendeth,
Ever changing.

Streams from the lofty
Rocky wall
Its crystal flood
As spray it drifts,
In wavy clouds
Round slippery cliffs,
Below met sprightly,
And veiling its course,
With low murmur it rusheth
Deeper and deeper.

Where frowning rocks
Impede the torrent,
Indignant it foams
From ledge to ledge,
Into the gorge.

In level meadow
The brook meanders,
And in the spreading lake
Mirror their faces
The heavenly stars.

Wind pleads with the waves
In passionate wooing;
Wind stirs from the bottom
The foam-covered billows.

[Des Menschen Seele
Gleicht dem Wasser:
Vom Himmel kommt es,
Zum Himmel steigt es,
Und wieder nieder
Zur Erde muss es,
Ewig wechselnd.

Strömt von der hohen
Steilen Felswand
Der reine Strahl,
Dann stäubt er lieblich
In Wolkenwellen
Zum glatten Fels,
Und leicht empfangen
Wallt er verschleiernd,
Leisrauschend
Zur Tiefe nieder.

Ragen Klippen
Dem Sturz' entgegen,
Schäumt er unmuthig
Stufenweise
Zum Abgrund.

Im flachen Bette
Schleicht er das Wiesenthal hin,
Und in dem glatten See
Weiden ihr Antlitz
Alle Gestirne.

Wind ist der Welle
Lieblicher Buhler;
Wind mischt vom Grund aus
Schäumende Wogen.

Soul of man,
How like unto water!
Fortune of man,
How like unto wind!

Seele des Menschen,
Wie gleichst du dem Wasser!
Schicksal des Menshen,
Wie gleichst du dem Wind!]

Judging from Goethe's lines in "The Limitations of Humanity,"[2]

"We rise with a billow,
Collapse with a billow,
And we are gone."

we might be led to think that the poet did not believe in immortality, but such was not the case. He denied immortality in a Utopian heaven, as an imaginary state of bliss where everything would be perfect, where battles were no longer to be fought, tasks no more to be done, dangers not to be encountered, and no suffering to be endured. He believed in activity, in doing and daring. He was a Sadducee (denying the resurrection of the dead, i. e., a resurrection of the body from the grave) in contrast to the Pharisee; and scorned the notion of an immortality in a purely spiritual beyond. Goethe says:

A Sadducee I'll be fore'er,
For it would drive me to despair,
If the Philistines who now cramp me
Would cripple my eternity.
'Twould be the same old fiddle-faddle,
In heaven we'd have celestial twaddle.

[Ein Sadducäer will ich bleiben!—
Das könnte mich zur Verzweiflung treiben,
Dass von dem Volk, das hier mich bedrängt,
Auch würde die Ewigkeit eingeengt:
Das wär doch nur der alte Patsch,
Droben gäb's nur verklärten Klatsch.]

But in spite of siding with the Sadducee in questions of resurrection, Goethe cherishes the conviction that the soul is immortal, and he insists on it again and again. We do not possess immortality, but we must earn it. As Christ expresses it, we must lay up treasures which neither moth nor rust doth

[2] See page 206.

corrupt and where thieves do not break through or steal. We are tradition and we live on as tradition. Our own immortalization is the purpose of our life. Goethe says:

Drop all of transiency
Whate'er be its claim,
Ourselves to immortalize,
That is our aim.

[Nichts vom Vergänglichen,
Wie's auch geschah!
Uns zu verewigen
Sind wir ja da.]

The same idea is expressed in another poem called "An Interlude" which was set to music by J. N. Hummel thus:

Larghetto.
p
1. Laßt fah-ren hin das All - zu-flüch-ti - ge; ihr sucht bei
2. Und so ge-winnt sich das Le-ben-di - ge durch Folg' aus
3. So löst sich je - ne gro-Be Fra - ge nach unserm
cresc.
f
1. ihm ver - ge-bens Rat! In dem Ver-gang - nen lebt das
2. Fol-ge neu-e Kraft; denn die Ge - sin - nung, die be-
3. zweiten Va-ter-land; denn das Be-stän-dige der ird'schen
f
1. Tüch - ti - ge, ver - e - wigt sich in schö-ner
2. stän - di - ge, sie macht den Men - schen dau - er-
3. Ta - ge, ver-bürgt uns e - wi - gen Be
f
1. Tat, ver - e - wigt sich in schö - ner Tat.
2. haft, sie macht den Men-schen dau - er - haft.
3. stand, ver-bürgt uns e - wi - gen Be-stand.

This poem, which belongs to Goethe's masonic verses, was sung as a quartette in the Lodge Amalia at Weimar, September 3, 1825. We have taken the song from Wernekke's book on "Goethe and the Royal Art."[3] Translated into English it reads as follows:

Oh drop the transient, drop it from our lives!
Thence help is never realized.
In past events the valiant good survives,
In noble deeds immortalized.

And life acquires its vitality,
Throughout causation's endless chain.
For character gives man stability,
Endeavor makes that he remain.

Thus the great question of our future home
At last is for solution rife:
For the enduring while on earth we roam,
Assureth us eternal life.

The Egyptian method of building pyramids and of immortalizing the bodies of the dead by embalming and mummifying, is erroneous; rather let the tradition of which we consist and which we impart to others be of the right kind. The greatest treasures we can give to others are ourselves, our souls, the truths which we have discovered, our hopes, our loves, our ideals. Goethe says in one of his most vigorous poems:

It matters not, I ween,
Where worms our friends consume,
Beneath the turf so green,
Or 'neath the marble tomb.
Remember ye who live,
Though frowns the fleeting day,
That to your friends you give
What never will decay.
—*Tr. by Edgar Alfred Bowring.*

[Und wo die Freunde faulen,
Das ist ganz einerlei,
Ob unter Marmor-Saulen
Oder im Rasen frei.
Der Lebende bedenke,
Wenn auch der Tag ihm mault,
Dass er den Freunden schenke
Was nie und nimmer fault.]

Goethe's notion of immortality was closely connected with his conception of evolution. He believed in growth and higher

[3] *Goethe und die königliche Kunst.* Von Dr. Hugo Wernekke, vormals Meister vom Stuhl der Loge Amalia in Weimar. Leipsic, 1905.

development, or what to-day we call "evolution." Immortality according to his idea depended on ourselves, and he regarded the human soul as an organic center which he sometimes called with Leibnitz "monad" and sometimes with Aristotle "entelechy."

Goethe says in a letter to Knebel of December 3, 1781:

"It is an article of my faith that only through fortitude and faithfulness in our present condition can we rise to a higher plane of being in our next existence and thus become capable of entering upon it from this temporal existence of ours to the beyond in eternity."

The present life, at any rate this world, not a beyond, demands our complete attention. Says Goethe in the second part of "Faust":

> The sphere of earth is known enough to me;
> The view beyond is barred immutably:
> A fool, who there his blinking eyes directeth,
> Above the clouds a place of peers detecteth!
> Firm let him stand, and look around him well!
> This world means something to the capable.
> Why needs he through eternity to wend?
> He here acquires what he can apprehend.
>
> [Der Erdenkreis ist mir genug bekannt.
> Nach drüben ist die Aussicht uns verrannt;
> Thor, wer dorthin die Augen blinzend richtet,
> Sich über Wolken Seinesgleichen dichtet!
> Er stehe fest und sehe hier sich um;
> Dem Tüchtigen ist diese Welt nicht stumm.
> Was braucht er in die Ewigkeit zu schweifen!
> Was er erkennt, lässt sich ergreifen.]

This passage proves that when Goethe speaks of "the beyond," he means beyond the grave, but still in this actual world of ours; when he speaks of "eternity" he means the infinite vista of higher life before us, or perhaps the condition of timelessness, but not a heaven with angelic choirs.

Even our immortalized existence is and will remain a constant struggle. Says Faust:

> Yes! to this thought I hold with firm persistence;
> The last result of wisdom stamps it true;

He only earns his freedom and existence,
Who daily conquers them anew.
Then dared I hail the Moment fleeing:
"Ah, still delay—thou art so fair!"
The traces cannot, of mine earthly being,
In eons perish,—they are there!
—*Translated by Bayard Taylor.*

[Ja! diesem Sinne bin ich ganz ergeben,
Das ist der Weisheit letzter Schluss:
Nur der verdient sich Freiheit wie das Leben,
Der täglich sie erobern muss.
Zum Augenblicke dürft ich sagen:
Verweile doch, du bist so schön!
Es kann die Spur von meinen Erdentagen
Nicht in Aeonen untergehn.]

Goethe's view of immortality was not that of the orthodox Christian. It was much more kin to Oriental philosophy, and in spite of his conception of the soul as a monad or entelechy after the fashion of the Brahman atman, his belief in immortality in all practical considerations bore a close resemblance to Buddhist doctrines.[4] This is the more remarkable as in Goethe's time only distant echoes of the wisdom of the East had reached Europe. But these echoes were sufficient for Goethe to say in a letter to the artist Meyer, dated August 24, 1823: "When one comes upon the Orientals one finds remarkable things." (*Man komme über die Orientalen, da findet man erstaunliche Dinge.*) But with all his fondness for Orientalism Goethe was neither a mystic nor an admirer of romanticism. He was first of all a lover of clear and well-defined thought, and if he belonged to any special type, he was a Greek,—but he was a Greek because the true Greek was cosmopolitan and the genius of Greek antiquity was identical with humanitarianism. Or, in other words, Goethe was convinced that humanitarianism had found its purest expression in the civilization and religion of ancient Greece.

The main tenets of immortality, and even of reincarnation, are repeatedly expressed in Goethe's own writings and in his

[4] The subject has been treated in an article "Brahmanism and Buddhism, or the Religion of Postulates and the Religion of Facts" in *The Open Court,* Vol. X, p. 4851 ff. For further discussions on the soul see "The Soul in Science and Religion," *Monist,* XVI, 219-253; "Life and the Soul," *Monist,* XVIII, 192-216; "Panpsychism and Panbiotism," *Monist,* III, 234-257.

letters. In his writings Goethe abstained from committing himself to the belief in a soul-entity, and his views are stated in such general terms that they might suit either the Buddhists or the Vedantists, but in his conversations he went further, taking decidedly the Brahman view, and we will here present those additional expressions of his thought which he mentions privately to Eckermann and Falk.

Goethe said to Eckermann on September 1, 1829:

"I do not doubt our continuance, for nature can not do without continuity; but we are not all immortal in the same way, and in order to manifest himself as a great entelechy, a man must first be one."

Here Goethe falls back upon a technical term of Aristotle denoting that something which makes things actual. The word "entelechy" means the quality of having become complete, of being perfected, or having attained its purpose,[5] and is used in contrast to "dynamics,"[6] i. e., potential existence, which is the idea of a thing, its possibility, its mere potentiality. Accordingly, entelechy denotes that principle or factor which renders things actual.

The idea of an entelechy as a separate being is decidedly metaphysical and, if taken seriously, would lead to dualism. There is not reality, and a principle that makes reality real. There is not motion, and an agent of motion, a being that makes motion move. There is not actuality, and a thing that makes actuality act. The actuality of things and also of living beings is their existence itself, and living beings (i. e., organisms) originate in a slow process of evolution by a combination of their parts, or as we would better call it, by organization. We may regard them as actualizations of eternal types, but in that case we can only mean their potential existence, which is the possibility of their special combinations, in the same sense as mathematical truths are eternal and exist even before any mathematician has discovered and actualized them.

[5] ἐντελέχεια is derived from ἐντελής, "perfect," and ἔχειν, "to have." The adjective ἐντελής means also "powerful, mighty, commanding"; and the verb ἐντέλλειν, from which it is derived, "to enjoin, to command." The root of the latter is the same as that of the noun τέλος, "end, purpose."

[6] δύναμις, "potentiality."

Goethe apparently takes the word in the sense of an entity. On March 2, 1830, we find the term "entelechy" mentioned again in another slightly different connection. There he is reported as having said:

"The persistence of the individual and the fact that man rejects what does not agree with him, are proofs to me that such a thing as an entelechy exists. Leibnitz cherished similar ideas concerning such independent entities, except that what we call 'entelechy' he called 'monad.'"

Almost seventeen years prior to these conversations with Eckermann Goethe used the term "monad" in a talk with Falk who accompanied him on his return from the funeral of Wieland. With reference to the impossibility that Wieland's soul could have been annihiliated, Goethe said:

"There can be no thought of an annihilation in nature of such high psychic powers, nor under any conditions, for she is not wasteful of her capital. Wieland's soul is by nature a treasure, a real gem. Moreover, during the whole of his long life he did not use up these spiritual and beautiful talents, but increased them....

"A personal continuance of our soul after death by no means conflicts with the observations which I have made for many years concerning the constitution of our own being and all existences in nature. On the contrary, it seems to be an outcome of them and finds in them new confirmation.

"How much or how little of a personality deserves to be preserved, is another question, and an affair which we must leave to God. At present I will only say this: I assume different classes and degrees of ultimate aboriginal elements of all beings which are, as it were, the initial points of all phenomena in nature. I might call them souls because from them the animation of the whole proceeds. Perhaps I had better call them monads. Let me retain this term of Leibnitz, because it expresses the simplicity of these simplest beings and there might be no better name. Some of these monads or initial points, experience teaches, are so small and so insignificant that they are fit only for a subordinate service and existence. Others however are quite strong and powerful....

"All monads are by nature so indestructible that they can not stop or lose their activity at the moment of dissolution, but must continue it in the very same moment. Thus they only part from their old relations in order to enter at once into new ones. In this change all depends on the power of intention which resides in this or that monad.

"Each monad proceeds to whithersoever it belongs, into the water, into the air, into the earth, into the fire, into the stars, yea the secret tendency which conducts it thither, contains at the same time the secret of its future destiny. Any thought of annihilation is quite excluded....

"Should we venture on supposition, I really do not understand what could prevent the monad to which we owe the appearance of Wieland on our planet to enter in its new state of existence into the highest combination of this universe. By its diligence, its zeal, its genius, through which it has incorporated into its own existence so many historical states, it is entitled to anything. I should not be astonished at all should I, after millenniums, meet Wieland again as a star of the first magnitude. Then I should see him and bear witness how he with his dear light would gladden and quicken everything that would come near him.

"To bring light and clearness into the nebular existence of some comet should be deemed a joyous task for a monad such as the one of our Wieland! Considering the eternity of this universe of ours, no other duty, generally speaking, can be assumed for monads than that they in their turn should partake of the joys of the gods as blessed creative powers. They are conversant with the becoming of creation. Whether called or uncalled, they come by themselves from all sides, on all paths, from the mountains, from the oceans, from the stars. Who can prevent them?

"I am sure that I, such as you see me here, have lived a thousand times, and hope to come again another thousand times."

There is a great lack of lucidity in these sentences. On the one hand the monads are the simplest realities, a kind of atoms, which belong to fire, water, earth, and other elementary existences; on the other hand, they are distinct agencies, and are

introduced to personify the law that sways the formation of a nebula into a planetary system; and again they are assumed to be psychic entities. Perhaps some monads are thought to be chemical atoms and others psychic powers; and the latter, after the fashion of the Greek deities, are expected to do the work of the natural laws. Such thoughts are poetry, not science; fiction, not psychological facts; mythology, not philosophy.

The soul is a unity but its unity is due to unification. The unity of the soul is not rigid; it is not a monad, not an entity of any substance nor a center of forces, but it is the unity of system such as we observe in organisms. The soul is built up not unlike a well-governed state, into a centralized commonwealth of sentiments and impulses, sensations, yearnings, more or less checked by different considerations, called self-control. Ideas, volitions and aspirations, and the whole of this spiritual organism constitute a definite personality which is called the self, or the ego. There is no need of assuming the existence of a nucleus around which all these psychical activities cluster; the system itself is its unity and this system is the product of the dominating purpose which animates all actions and their aims.

If we knew Goethe from this passage on the soul-monad alone we would say that he was a mystic. We grant that he had a mystic vein whenever he spoke of the soul, but even here he disliked the excrescences of mysticism. He avoided having anything to do with clairvoyance and other pathological or semi-pathological phenomena. He not only disliked to delve into inquisitions of mysterious events, but even to analyze psychological problems in abstract speculations. Thus his views remained hazy and indistinct. He accepted immortality as a fact, not because it could be proved,—in fact he thought it could not be proved,—but because he could not dispense with an infinite outlook into the past as well as the future.

Goethe's conversation with Falk is perhaps the most important passage to be quoted on the mooted topic. It may be well to bear in mind that it was Falk and not Goethe who wrote these sentences, and that they therefore must be used with discretion. Nevertheless we can not doubt that Goethe held similar views, and that he believed in the existence of monads or entelechies.

Yea the expression was so dear to him that in his first conception of the conclusion of "Faust" he used the word entelechy when saying that Faust's soul was carried up to heaven by angels. In the printed editions he replaced it by the term "Faust's Immortal."

Eckermann has recorded several of Goethe's remarks which corroborate the impression that he held these notions. For instance under March 11, 1828, we find the following comment of Goethe's:

"Each entelechy is a piece of eternity, and those few years during which it is joined to its terrestrial body do not make it old."

In a conversation with his friends, Chancellor von Mueller and Herrn von Riemer, October 19, 1823, Goethe declared that it would be quite impossible for a thinking being to entertain the idea of his own non-existence or the discontinuance of his thought and life. Accordingly every one carried a proof of his own immortality directly within himself, but as soon as he tried to commit himself to objective statements, as soon as he would venture to come out with it, as soon as he wanted to prove dogmatically or comprehend a personal continuance, as soon as he would bolster up this inner observation in a commonplace way, he would lose himself in contradictions.

In his "Prose Sayings" (1028-1029) Goethe says:

"The highest we have received from God and Nature is life, viz., the rotating motion of the monad around itself, which knows no rest nor ceasing. The tendency to preserve and cherish life is naturally and indelibly inborn in every one, but its nature remains a mystery to us as well as to others. The second favor which comes from the Supreme Being is what we call experience in life, our becoming aware of things, and the influences which the living and moving monad exerts upon the surroundings of the outer world. Thereby the monad feels itself as infinite within and limited without."

In a conversation with Chancellor von Müller, February 25, 1824, Goethe expressed his reluctance to investigate the question of life after death:

"To be engrossed with ideas of immortality is only for the

leisure classes, and especially for women who have nothing to do. A capable man who needs to make himself useful here, and who accordingly has to exert himself daily, to struggle and to

FRIEDRICH WILHELM RIEMER.

work, leaves the future world alone and is active and useful in this one."

Considering all these quotations it is certain that Goethe assumed the existence of a soul-entity, an entelechy or monad,

which in his opinion was necessary for comprehending the nature of the soul and its immortality, and the latter was not the traditional Christian, but an Oriental belief, i. e., a reincarnation or

FRIEDRICH VON MUELLER, 1797-1849.
Drawing by Schmeller.

metempsychosis of some kind. He speaks repeatedly of his former existences; so for instance in a poem addressed to Frau

von Stein, he declares that in the sympathy which binds their souls, he feels that in "by-gone ages she must have been either his sister or his wife."[7]

When he traveled in Italy Goethe declared that he must have lived there, and he went so far as to state that it must have been in the days of the Emperor Hadrian. He wrote on October 12, 1786 from Venice: "Indeed I feel even now as if I were not seeing things here for the first time, but as if I had seen them before." Goethe sympathized with the cosmopolitan spirit of Emperor Hadrian. The personality of Hadrian, his ideals and actions, were congenial to Goethe, and so the sight of the monuments, being associated with ideals dear to the German poet, found an echo in his heart. There was something kin in Goethe's soul, and so it is natural that everything in Italy seemed familiar to him. He therefore concludes: "I must have been here before; I must have lived in those days, for I have seen all this before."

We believe that there is a truth at the bottom of this idea, for Goethe's soul is composed of all the aspirations that entered into the rich fabric of ideas which made up his personality. We do not originate at the hour of birth, nor in the moment of conception. All of us, all human beings, were present when primitive man in the circle of his family and fellows felt the need of communicating his thoughts, when he uttered the first and still imperfectly articulated words. We were present in the minds of the prehistoric inventors of tools, of the wheel, of the needle, etc. We have lived with our ancestors and the sages of yore exactly to the extent that their aspirations, their work, their accomplishments are preserved in us and continue to be part of our souls.

Goethe's view of the soul as a monad, a unit, a certain something which migrates from one personality to another and is reincarnated again and again, is untenable from the scientific conception of things spiritual, because spiritual things are not entities. They are not substantial, and they can never be monads. If the soul is not a substantial entity that originates; if it is form and not matter or energy, its continuance can not depend upon

[7] Ach, du warst, in abgelegten Zeiten,
Meine Schwester oder meine Frau.

the identity of a substance of any kind but must be a preservation of form. This in fact is the real state of things, for a preservation of form actually takes place in our bodily constitution. There is a preservation of our bodily appearance under constant slow modifications; we retain the structure of our sense organs, and especially of our memory. The continuity of our life is simply due to the preservation of form in the constant flux of the vital functions which constitute life. The changes, growth, and all the various fluctuations of our body account most easily for those of our consciousness, and the preservation of form—of soul-forms—is not limited to the span of our lives, it takes place also in the development of the entire life of mankind. The souls of the past are preserved in the souls of the present generation. They are transferred by heredity and education from parents to children and children's children.

With all due respect for his greatness, we believe that Goethe has not elaborated his views of the soul nor matured them into clear and scientifically tenable propositions. He was too much of a poet and too little of a philosopher,—in spite of his several scientific labors. He actually disliked explanations in abstract terms.

* * *

Goethe was neither a spiritualist nor a materialist. He had common sense enough not to accept the superstitions of ghosts and spooks, but on the other hand he could not be prevailed upon to join the opposite camp of those who would deny the very existence of mind and its significance. He lost no opportunity to ridicule such shallow rationalists as Nicolai of Berlin, whose zeal for exterminating spirits consisted in a repudiation of spirit.

Though Goethe was very reluctant to accept the marvelous stories of telepathy he knew full well that man's mind is capable of understanding things which are not directly approachable by the senses, and that in the same sense the mind penetrates to distant places. This view with its rational explanation is very drastically and simply set forth in a poem entitled "Effect at a Distance." Telepathy is indeed possible, but the true telepathy

is no mysterious power, but mere logical deduction. Nor are our mental functions thought-waves which proceed in undulations from man's brain outward to other parts of the world. Man's judgments are simply an interpretation of the facts presented to him in sensations, and this power of the mind yields most marvelous results. Frequently it enables man to know with great distinctness and positive certainty things that have happened long ago or at a great distance. Just as the presence of a star is indicated by the sense impression of a speck of light on the retina of the eye, so a certain symptom may betray a situation of the occurrence of an event which itself could not be observed, and this is true telepathy undeniable by the grossest materialist. On this telepathy is based our communication by telephone, telegraph and wireless telegraphy; electric waves of a short or long duration are transferred, so-called dots and dashes and their several combinations represent the several letters of the alphabet, as well as other symbols known to the operators at both ends. There are electric waves, not thought waves, that go to a distance, but the mind deciphers the meaning that is given to the different forms of the transmitted undulations. This is the method by which science discovers the hidden secrets of natural laws, the origin of creation, the development of evolution, etc. Such telepathy is possible, and the law of its operation will be seen to be very simple indeed. Scarcely ever has any more humerous, and at the same time more instructive, presentation of the problem been given than is set forth in Goethe's poem, a versified translation of which is here attempted. It reads thus:

EFFECT AT A DISTANCE.

The Queen has a party, the candles are bright,
Her guests a game start playing;
She says to her page: "Thy foot is light,
Fetch the counters," and then adds, saying:
"They lie to hand
On my dresser stand."
The lad is quite nimble and zealous,
He hies to the end of the palace.

Beside the Queen, her sherbet sips
A pretty maid of honor,
She brings the cup so hard to her lips

That some is spilled upon her.
A cry of distress
For the exquisite dress!
And, with the fresh stains from the chalice,
She runs to the end of the palace.

The damsel and the returning boy
In the lonely hall were meeting;
None knew of their love, but neither was coy
With open arms of greeting.
Glance spoke to glance
Of the glorious chance;
And, heart to heart, in seclusion,
They kissed and embraced with effusion.

At last they tore themselves apart,
The maid to her chamber was slipping;
The youth returned with a beating heart,
O'er swords and flounces tripping.
The Queen's eye, trained,
Saw the lad's vest stained,
Like the Queen of Sheba in glory,
She knew at once the whole story.

She addressed her lady-in-waiting, elate,
"You argued, with insistence,
Some time ago in our little debate,
That the mind does not act at a distance;
That the presence we face
Alone we can trace;
To the distance are reaching no forces,
Not even the stars in their courses.

"Some sherbet, you see, has been spilled at my side,
And lo! you may call it a wonder!
It stained the vest of the lad that hied
To the end of the palace yonder.
Have a new one my boy,
Because I enjoy,
That a proof for my views you unfolded;
I'll pay it, nor shall you be scolded."

[WIRKUNG IN DIE FERNE.

Die Königin steht im hohen Saal,
Da brennen der Kerzen so viele;
Sie spricht zum Pagen: "Du läufst einmal
Und holst mir den Beutel zum Spiele.
Er lieget zur Hand

Auf meines Tisches Rand."
Der Knabe, der eilt so behende,
War bald an des Schlosses Ende.

Und neben der Königin schlürft zur Stund'
Sorbet die schönste der Frauen.
Da brach ihr die Tasse so hart an dem Mund,
Es war ein Greuel zu schauen.
Verlegenheit! Scham!
Um's Prachtkleid ist's gethan!
Sie eilt und fliegt so behende
Entgegen des Schlosses Ende.

Der Knabe zurück zu laufen kam
Entgegen der Schönen in Schmerzen;
Es wusst' es Niemand, doch Beide zusamm',
Sie hegten einander im Herzen;
Und o des Glücks,
Des günst'gen Geschicks!
Sie warfen mit Brust sich zu Brüsten
Und herzten und küssten nach Lüsten.

Doch endlich Beide sich reissen los;
Sie eilt in ihre Gemächer;
Der Page drängt sich zur Königin gross
Durch alle die Degen und Fächer.
Die Fürstin entdeckt
Das Westchen befleckt:
Für sie war nichts unerreichbar,
Der Kön'gin von Saba vergleichbar.

Und sie die Hofmeisterin rufen lässt:
"Wir kamen doch neulich zu Streite,
Und Ihr behauptet steif und fest,
Nicht reiche der Geist in die Weite;
Die Gegenwart nur,
Die lasse wohl Spur;
Doch Niemand wirk' in die Ferne,
Sogar nicht die himmlischen Sterne."

"Nun seht! So eben ward mir zur Seit'
Der geistige Süsstrank verschüttet,
Und gleich darauf hat er dort hinten so weit
Dem Knaben die Weste zerrüttet.—
Besorg' dir sie neu!
Und weil ich mich freu',
Dass sie mir zum Beweise gegolten,
Ich zahl' sie! sonst wirst du gescholten."]

Under the title "God and World," Goethe published several philosophical poems, among which one entitled "One and All," ends with the lines:

> And into naught we all must fall
> If e'er in life we shall remain;

while the poem "Bequest" makes the opposite statement saying:

> No being into naught can fall;
> The eternal liveth in them all.

This contrast is intentional on Goethe's part; he had written the Poem, "One and All" in a mood which may appropriately be characterized as "Goethe's Nirvana." But Goethe found himself misunderstood. A German naturalist association took the lines as a motto in a connection which seemed to interpret the idea that death ends all; so Goethe found himself urged to show the reverse to this statement of self-surrender and therefore wrote the poem "Bequest" to prove that while the individual must identify himself with the All, his very individuality is preserved in the evolution of soul.

We have further to add that the lines offer some difficulties in interpretation, especially verse two, line four, of "Bequest," where "the Wise One" has been differently construed by different interpreters of Goethe's works. Some believe they find in the passage an endorsement of Kant's subjective notions that it is the astronomer who prescribes to the planets their orbits, and in that case "the Wise One" would be Copernicus; otherwise, we ought to understand by "Wise One" the Omniscient Architect of the world,—a masonic idea;[8] and the meaning in that case would be that truth comes from God who prescribes their courses to the celestial bodies.

Verse three of the same poem contains indeed an echo of Kant's doctrine of the *a priori,* including the categorical imperative, viz., that the soul contains *a priori* all the rules and laws of purely formal thought, and also the standard of moral obligation. It is (as verse 4 declares) pure reason which enables

[8] Goethe was a Mason and used to write poems for Masonic festivals. See page 227.

us to utilize all sense-material; the senses are reliable if regulated by reason.

Our translation is as literal as possible, while preserving also as far as possible the meter of the original.

ONE AND ALL.

Into the limitless to sink,
No one, I trow, will ever blink,
For there all sorrow we dismiss.
Instead of cravings, wants untold,
Fatiguing demands and duties cold,
Surrender of one's self is bliss.

O, World-soul, come to fill our lives,
For he who with thy spirit strives
Attains the height of his vocation.
Then, sympathetic spirits, speed us;
Great masters, gently higher lead us
To the Creator of creation.

In re-creating the created,
Lest fossilize the animated,
Aye, active power, is manifest;
The non-existing actualizing,
In younger worlds and suns is rising,
But never, nowhere, can be rest.

In active deeds life proves unfolding;
It must be moulded and keep moulding;
Sometimes but seeming rest 'twill gain.
The eternal stirreth in us all;
And into naught we all must fall,
If e'er in life we shall remain.

[EINS UND ALLES.

Im Grenzenlosen sich zu finden,
Wird gern der Einzelne verschwinden,
Da löst sich aller Ueberdruss;
Statt heissem Wünschen, wildem Wollen,
Statt läst'gem Fordern, strengem Sollen,
Sich aufzugeben, ist Genuss.

Weltseele, komm', uns zu durchdringen!
Dann mit dem Weltgeist selbst zu ringen,
Wird unsrer Kräfte Hochberuf.
Theilnehmend führen gute Geister,
Gelinde leitend, höchste Meister,
Zu dem, der Alles schafft und schuf.

Und umzuschaffen das Geschaffne,
Damit sich's nicht zum Starren waffne,
Wirkt ewiges, lebend'ges Thun.
Und was nicht war, nun will es werden
Zu reinen Sonnen, farb'gen Erden;
In keinem Falle darf es ruhn.

Es soll sich regen, schaffend handeln,
Erst sich gestalten, dann verwandeln;
Nur scheinbar steht's Momente still.
Das Ew'ge regt sich fort in Allen;
Denn Alles muss in Nichts zerfallen,
Wenn es im Sein beharren will.]

BEQUEST.

No being into naught can fall,
The eternal liveth in them all;
In being, therefore, be thou blessed,
Being is eternal, for fixed measures
Preserve its ever-living treasures,
In which the world is nobly dressed.

[VERMAECHTNISS.

Kein Wesen kann zu Nichts zerfallen!
Das Ewige regt sich fort in Allen,
Am Sein erhalte dich beglückt!
Das Sein ist ewig; denn Gesetze
Bewahren die lebend'gen Schätze,
Aus welchen sich das All geschmückt.

The Truth of yore has been descried,
And noble spirits it allied.
To dear old Truth we must adhere!
'Tis to the Wise One Truth we owe:
To Him who did their orbits show
To earth and to her brother-sphere.

Das Wahre war schon längst gefunden,
Hat edle Geisterschaft verbunden,
Das alte Wahre fass es an!
Verdank' es, Erdensohn, dem Weisen,
Der ihr die Sonne zu umkreisen
Und dem Geschwister wies die Bahn.

First thou within thyself shouldst enter,
For that within 'tis lies the center
No noble thinker will gainsay.
No rule there's missing. So rejoice,
That conscience' independent voice
Serves duty as its solar ray.

Sofort nun wende dich nach innen,
Das Centrum findest du da drinnen,
Woran kein Edler zweifeln mag.
Wirst keine Regel da vermissen;
Denn das selbstständige Gewissen
Ist Sonne deinem Sittentag.

We on our senses must rely,
And if our reason we apply,
Sensation never error yields;
With open eyes do all observing,
And roam with confidence unswerving
Through this world's rich and wondrous fields.

Den Sinnen hast du dann zu trauen;
Kein Falsches lassen sie dich schauen,
Wenn dein Verstand dich wach erhält.
Mit frischem Blick bemerke freudig,
Und wandle, sicher wie geschmeidig,
Durch Auen reichbegabter Welt.

Temper your joys with moderation,
With reason keep in consultation,
When life is beaming with life's glee.
The past will thus become enduring,
E'en now the future life-securing;
The moment gains eternity.

Geniesse mässig Füll' und Segen;
Vernunft sei überall zugegen,
Wo Leben sich des Lebens freut.
Dann ist Vergangenheit beständig,
Das Künftige voraus lebendig,
Der Augenblick ist Ewigkeit.

If thou succeedest, thou wilt feel
And it will to thy mind appeal,
True is alone what fertile is.
Examine universal sway;
It rules the world in its own way.
Keep thou with the minorities.

Und war es endlich dir gelungen,
Und bist du vom Gefühl durchdrungen:
Was fruchtbar ist, allein ist wahr;
Du prüfst das allgemeine Walten,
Es wird nach seiner Weise schalten,
Geselle dich zur kleinsten Schaar.

Born, as of old, of patient love,
Whenever may the spirit move,
Are bard's and thinker's great creations;
With highest favors they are fraught.
To feel for noble souls their thought;
'Tis the most enviable of vocations.]

Und wie von Alters her, im Stillen,
Ein Liebewerk, nach eignem Willen,
Der Philosoph, der Dichter schuf;
So wirst du schönste Gunst erzielen:
Denn edlen Seelen vorzufühlen
Ist wünschenswerthester Beruf.]

* * *

Goethe expressed his world-conception in a prose poem on nature which was published as "A Fragment" in the first issues

of the *Journal* of Erfurt in 1782, a periodical which was not printed but written by hand in eleven copies, and circulated in the select circles of Weimar. This fragment is a remarkable piece of poetic prose characteristic of Goethe the pantheist, and reads as follows:

GOETHE'S RHAPSODY ON NATURE.[9]

"Nature! By her we are surrounded and encompassed—unable to step out of her and unable to enter deeper into her. Unsolicited and unwarned, she receives us into the circle of her dance, and hurries along with us, till we are exhausted and drop out of her arms.

"She creates ever new forms; what now is, was never before; what was, comes not again—all is new, and yet always the old.

"We live in her midst, and are strangers to her. She speaks with us incessantly, and betrays not her mystery unto us. We affect her constantly, and yet have no power over her.

"She seems to have contrived everything for individuality, but cares nothing for individuals. She builds ever, and ever destroys, and her workshop is inaccessible.

"She lives in her children alone; and the mother, where is she? She is the only artist: from the simplest subject to the greatest contrasts; without apparent effort to the greatest perfection, to the precisest exactness—always covered with something gentle. Every one of her works has a being of its own, every one of her phenomena has the most isolated idea, and yet they all make one.

"She acts a play on the stage: whether she sees it herself we know not, and yet she plays it for us who stand in the corner.

"There is an eternal living, becoming, and moving in her, and yet she proceeds no farther. She transforms herself forever, and there is no moment when she stands still. Of remaining in a spot she does not think, and attaches her curse to standing still. She is firm; her step is measured, her exceptions rare, her laws unalterable.

"She has thought, and is constantly meditating; not as a

[9] Translated by the author.

man, but as nature. She has an all-embracing mind of her own, and no one can penetrate it.

"All men are in her, and she is in all. With all she carries on a friendly game, and rejoices the more they win from her. She plays it with many so secretly, that she plays it to the end ere they know it.

"The most unnatural is also nature; even the stupidest Philistinism hath something of her genius. Who sees her not everywhere, sees her nowhere aright.

"She loves herself and clings ever, with eyes and hearts without number, to herself. She has divided herself into parts in order to enjoy herself. Ever she lets new enjoyers grow, insatiable to impart herself.

"She delights in illusion. Whoever destroys this in himself and others, him she punishes as the strictest tyrant. Whoever trustfully follows her, him she presses like a child to her heart.

"Her children are without number. To no one is she altogether niggardly, but she has favorites upon whom she squanders much, and to whom she sacrifices much. To greatness she has pledged her protection.

"She flings forth her creatures out of nothing, and tells them not whence they come, nor whither they are going. Let them only run; she knows the way.

"She has few springs, but those are never worn out, always active, always manifold.

"Her play is ever new, because she ever creates new spectators. Life is her finest invention, and death is her artifice to get more life.

"She veils man in darkness, and spurs him continually to the light. She makes him dependent on the earth, dull and heavy, and keeps rousing him afresh.

"She gives wants, because she loves motion. The wonder is that she accomplishes all this motion with so little. Every want is a benefit; quickly satisfied, quickly growing again. If she gives one more, it is a new source of pleasure; but she soon comes into equilibrium.

"She sets out every moment for the longest race, and is every moment at the goal.

"She is vanity itself, but not for us, to whom she has made herself the greatest weight.

"She lets every child tinker with her, every fool pass judgment on her, thousands stumble over her and see nothing; and she has her joy in all, and she finds in all her account.

"Man obeys her laws, even when he strives against them; he works with her even when he would work against her.

"She makes of all she gives a blessing, for she first makes it indispensable. She lags, that we may long for her; she hastens, that we may not grow weary of her.

"She has no speech or language; but she creates tongues and hearts through which she feels and speaks.

"Her crown is love. Only through it can man approach her. She creates gaps between all things, and is always ready to engulf all. She has isolated all, to draw all together. By a few draughts from the cup of love she makes up for a life full of trouble.

"She is all. She rewards herself and punishes herself, delights and torments herself. She is rude and gentle, lovely and terrible, powerless and almighty.

"All is always *now* in her. Past and future knows she not. The present is her eternity.

"She is kindly. I praise her with all her works. She is wise and quiet. One can tear no explanation from her, extort from her no gift, which she gives not of her own free will. She is cunning, but for a good end, and it is best not to observe her cunning.

"She is whole, and yet ever uncompleted. As she plies it, she can always ply it.

"To every one she appears in a form of her own. She hides herself in a thousand names and terms, and is always the same.

"She has placed me here, she will lead me away. I trust myself to her. She may do as she likes with me. She will not hate her work. It is not I who spake of her. No, both the true as well as the false, she has spoken it all. All the guilt is hers, and hers all the merit."

* * *

Many years after this rhapsody was written, the Chancellor

of Saxe-Weimar, Herr von Müller, submitted the manuscript to Goethe, who had forgotten all about it. In the meantime he had modified his views, or rather emphasized another point in his world-conception, and so he looked upon his former thought as unsatisfactory. It was to him a comparative that ought to be superseded by a superlative. Yet it is understood that the new superlative view surpasses the comparative one without repudiating it.

In 1782 Goethe as a pantheist believed in nature and in the divinity of nature in which we live and move and have our being, but in later years he says concerning his views at this time: "Nature does not move forward, she remains the same. Her laws are unchangeable. Nature places me within life; she will lead me out of it, and I confide in her." Without objecting to his former belief, he has now learned to appreciate progress in nature. He sees that by "polarity" and by "gradation" nature produces a tendency *sursum,* involving a constant metamorphosis. His investigations in natural science taught him that man is kin to the animal, that he has risen from the animal kingdom, and that consequently he is capable of rising higher and higher. The thoughts of man's lowly origin and his kinship to the animal world are not depressing to him, but on the contrary elevating. He sees in them the promise of man's unlimited possibilities, but this idea is not expressed in his fragment on "Nature." So he adds to it an "Elucidation to the Aphoristic Essay on Nature," under the date of May 24, 1828, addressed to Chancellor von Müller as follows:

"This essay was sent to me a short time ago from among the papers of the late revered Duchess Anna Amalia; it is written by a familiar hand, of which I was accustomed to avail myself in my affairs, in the year 1780 or thereabouts.

"I do not exactly remember having written these reflections, but they agree very well with the ideas which had at that time become developed in my mind. I might term the degree of insight which I then possessed, a comparative one, which was trying to express its tendency toward a superlative not yet attained.

"There is an obvious inclination to a sort of pantheism, to the

conception of an unfathomable, unconditioned, humorously self-contradictory being underlying the phenomena of nature; and it may pass as a jest with a bitter truth in it.

"What it lacks to make it complete, however, is the consideration of the two great driving wheels of nature: the ideas of polarity and of gradation, the first pertaining to matter in so far as we conceive it as material, the second on the other hand pertaining to spirit in so far as we conceive it as spiritual; the one exists in continuous attraction and repulsion, the other in constantly aspiring to a higher stage. But because matter can not exist efficiently without spirit nor spirit without matter, matter is also capable of advancement just as spirit is not prevented from attracting and repelling; as only those can understand who have analyzed sufficiently to be able to make combinations, or have made enough combinations to be able to analyze again.

"In those years when the above mentioned essay was probably written I was chiefly occupied with comparative anatomy, and in 1784 took great pains to arouse sympathy with my conviction that man's possession of an intermaxillary bone was not to be disputed. Even very good thinkers would not investigate the truth of the assertion and the best observers denied its importance, and as in so many other matters I had secretly to pursue my own way.

"I studied with unremitting effort the versatility of nature in the vegetable kingdom, and was fortunate enough when in Sicily in 1787 to become acquainted with the metamorphosis of plants objectively as well as in abstract conception. The metamorphosis of the animal kingdom bordered on that of plants, and in 1790 in Venice I discovered the origin of the skull from a vertebra. I now pursued more eagerly the construction of the type, dictated the formula to Max Jacobi at Jena in 1795, and soon had the pleasure of seeing my work taken up by German naturalists.

"If we consider the high achievements by which all the phenomena of nature have been gradually linked together in the human mind; and then, once more, thoughtfully peruse the above essay from which we started, we shall, not without a smile, com-

pare that comparative, as I called it, with the superlative which we have now reached, and rejoice in the progress of fifty years."

The famous scientist Haller, who lived in the end of the eighteenth century (1708-1777), was a forerunner of Lamarck, Treviranus, Karl E. von Baer, and others, who were the first

ALBRECHT VON HALLER.

to discover and state that evolution is the universal law of life and growth. In spite of his sound judgment and stupendous knowledge in natural philosophy, Haller had not yet freed himself from the metaphysical skepticism of his time. He believed, as did most of his contemporaries, in the fundamental

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unknowableness of natural phenomena. A verse of his, which expressed this at that time popular opinion, was well known and frequently quoted. It is as follows:

Nature's "within" from mortal mind
Must ever lie concealed.
Thrice blest e'en he to whom she has
Her outer shell revealed.

Goethe could not be reconciled to this view, which splits nature in twain and places us, including our inquiring mind, outside of nature as if we were locked out from her secrets for ever. He replied to Haller's verses in a short poem, which is not so well known as it deserves to be:

"Nature's within from mortal mind"
Philistine, sayest thou,
"Must ever lie concealed?"
To me, my friend, and to my kind
Repeat this not. We trow
Where'er we are that we
Within must always be.

"Thrice blest e'en he to whom she has
Her outer shell revealed"!
This saying sixty years I heard
Repeated o'er and o'er,
And in my soul I cursed the word,
Though secretly I swore.
Some thousand thousand times or more
Unto myself I witness bore:
"Gladly gives Nature all her store,
She knows not kernel, knows not shell,
For she is all in one. But thou,
Examine thou thine own self well
If thou art kernel or art shell."

[*"In's Innere der Natur"*—
O du Philister!—
"Dringt kein erschaffner Geist?"
Mich und Geschwister
Mögt' ihr an solches Wort
Nur nicht erinnern;
Wir denken: Ort für Ort
Sind wir im Innern.

"Glückselig! wem sie nur
Die äussere Schale weist!"
Das hör' ich sechzig Jahre wiederholen.
Ich fluche drauf, aber verstohlen.
Sage mir tausend-tausendmale:
Alles giebt sie reichlich und gern,
Natur hat weder Kern
Noch Schale,
Alles ist sie mit einem Male.

Dich prüfe du nur allermeist,
Ob du Kern oder Schale seist!]

It is well known that Goethe was an evolutionist, or as he would have called himself, a transformationist. He believed in the plasticity of life and he became firmly convinced that all plants

are mere variations of one general type, that they are all kin and their variety of form can be explained by metamorphosis or transformation. His enthusiasm for this idea found expression in lines addressed to his wife Christiana under the title "The Metamorphosis of Plants." Unfortunately the poem is written in the ponderous meter of elegiac distichs. It reads:

THE METAMORPHOSIS OF PLANTS.[10]

Thou art confused, my beloved, at seeing the thousandfold medley,
Shown in this flowery mass, over the garden dispersed;
Many a name, love, thou hearest assigned; one after another
Falls on thy listening ear with a barbarian sound.
None of these forms are alike but they all bear a certain resemblance,
And a mysterious law is by their chorus revealed.
Yea, 'tis a sacred enigma, my loveliest friend; could I only
Happily teach thee the word which will the mystery solve!
Closely observe how the plant is developing little by little,
How it will grow by degrees changing to blossom and fruit!
First from the seed it unravels itself, as soon as the silent,
Motherly womb of the earth kindly allows its escape,
And to the charms of the light, which is holy and ever in motion,
Trusteth its delicate leaves, feebly beginning to shoot.
Simple the force is that slumbers in seeds; 'tis a germ of the future,
Peacefully locked in itself, 'neath the integument hid,
Leaflet, and rootlet, and bud, still void of all color, and shapeless,
Such as the kernel, while dry, holdeth in motionless life.
Upward then striveth the plant and it swelleth with delicate moisture,
Forth from the night where it dwelt, straightway ascending to light.
Simple remaineth its shape, when the green first makes it appearance;
And 'tis a token like this, points out the child 'mid the plants.
Soon though an off-shoot, succeeding it, rises on high, and repeateth,
Piling up node upon node, ever the primitive form;
Yet not always alike: for the following leaf, as thou seest,
Ever produceth itself, fashioned in manifold ways,
Longer and more indented, in points and in parts more divided,—
Forms which were latent till now, sleeping in organs below.
So it attaineth at length its predestined and noble perfection,
Which in these numerous forms, fills thee with wondering awe.
Ribbed it appears here and toothed, on its surface exuberant swelling,
Free and unending the shoot seemeth in fulness to be;

[10] First printed in Schiller's *Musen-Almanach* for 1799 but probably written nine years before that date, simultaneously with Goethe's treatise entitled "An Essay to Explain the Metamorphosis of Plants" (1790). The ideas therein presented which are an anticipation of the theory of evolution did not make a favorable impression and elicited only vigorous protest on the part of specialists. Goethe wrote this poem in order to prepare the public for his conception.

Nature, however, restraineth with powerful hand the formation,
And she perfecteth the plant, gently completing its growth,
Yielding the juices with lesser abundance, contracting the vessels,
So that the figure ere long nobler effects will disclose.
See how the growth of the foliage here on the edge is retarded,
While there the rib of the leaf fuller becometh in form.
Leafless, however, and quick the tenderer stem then upspringeth,
And a miraculous sight will the observer enchant.
Ranged in a circle in numbers that now are but small, and now countless,
Gather these delicate leaves close by the side of their like,
Here at the axis embraces them all the well sheltering calyx
Which the corolla presents, brilliant in hue and in form.
Nature thus decks them with bloom in a noble and radiant glory,
Showing, in order arranged, branches with leaves and with buds.
Wonderment fresh dost thou feel, as soon as the stem rears the flower
Over the scaffolding frail fringed with its alternate leaves.
Flowers, however, are only the prophets of further creation,
Truly the leaf with its hues feeleth the touch of a god.
It on a sudden contracteth itself; the tenderest figures
Stand as yet twofold, divided, but soon will they haste to unite.
Lovingly then the fair couples are joined in a bridal alliance,
Gathered in countless array, there where the altar is raised.
Hymen is hovering o'er them, and scents of an odor delicious
Sweetly their fragrance exhale for the delight of the world.
Presently numberless germs on the several branches are swelling,
Sweetly concealed in the womb, where is made perfect the fruit.
Here, we see, Nature is closing the ring of her forces eternal;
And it attacheth a new link to the one gone before,
So that the chain be prolonged forever through all generations,
And the whole may have life, e'en as enjoyed by each part.
Now, my beloved one, turn thou thy gaze on the many-hued thousands
Which can confuse thee no more; for they will gladden thy mind.
Every plant unto thee proclaimeth the law everlasting,
Every floweret speaks louder and louder to thee;
But if thou here canst decipher the sacred design of the goddess,
Everywhere will it be seen, e'en though the features are changed.
Caterpillars are sluggish, and busily butterflies flutter,—
Man however may change even the figure decreed.
Oh, then, bethink thee, as well, how out of the germ of acquaintance,
Gradually habits arose. Seeking each other we met,
Verily friendship and love began to flame in our bosoms,
Finally Amor procured wondrously blossom and fruit!
Think of the manifold touches which Nature hath lent to our feelings,
Silently giving them birth, all of them different in form!
Yea and rejoice thou to-day in the present! For love that is holy
Seeketh the noblest of fruits,—which is a concord of thought,
When our opinions agree,—thus we both will in rapt contemplation,
Lovingly blending in one, find a more excellent world.

After Bowring's translation.

[DIE METAMORPHOSE DER PFLANZEN.

Dich verwirret, Geliebte, die tausendfältige Mischung
Dieses Blumengewühls über dem Garten umher;
Viele Namen hörest du an, und immer verdränget
Mit barbarischem Klang einer den andern im Ohr.
Alle Gestalten sind ähnlich, und keine gleichet der andern;
Und so deutet das Chor auf ein geheimes Gesetz,
Auf ein heiliges Räthsel. O, könnt' ich dir, liebliche Freundin,
Ueberliefern sogleich glücklich das lösende Wort!
Werdend betrachte sie nun, wie nach und nach sich die Pflanze,
Stufenweise geführt, bildet zu Blüthen und Frucht.
Aus dem Samen entwickelt sie sich, sobald ihn der Erde
Stille befruchtender Schooss hold in das Leben entlässt,
Und dem Reize des Lichts, des heiligen, ewig bewegten,
Gleich den zärtesten Bau keimender Blätter empfiehlt.
Einfach schlief in dem Samen die Kraft; ein beginnendes Vorbild
Lag verschlossen in sich, unter die Hülle gebeugt,
Blatt und Wurzel und Keim, nur halb geformet und farblos;
Trocken erhält so der Kern ruhiges Leben bewahrt,
Quillet strebend empor, sich milder Feuchte vertrauend,
Und erhebt sich sogleich aus der umgebenden Nacht.
Aber einfach bleibt die Gestalt der ersten Erscheinung;
Und so bezeichnet sich auch unter den Pflanzen das Kind.
Gleich darauf ein folgender Trieb, sich erhebend, erneuet,
Knoten auf Knoten gethürmt, immer das erste Gebild.
Zwar nicht immer das gleiche; denn mannichfaltig erzeugt sich,
Ausgebildet, du siehst's, immer das folgende Blatt,
Ausgedehnter, gekerbter, getrennter in Spitzen und Theile,
Die verwachsen vorher ruhten im untern Organ.
Und so erreicht es zuerst die höchst bestimmte Vollendung,
Die bei manchem Geschlecht dich zum Erstaunen bewegt.
Viel gerippt und gezackt, auf mastig strotzender Fläche,
Scheinet die Fülle des Triebs frei und unendlich zu sein.
Doch hier hält die Natur mit mächtigen Händen die Bildung
An, und lenket sie sanft in das Vollkommnere hin.
Mässiger leitet sie nun den Saft, verengt die Gefässe,
Und gleich zeigt die Gestalt zärtere Wirkungen an.
Stille zieht sich der Trieb der strebenden Ränder zurücke,
Und die Rippe des Stiels bildet sich völliger aus.
Blattlos aber und schnell erhebt sich der zärtere Stengel,
Und ein Wundergebild zieht den Betrachtenden an.
Rings im Kreise stellet sich nun, gezählet und ohne
Zahl, das kleinere Blatt neben dem ähnlichen hin.
Um die Achse gedrängt entscheidet der bergende Kelch sich,
Der zur höchsten Gestalt farbige Kronen entlässt.
Also prangt die Natur in hoher voller Erscheinung,
Und sie zeiget, gereiht, Glieder an Glieder gestuft.
Immer staunst du auf's Neue, sobald sich am Stengel die Blume

Ueber dem schlanken Gerüst wechselnder Blätter bewegt.
Aber die Herrlichkeit wird des neuen Schaffens Verkündung;
Ja, das farbige Blatt fühlet die göttliche Hand,
Und zusammen zieht es sich schnell; die zärtesten Formen,
Zwiefach streben sie vor, sich zu vereinen bestimmt.
Traulich stehen sie nun, die holden Paare, beisammen,
Zahlreich ordnen sie sich um den geweihten Altar.
Hymen schwebet herbei, und herrliche Düfte, gewaltig,
Strömen süssen Geruch, Alles belebend umher.
Nun vereinzelt schwellen sogleich unzählige Keime,
Hold in den Mutterschooss schwellender Früchte gehüllt.
Und hier schliesst die Natur den Ring der ewigen Kräfte;
Doch ein neuer sogleich fasset den vorigen an,
Dass die Kette sich fort durch alle Zeiten verlänge,
Und das Ganze belebt, so wie das Einzelne, sei.
Wende nun, o Geliebte, den Blick zum bunten Gewimmel,
Das verwirrend nicht mehr sich vor dem Geiste bewegt.
Jede Pflanze verkündet dir nun die ew'gen Gesetze,
Jede Blume, sie spricht lauter und lauter mit dir.
Aber entzifferst du hier der Göttin heilige Lettern,
Ueberall siehst du sie dann, auch in verändertem Zug.
Kriechend zaudre die Raupe, der Schmetterling eile geschäftig,
Bildsam ändre der Mensch selbst die bestimmte Gestalt!
O, gedenke denn auch, wie aus dem Keim der Bekanntschaft
Nach und nach in uns holde Gewohnheit entspross,
Freundschaft sich mit Macht in unserm Innern enthüllte.
Und wie Amor zuletzt Blüthen und Früchte gezeugt.
Denke, wie mannichfach bald die, bald jene Gestalten,
Still entfaltend, Natur unsern Gefühlen geliehn!
Freue dich auch des heutigen Tags! Die heilige Liebe
Strebt zu der höchsten Frucht gleicher Gesinnungen auf,
Gleicher Ansicht der Dinge, damit in harmonischem Anschaun
Sich verbinde das Paar, finde die höhere Welt.]

Goethe laid more stress on the thoughts contained in this poem than his contemporaries, and he was displeased that his friends did not see the same deep meaning in it which he had tried to express. He was not less unfortunate with another argument in favor of man's kinship to the animal world which aroused a storm of indignation and of controversy, but the truth of which has since been recognized. In Goethe's time naturalists maintained that the essential difference between human and animal skeletons was the absence of the intermaxillary bone in the human jaw. Goethe succeeded in pointing out the existence of this bone, by showing that it had coalesced so thoroughly as to conceal

its separate character. The existence of this intermaxillary bone remained a guarantee to Goethe of the truth of the theory of evolution as well as of the interrelation of all life on earth, and this opened to him the vista of greater possibilities in man's future.

Goethe gave a poetic expression to these thoughts in "The Metamorphosis of Animals," presumably written in 1806, in which, besides teaching the theory later on propounded by Lamarck that habits determine the forms of life, he emphasizes mainly the ethical aspect of the plasticity of nature and points out that perfection can be attained only by imitation.

The "Metamorphosis of Animals" (written in hexameters, not in distichs) in spite of its importance has never as yet been translated. We offer the following version:

THE METAMORPHOSIS OF ANIMALS.

Durst ye ascend to the peak, to the highest of heights on the summit?
Well, then, I proffer my hand, and here you behold from this outlook
O'er the wide province of nature a view. Oh see, how the goddess
Spendeth so richly her gifts! Yet worries she not as do mortal
Mothers who, filled with anxiety, care for the fate of their children.
'Twould not behoove her. She guards the young life by laws that are twofold.
This is her highest degree: She limits the scope of each creature,
Gives it a limited want yet supplies it with means without limit,
Easily found and supplied. In motherly kindness she favors
Those of her children who earn her affection by daring endeavor.
Untrained they swarm into life, each obeying its own inclination.

Truly's each creature itself its own purpose, for nature creates it
Perfect; and it in its turn begets progeny that will be perfect.
Organs and members are shaped according to laws everlasting,
Even the oddest formation its prototype latent preserveth.
Thus is each mouth well adapted to seize the right food and to swallow
That which is fit for its stomach,—the one may be tender and toothless,
While there are others with powerful jaws; but one organ will always
Cooperate with the others for a wholesome and proper nutrition.
Also the feet to the needs of the body are wisely adjusted,
Some of them long, while others are short, yet in perfect proportion.
Thus the kind mother assureth to each of her several children
Health in good store; and the organized limbs of each animate being
Always will work for the whole, and ne'er counteract one another.
Therefore the shape of a creature determines its life and its habits,
While *vice versa* the habits of life will react on the organs
Potently. Any formation possesses a definite order
Which yet is subject to change through external effects and conditions.

But in the innermost self of the noblest of nature's creations
Lieth their power, confined to a holy mysterious circle.
And these limits removeth no god; they are honored by nature,
For limitation alone maketh possible highest perfection.

Yet in the innermost self a spirit titanic is also
Stirring, which fain would arbitrarily break through the circle,—
Bold innovation begetting new forms! But in vain it aspireth.
See how it swelleth one part, it endoweth with power
One for all others, and lo the result! Those others must suffer.
Thus a onesided preponderance taketh away the proportion,—
Yea, it destroyeth all beauty of form and harmonious motion.
Seest thou then that a creature has preference gained over others,
Look for the shortage at once and seek with confiding inquiry.
Then thou at once wilt discover the key for the varied formations;
As, for example, no animal beareth a horn on its forehead
If in its jaw it possesseth its teeth in perfect completion;
Wherefore our mother eternal e'en if she endeavored to do so,
Could not in all her creation engender such forms as horned lions.
There's not enough in amount for constructing the horns on the forehead,
And in the mouth the formation of teeth that are perfect in number.

'Tis a most beautiful thought to have power and self-limitation,
Liberty and moderation, free motion and law, and all plastic,
Preference offset by want! O rejoice that the Muses have taught thee
Gently for harmony's sake to yield to a wholesome compulsion,
For there's no ethical thinker who finds aspirations sublimer.
Truly the man of great deeds, the artist, the poet, the ruler,
He who deserves so to be, thus only his worth can acquire.
Highest of creatures, rejoice! for thou, thou alone, comprehendest
Nature's sublimest idea; and what at her best she created
Thinkest thou over again. Here take thou thy stand and look backward,
Prove all things and compare, and learn from the Muse what she teaches,
Better than raving by far is assured and approved comprehension.

[DIE METAMORPHOSE DER THIERE.

Wagt ihr, also bereitet, die letzte Stufe zu steigen
Dieses Gipfels, so reicht mir die Hand und öffnet den freien
Blick in's weite Feld der Natur. Sie spendet die reichen
Lebensgaben umher, die Göttin; aber empfindet
Keine Sorge wie sterbliche Fraun um ihrer Gebornen
Sichere Nahrung; ihr ziemet es nicht; denn zwiefach bestimmte
Sie das höchste Gesetz, beschränkte jegliches Leben,
Gab ihm gemessnes Bedürfniss, und ungemessene Gaben,
Leicht zu finden, streute sie aus, und ruhig begünstigt
Sie das muntre Bemühn der vielfach bedürftigen Kinder;
Unerzogen schwärmen sie fort nach ihrer Bestimmung.

Zweck sein selbst ist jegliches Thier, vollkommen entspringt es
Aus dem Schooss der Natur und zeugt vollkommene Kinder;
Alle Glieder bilden sich aus nach ew'gen Gesetzen,
Und die seltenste Form bewahrt im Geheimen das Urbild.
So ist jeglicher Mund geschickt die Speise zu fassen,
Welche dem Körper gebührt, es sei nun schwächlich und zahnlos
Oder mächtig der Kiefer gezahnt, in jeglichem Falle
Fördert ein schicklich Organ den übrigen Gliedern die Nahrung.
Auch bewegt sich jeglicher Fuss, der lange, der kurze,
Ganz harmonisch zum Sinne des Thiers und seinem Bedürfniss.
So ist jedem der Kinder die volle, reine Gesundheit
Von der Mutter bestimmt; denn alle lebendigen Glieder
Widersprechen sich nie und wirken alle zum Leben.
Also bestimmt die Gestalt die Lebensweise des Thieres,
Und die Weise zu leben, sie wirkt auf alle Gestalten
Mächtig zurück. So zeiget sich fest die geordnete Bildung,
Welche zum Wechsel sich neigt durch äusserlich wirkende Wesen.

Doch im Innern befindet die Kraft der edlern Geschöpfe
Sich im heiligen Kreise lebendiger Bildung beschlossen.
Diese Grenzen erweitert kein Gott, es ehrt die Natur sie:
Denn nur also beschränkt war je das Vollkommene möglich.

Doch im Innern scheint ein Geist gewaltig zu ringen,
Wie er durchbräche den Kreis, Willkür zu schaffen den Formen
Wie dem Wollen; doch was er beginnt, beginnt er vergebens.
Denn zwar drängt er sich vor zu diesen Gliedern, zu jenen,
Stattet mächtig sie aus, jedoch schon darben dagegen
Andere Glieder; die Last des Uebergewichtes vernichtet
Alle Schöne der Form und alle reine Bewegung.
Siehst du also dem einen Geschöpf besonderen Vorzug
Irgend gegönnt, so frage nur gleich, wo leidet es etwa
Mangel anderswo, und suche mit forschendem Geiste!
Finden wirst du sogleich zu aller Bildung den Schlüssel.
Denn so hat kein Thier, dem sämmtliche Zähne den obern
Kiefer umzäunen, ein Horn auf seiner Stirne getragen,
Und daher ist den Löwen gehörnt der ewigen Mutter
Ganz unmöglich zu bilden, und böte sie alle Gewalt auf;
Denn sie hat nicht Masse genug, die Reihen der Zähne
Völlig zu pflanzen und auch Geweih und Hörner zu treiben.

Dieser schöne Begriff von Macht und Schranken, von Willkür
Und Gesetz, von Freiheit und Maass, von beweglicher Ordnung,
Vorzug und Mangel, erfreue dich hoch! die heilige Muse
Bringt harmonisch ihn dir, mit sanftem Zwange belehrend.
Keinen höhern Begriff erringt der sittliche Denker,
Keinen der thätige Mann, der dichtende Künstler; der Herrscher,
Der verdient es zu sein, erfreut nur durch ihn sich der Krone.
Freue dich, höchstes Geschöpf der Natur, du fühlest dich fähig

Ihr den schönsten Gedanken, zu dem sie schaffend sich aufschwang,
Nachzudenken. Hier stehe nun still und wende die Blicke
Rückwärts, prüfe, vergleiche und nimm vom Munde der Muse,
Dass du schauest, nicht schwärmst, die liebliche, volle Gewissheit.]

The two poems on the metamorphosis of plants and animals appear in the usual editions of Goethe's poetry framed in by three little poems entitled "Parabasis," "Epirrhema," and "Antepirrhema," which strange-sounding titles are chosen in imitation of a custom of the chorus of the Greek stage, whose leader, the so-called Corypheus, addressed the public in a general adhortation not necessarily connected with the plot of the drama. The first address "Parabasis" is followed by the "Epirrhema," a kind of epilogue, and the "Antepirrhema" a counter-epilogue. Like several other philosophical poems of Goethe here quoted they are now translated for the first time.

PARABASIS.

Joyous, as it me behooveth,
Did for years my soul aspire
To experience and inquire
How creative nature moveth.

'Tis the eternal one and all
Which appears as manifold,
Small things great are, great things small,
Everything has its own mould.

Same remaining in mutations,
Near and far, and far and near,
Forming thus by transformations—
How amazing I am here!

EPIRRHEMA.

Take in nature-meditation,
Each and all in contemplation,
Naught is inside, naught is out,
For the inside is without.
Thus shall comprehended be
Holy open mystery.

Truth of semblance pleasure giveth,
So doth serious play.
Merely one, there's naught that liveth
'Tis a manifold alway.

[PARABASE.

Freudig war vor vielen Jahren
Eifrig so der Geist bestrebt,
Zu erforschen, zu erfahren,
Wie Natur im Schaffen lebt.

Und es ist das ewig Eine,
Das sich vielfach offenbart;
Klein das Grosse, gross das Kleine,
Alles nach der eig'nen Art.

Immer wechselnd, fest sich haltend,
Nah und fern, und fern und nah;
So gestaltend, umgestaltend—
Zum Erstaunen bin ich da.]

[EPIRRHEMA.

Müsset im Naturbetrachten
Immer Eins wie Alles achten;
Nichts ist drinnen, nichts ist draussen;
Denn was innen, das ist aussen.
So ergreifet ohne Säumniss
Heilig öffentlich Geheimniss.

Freuet euch des wahren Scheins,
Euch des ernsten Spieles;
Kein Lebendiges ist ein Eins,
Immer ist's ein Vieles.]

ANTEPIRRHEMA.

Behold how Nature all achieves,
How masterly her work she weaves.
One treadle holds thousands of threads
connected.
Her shuttles hither and thither are
flung,
The fibers in both directions strung,
And thousand transactions at once
are perfected.

This she has not by chance combined,
But from eternity designed,
So the eternal master may
His web and woof with surety lay.

[ANTEPIRRHEMA.

So schauet mit bescheidnem Blick
Der ewigen Weberin Meisterstück,
Wie Ein Tritt tausend Fäden regt,
Die Schifflein hinüber, herüber schie-
ssen,
Die Fäden sich begegnend fliessen,
Ein Schlag tausend Verbindungen
schlägt!

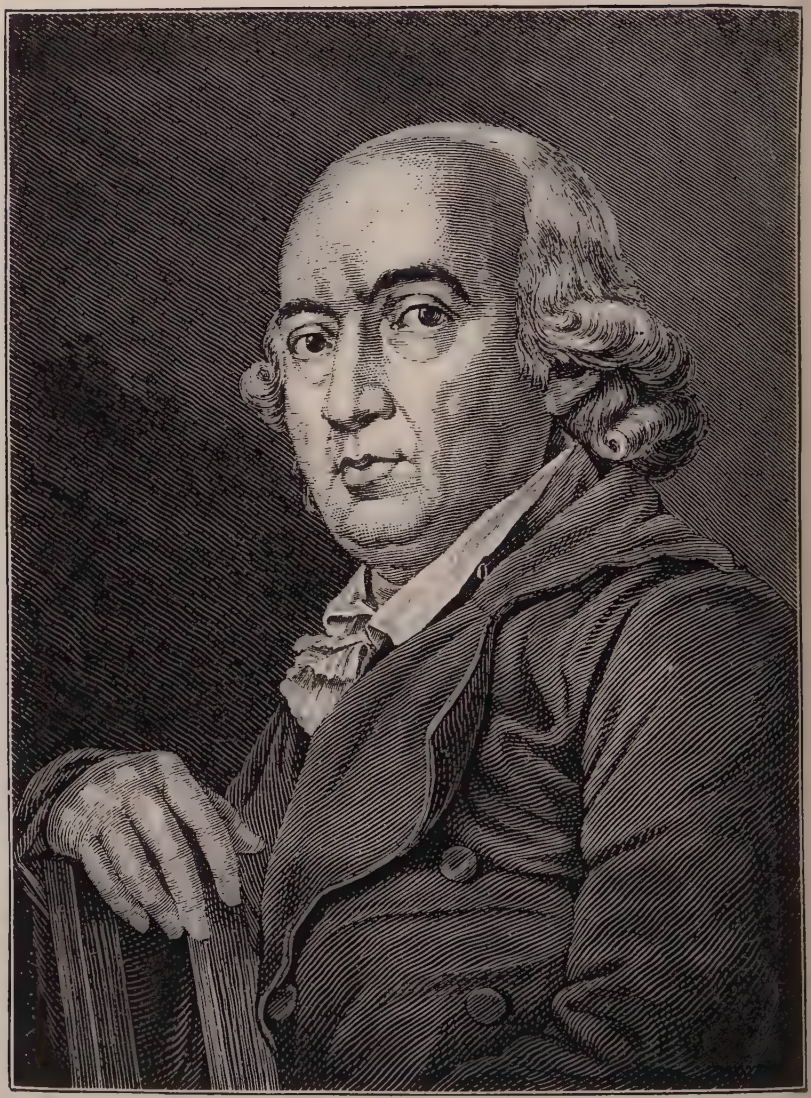
Das hat sie nicht zusammengebettelt;
Sie hat's von Ewigkeit angezettelt,
Damit der ewige Meistermann
Getrost den Einschlag werfen kann.]

LITERATURE AND CRITICISM.

BY a classic we understand anything in art and literature that has become accepted as a model of perfection, or at least that complies with and conforms to the rules of the recognized standard. In contrast to the classical stand all those, be they artists or authors, who repudiate rule, or standard, or authority and proclaim the liberty of genius. These opponents of classical taste go under different names. They were prominent before as well as after the appearance of Goethe's most classical literature, and it seems as if epochs of classicism were constantly alternating with anti-classical tendencies.

A CONTEMPORARY CARICATURE

The poets of the time of Goethe's youth reveled in the thought that genius should be untrammeled by conventionalities, traditions or considerations of any kind. No standards, not even those of common morality, must be tolerated, while full play should be given to sentiment, to a most vigorous self-realization, to an unimpeded actualization of an exuberant joy of life, of *Lebenslust* and of passion, which was

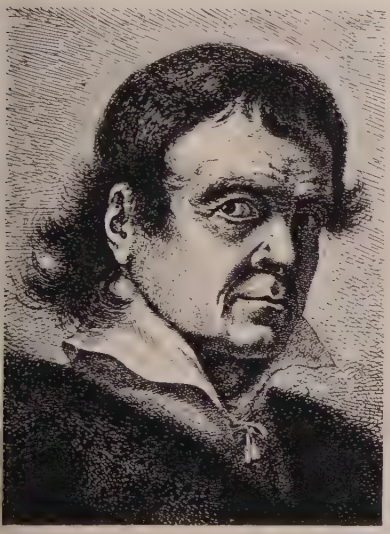


JOHANN GOTTFRIED VON HERDER.

After a crayon drawing from life by Burg. Original in possession of Herder's grandson, Councilor Stichling of Weimar.

justified by the plea that passion represented the promptings of nature. Nature was the ideal of this period, and "Back to nature" was the slogan, whose note had first been sounded by Jean Jacques Rousseau.

The leading spirits of this epoch, viz., the time preceding the efflorescence of classical literature in Germany, named this movement the period of genius, and one of the most prominent among



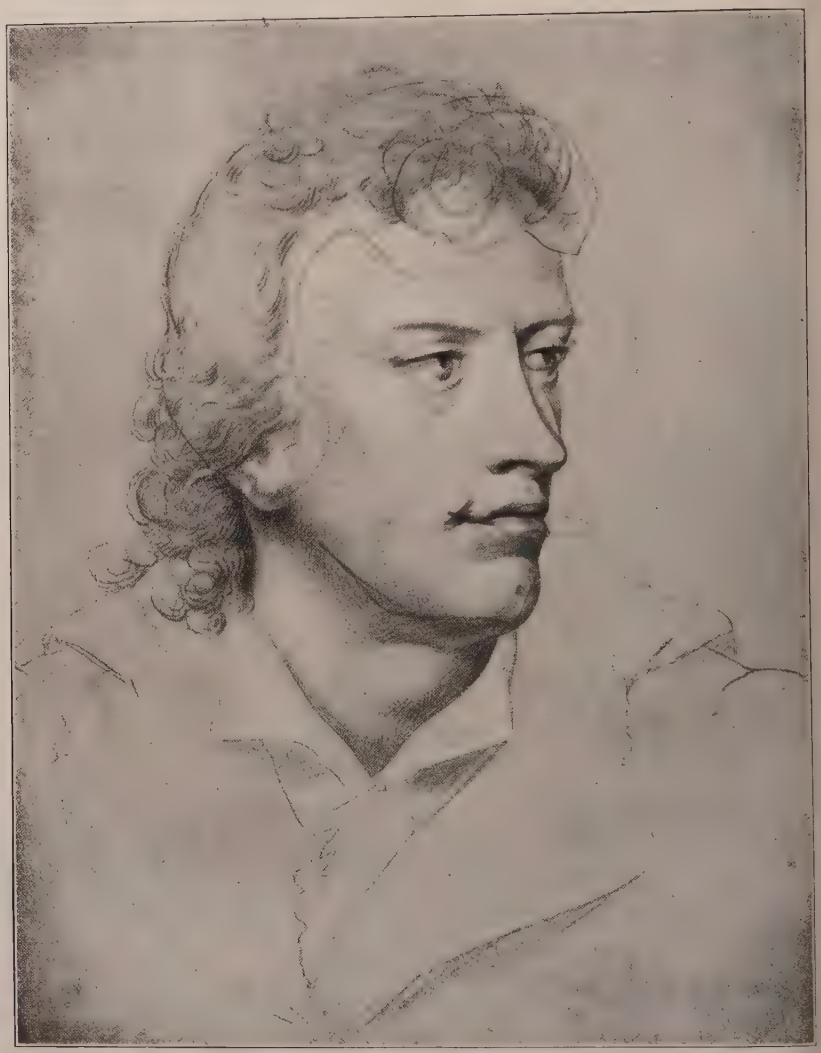
MALER MUELLER.*
After an engraving by Ludwig E. Grimm, 1816.

FRIEDRICH MAXIMILIAN KLINGER.
After a drawing by Goethe, 1775.

them, Friedrich Maximilian Klinger, characterized its aspirations in a drama which in its days was much admired, but is now generally known only for its title, *Sturm und Drang,* i. e., "Storm and Stress," a title which afterwards furnished the name by which this period of German literature became known. Klinger was born February 17, 1752; he came in contact with Goethe at Weimar in 1776. He served first in the Austrian and then in the Russian army, rising in the latter to the rank of lieutenant-

* Friedrich Müller, born January 13, 1749 at Kreuznach, became a convert to Roman Catholicism and died at Rome April 23, 1825. He combined with his poetic talent other artistic gifts, and is generally known as "Painter Müller" (*Maler* Müller) to distinguish him from the many other Müllers.

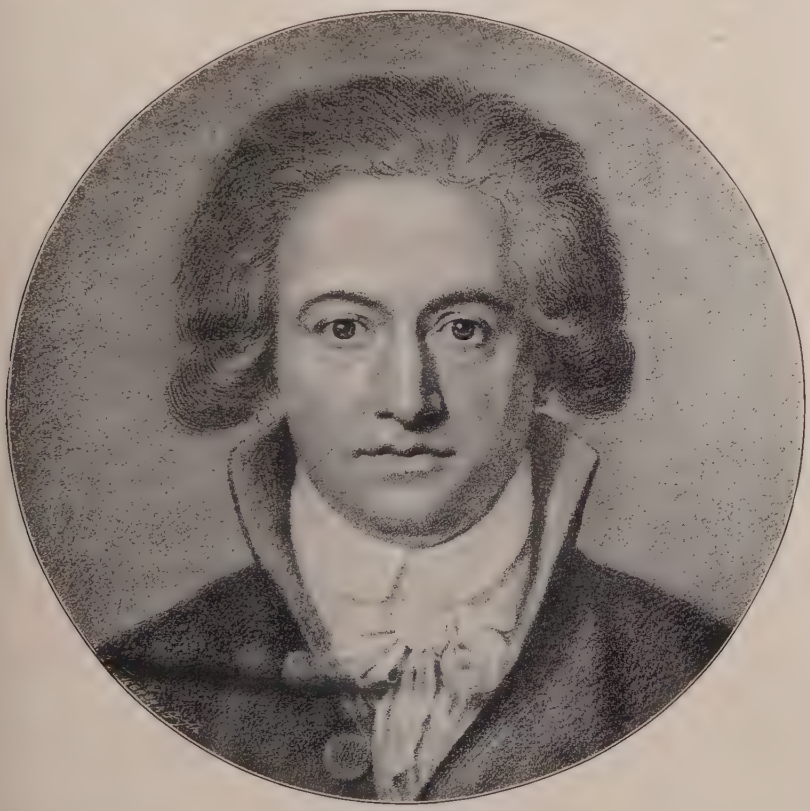
general; while in Russia he was knighted. He died February 25, 1831, at St. Petersburg.



FRIEDRICH SCHILLER.
After a drawing by Jagemann.

The main poets of the classical period, Goethe, Schiller, Herder and even Lessing, took an active part in this movement

of Storm and Stress, or as it was then thought to be, of untrammeled genius. In 1767 Herder wrote "The Fragments,"[1] from which the beginning of the epoch is dated, Goethe wrote "Goetz" and "Werther," and Schiller, "The Robbers." Even the sober Lessing was not a little under its influence for some time, but while Klinger and Maler Müller never outgrew the crudities



THE YOUNG GOETHE.

Crayon by Johann Hieronymus Lips, 1791, in the *Freie deutsche Hochstift* at Frankfort.

of this naturalism all the others here mentioned, after they had developed to the fulness of their manhood, sobered down to a recognition of the need, or perhaps the helpfulness and indispensableness, of rules, whereupon they adopted the standards of former classical periods, especially those established in Greek

[1] *Fragmente über die neuere deutsche Litteratur.*

antiquity. Through the observance of rule they succeeded in rising above nature and building there with nature's own materials a realm of a higher and purer nobility, the realm of art.

AUGUST WILHELM VON SCHLEGEL.
Painted by Hoheneck.

The triumph of these greater men ended the period of storm and stress and rendered impossible a further recognition of the untamed geniuses. The epoch of the men of nature, or raw

genius, of the spirit of rebellion, ends with the appearance of Schiller's "Don Carlos" in 1787, and posterity judges of this movement merely as a time of preparation for genuine art and the higher classical literature which developed out of it. It was

LUDWIG TIECK.
Painted by Joseph Stieler.

the age of the immaturity of genius, and so it is well characterized as a period of storm and stress.

Goethe and Schiller as well as the other classical writers,

among whom Herder, Wieland and Lessing deserve special mention, did their best work when they allowed their poetical effusions to be guided by rule. To be sure we find nature in their works, yet its impulsive impetuosity is moderated by the dignity of art.

Both the young Goethe and the young Schiller were for some time in search of an expression for the highest and best, and in their younger years passed through a period of wildest irregularities which, however, they gradually outgrew without losing the genius and vigor of their early aspirations. In his best years Goethe was apt to antagonize those who would take nature as the only guide, and for a long time he was prejudiced against Schiller because he disliked his drama "The Robbers." In his later years, however, Goethe broadened and without losing his preference for the classical, he saw more and more the significant part which these wild promptings play in the development of man. In the history of literature the pendulum naturally swings back from classic regularity to a recognition of sentiment, and in his old age Goethe may at the same time have felt that nature, even in her irregularities, is dominated by a law which will gradually assert itself, even in those who scorn the rule of art.

Under these impressions Goethe wrote a sonnet for which the preceding remarks will serve as a commentary. In this he returns to a recognition of the rights of nature, and concedes that nature with her immediate promptings will help to warm our hearts, but after all, he remains faithful to the classical ideal. The sonnet reads:

Nature and art each other seem to flee,
  Yet unexpectedly again they meet.
  All my objections now are obsolete
For both apparently with me agree.
Honest endeavor here will needed be,
  And when in hours with thoughtfulness replete
  We give ourselves to art with zeal complete,
May nature warm our hearts and make them free.

Thus only culture can attain its goal.
In vain wild spirits will, with methods faster
And broader, seek the heights of pure perfection.

Who wants great things must practise self-control;
In limitation shows himself the master,
And liberty needs laws for wise direction.

[Natur und Kunst, sie scheinen sich zu fliehen
Und haben sich, eh' man es denkt, gefunden;
Der Widerwille ist auch mir verschwunden,
Und beide scheinen gleich mich anzuziehen.
Es gilt wohl nur ein redliches Bemühen!
Und wenn wir erst in abgemessnen Stunden
Mit Geist und Fleiss uns an die Kunst gebunden,
Mag frei Natur im Herzen wieder glühen.

So ist's mit aller Bildung auch beschaffen:
Vergebens werden ungebundne Geister
Nach der Vollendung reiner Höhe streben.
Wer Grosses will, muss sich zusammenraffen;
In der Beschränkung zeigt sich erst der Meister,
Und das Gesetz nur kann uns Freiheit geben.]

On reading this sonnet before the *Verein alter deutscher Studenten,* the writer learned from Prof. J. T. Hatfield, of Northwestern University, Evanston, Illinois, that he also had translated the same poem, and with his permission it is here reprinted from his series of "Poems from the German," published in No. 10 of William S. Lord's little leaflet entitled *Noon*:

Nature and Art seem ofttimes to be foes,
But, ere we know it, join in making peace;
My own repugnance, too, has come to cease,
And each an equal power attractive shows.
Let us but make an end to dull repose:
When Art we serve in toil without release,
Through stated hours, absolved from vain caprice,
Nature once more within us freely glows.

All culture, as I hold, must take this course;
Unbridled spirits ever strive in vain
Perfection's radiant summit to attain.
Who seeks great ends must straitly curb his force;
In narrow bounds the Master's skill shall show,
And only Law true Freedom can bestow.

A later translation comes from the pen of Mr. Thomas H. Jappe, of Brooklyn, New York. It reads as follows:

Antagonistic art and nature seem,
And yet are one without your knowing how;
Gone is that feeling of aversion now,
And equally attractive both I deem.

HEINRICH HEINE.

Painting by Moritz Oppenheim.

Honest endeavor is no idle dream;
And once in measured moments bound, I trow,
To art with mental force and sweat of brow,
Nature in us again will freely gleam.

True culture at all times demands the same:
Untutored minds will ever vainly strive
Perfection's height immaculate to scale.
Focus your powers all if high you aim!
Confined in bounds is mastery in life,
And lawless liberty will surely fail.

The meaning of the terms Nature and Art will be understood by those who have followed our expositions. Nature is

NOVALIS.

the ideal of the men of storm and stress, of impressionists, of the Romantic school, of sentimentalists. Goethe had been opposed to genius that was sowing its wild oats, but now he grants it the right of existence, but prophesies that it will not reach the perfection of art. He wants liberty, not license, even in

poetry, and declares that great things can be accomplished only by self-control and self-limitation.

Mankind seems to tire easily of self-control, of rule, of limitations and likewise of the classical. The pendulum swings to and fro, and after the classical period Germany experienced a vigorous revival of Romanticism. Its leading spirits were the Schlegel brothers (of whom August Wilhelm is the more important), Tieck, and a great number of minor poets of whom we will mention Hardenberg who under the pseudonym Novalis has written some very touching religious lyrics, some of which will remain for all ages a most noble expression of Christian piety. We may also classify Heine, 1797 (or 9) to 1856, with them, although he was least tinged with the reactionary spirit and a hankering after the poetry of the Middle Ages.

In our own days we are witnessing another sentimental revolution which would discard all norms even in science and philosophy. It appears that people have become tired of definiteness in their conception of truth, and wish to replace it by something quite original, the result being aberrations and vagaries. And yet these periods are natural and in many respects even justified and helpful, for they teach mankind to dig for the truth again and again; for the truth is not true if it is not true to me, and nothing is really true to me unless I have searched for and found the truth myself. Therefore we—every one of us—must discover the same old truths.

Says Faust in the first act of Goethe's great drama:

> Yea, the inheritance thy fathers left thee,
> Earn it anew to really possess it.
>
> [Was Du ererbt von Deinen Vätern hast,
> Erwirb es, um es zu besitzen.]

Romanticism has produced many beautiful works of literature, but after all, the classical productions of Goethe, Schiller, Lessing and Herder have proved more enduring. Romantic poetry is almost forgotten while we return again and again to the great masters of classic art.

* * *

Goethe's world-conception, including his view of the divine

power that acts as a dispensation in the universe, was mainly poetical. To be sure he was neither anti-philosophical nor anti-scientific: but he abhorred analysis, dissection, criticism, in brief all negativism, or in other words that process of thought which is treated with a sneer by Mephistopheles in "Faust" (I, 4):

> He who would study organic existence,
> First drives out the soul with rigid persistence,
> Then the parts in his hand he may hold and class,
> But the spiritual link is lost, alas!
>
> [Wer will was Lebendig's erkennen und beschreiben,
> Sucht erst den Geist herauszutreiben,
> Dann hat er die Theile in seiner Hand,
> Fehlt leider nur das geistige Band.]

Goethe was at sword's points with both extremes, the pietist or dogmatist, and the iconoclast or negativist. The former was represented among his friends by Jacobi, a wealthy privateer and, as an author, an able and worthy representative of the Protestant faith;[2] the latter by Wolf, a philologist and the first higher critic of Homer, and also by Friedrich Bahrdt, a liberal theologian and a rationalist.

Friedrich August Wolf, born at Haynrode, near Nordhausen, Germany, February 15, 1759, was perhaps the best classical scholar of his age. Having completed his studies at Göttingen, he held a chair as professor of classical philology at Halle from 1783 to 1807; whereupon he entered the Prussian government service at Berlin, and died at Marseilles, August 8, 1824.

The modern spirit of our classical schools which is now dominant at all the universities of both continents, Europe and America, may be said to date from him. He was the father of textual criticism, and his work *Prolegomena in Homerum* (1794) was the first attempt at a scientific treatment of the Greek national epic.

In spite of Wolf's great merit as a scholar and thinker, Goethe had an intense aversion toward him because he had analyzed the Homeric epics, denied their original unity, resolved them into several rhapsodies, and doubted the historicity of

[2] Cf. Alexander W. Craford, "The Philosophy of F. H. Jacobi," *Cornell's Studies in Philosophy*, No. 6.

Homer's personality. Goethe's dislike of Christian liberal theologians and their higher criticism was practically based on the same reason, for the poet loved Christianity, even its mythology and legendary excrescences. He objected only to the narrowness of Christian exclusiveness which called all other religions pagan and would not allow him to love and revere the gods of Olympus.

Those who had attempted critically to analyze Christianity or the Christian Gospels, as Wolf treated Homer, became at once an object of Goethe's scorn, and the man upon whom he poured out the full vial of his sarcasm was Prof. Karl Friedrich Bahrdt.

Bahrdt was an unfortunate man mainly because he was in advance of his age, and the treatment he received on account of his liberal theology finally proved his ruin and left him a physical and moral wreck. He was born in Bischofswerda, Saxony, August 25, 1741. He was professor first at Leipsic in 1766-68, then at Erfurt in 1768-71, and finally at Giessen in 1771-75. Dismissed on the charge of heresy he became director of the Philanthropin, a humanitarian school at Marschlins in 1775, whence he was called to Dürkheim as superintendent general and pastor, but the imperial council declared him incapable of holding ecclesiastical office and forbade him to publish any of his writings. Driven into exile he took refuge in Prussia where he lectured on philosophy and philology at Halle, 1779-89; but having published a satire in the form of a comedy entitled *Das Religionsedict* (1788) in which he castigated the Prussian church government, he was sentenced to one year imprisonment at the fortress of Magdeburg. This degradation proved his ruin. After he had served the sentence he was broken in spirit and character, and the only resource left to him for making a living was to conduct a dram shop. He died April 23, 1792.

In connection with Bahrdt Goethe tells in the fourteenth book of "Truth and Fiction," a little joke played on Lavater, which did not succeed, however, since the great physiognomist came out victorious. Goethe says:

"The number of those who had no faith in physiognomy, or at least regarded it as uncertain and deceitful, was very great;

and several who had a liking for Lavater felt a desire to try him, and, if possible, to play a trick on him. He had ordered of a painter in Frankfort, who was not without talent, the profiles of several well-known persons. Lavater's agent ventured upon the jest of sending Bahrdt's portrait as mine, which soon brought back a merry but thundering epistle, full of all kinds of expletives, and assertions that this was not my picture,—together with every-

KARL FRIEDRICH BAHRDT.

thing that on such an occasion Lavater would naturally have to say in confirmation of the doctrine of physiognomy. My true likeness, which was sent afterwards, he allowed to pass more readily."

Goethe first became acquainted with Bahrdt through his book, "Eden, or Contemplations on Paradise and the Events which Took Place Therein." His review of Bahrdt's expositions in

the *Frankfurter gelehrte Anzeigen* in 1772, was not very favorable and condemned his shallow rationalism. Nowhere is Goethe's dislike for a critical analysis of literature more forcibly presented than in his satire on Bahrdt's "Latest Revelations of God" which first appeared in 1774 in Giessen as a separate print. In 1775 it was reprinted in a collection entitled "Rhenish Must," and in 1779 it was incorporated in Himburg's Reprints. It is a dramatic sketch little known outside the narrowest circle of Goethe specialists. For unknown reasons it has not been included in the Düntzer edition of *Goethes Werke,* and this omission may be accountable for the fact that at present it is very little known. It can only be found in complete editions of Goethe's collected works. In the index it appears under the catch-word *Prolog.*

So far as we know it has never been rendered into English and so we offer a translation of our own. The title which is a copy of the title of Bahrdt's book, reads as follows:

"Prologue to the Latest Revelations of God interpreted by Dr. Karl Friedrich Bahrdt.—Giessen, 1774."

Here is Goethe's treatment of the subject:

(*Professor Bahrdt in evening dress at his desk writing. His wife enters, putting on her cloak.*)

Mrs. B. Come dear, to the party; we must not be late,
Nor make our friends for the coffee wait.

(*Professor Bahrdt without heeding his wife raises his paper and looks at it.*)

Prof. B. An idea happens to come to me,
Thus should I speak, if Christ I'd be.

(*At that moment a trampling as of hoofs is heard outside.*)

Mrs. B. (*startled*). What trampling hear I on the stair?

Prof. B. 'Tis worse than students I declare,
They come on all fours,—an awful din!

Mrs. B. What fearful beasts are coming in!

(*Enter the four evangelists. Mrs. Bahrdt shrieks. Matthew is attended by the angel; Mark by the lion; Luke by the ox; and over John hovers the eagle.*)

Matt. We learn you are a brave good man,
And do for our Lord as much as you can.

In Christendom we are pushed about,
Hard pressed and almost crowded out.

Prof. B. Welcome, dear sirs, but I'll say right soon,
Your visit is not quite opportune,
For a party of friends awaiteth me.

John. Children of God they surely be,
And we will be glad to join you there!

Prof. B. I fear they would be shocked and stare!
They are not accustomed, 'tis to be feared,
To flowing garments and untrimmed beard,
Nor are beasts admitted as visitors,
They would be driven out of doors.

Matt. In former days 'twas custom thus,
Since Christ, our Lord, appointed us.

Prof. B. Tut, tut! that can't be helped, and so
You can not to the party go.

Mark. But tell me, what do you expect?

Prof. B. I will be brief and quite direct:
Your writings are, I must confess,
Just like your beards and like your dress;
Or like old dollars, no longer at par,
Whose mint-stamps at a discount are.
Were they re-coined with copper alloy,
All people would take them at par with joy.
Thus you, if you wish to count again,
And be acceptable to men,
You must become like one of us,
Beard trimmed, well dressed and smooth,—just thus!
In modern fashion and debonair,
That changes at once the whole affair.

Luke, the artist. I see myself in such a dress!

Prof. B. You needn't go far for that, I guess.
My own will fit you!

The Angel of Matt. What a sight!
An evangelist in such a plight!

Matt. St. John has bidden us adieu,
And brother Mark is leaving too.

(*Luke's ox comes too close to Bahrdt and steps on him.*)

Prof. B. Call off that beast that belongs to thee,
Not even a lap-dog accompanies me.

Luke. I will go hence, for as I see,
This house won't suit our company.

(*Exeunt the four evangelists and their train.*)

Mrs. B. What manners! I am glad they quit!

Prof. B. Their writings shall me pay for it.

* * *

(*Die Frau Professorin tritt auf im Putz, den Mantel umwerfend. Bahrdt sitzt am Pult, ganz angezogen, und schreibt.*)

Frau Bahrdt. So komm denn, Kind! Die Gesellschaft im Garten
Wird gewiss auf uns mit dem Kaffee warten.

Bahrdt. Da kam mir ein Einfall von ungefähr.
(*Sein geschrieben Blatt ansehend.*)
So redt' ich, wenn ich Christus wär':

Frau Bahrdt. Was kommt ein Getrappel die Trepp' herauf?

Bahrdt. s'ist ärger als ein Studentenhauf.
Das ist ein Besuch auf allen Vieren.

Frau Bahrdt. Gott behüt! 's ist der Tritt von Thieren.

(*Die vier Evangelisten treten herein. Die Frau Doktorin thut einen Schrei. Matthäus mit dem Engel; Markus, begleitet vom Löwen; Lukas, vom Ochsen; Johannes, über ihm der Adler.*)

Matthäus. Wir hören, Du bist ein Biedermann
Und nimmst Dich unsers Herren an;
Uns wird die Christenheit zu enge;
Wir sind jetzt überall im Gedränge.

Bahrdt. Willkomm, Ihr Herrn! Doch thut mir's leid,
Ihr kommt zur ungelegnen Zeit:
Muss eben in Gesellschaft 'nein.

Johannes. Das werden Kinder Gottes sein;
Wir wollen uns mit dir ergetzen.

Bahrdt. Die Leute würden sich entsetzen;
Sie sind nicht gewohnt solche Bärte breit
Und die Röcke so lang und Falten so weit;
Und Eure Bestien, muss ich sagen,
Würde jeder Andre zur Thür 'naus jagen.

Matthäus Das galt doch Alles auf der Welt,
Seitdem uns unser Herr bestellt.

Bahrdt. Das kann mir weiter nichts bedeuten;
G'nug, so nehm ich Euch nicht zu Leuten.

Markus. Und wie und was verlangst denn Du?

Bahrdt. Dass ich's Euch kürzlich sagen thu':
Es ist mit Eurer Schriften Art,
Mit Euern Falten und Euerm Bart
Wie mit den alten Thalern schwer—

Das Silber fein geprobet sehr,
Und gelten dennoch jetzt nicht mehr.
Ein kluger Fürst, der münzt sie ein
Und thut ein tüchtigs Kupfer drein;
Da mag's denn wieder fort kursiren!
So müsst Ihr auch, wollt Ihr ruliren,
Euch in Gesellschaft produziren,
So müsst Ihr werden wie Unsereiner,
Geputzt, gestutzt, glatt—'s gilt sonst Keiner.
Im seidnen Mantel und Kräglein flink,
Das ist doch gar ein ander Ding!

Lukas der Maler. Möcht' mich in dem Kostüme sehn!

Bahrdt. Da braucht Ihr gar nicht weit zu gehn,
Hab' just noch einen ganzen Ornat.

Der Engel Matthäi. Das wär' mir ein Evangelisten-Staat!
Kommt!—

Matthäus. Johannes ist schon weggeschlichen
Und Bruder Markus mit entwichen.

(*Des Lukas Ochs kommt Bahrdten zu nah, er tritt nach ihm.*)

Bahrdt. Schafft ab zuerst das garstig' Thier!
Nehm' ich doch kaum ein Hündlein mit mir.

Lukas. Mögen gar nicht weiter verkehren mit Dir.

(*Die Evangelisten mit ihrem Gefolge ab.*)

Frau Bahrdt. Die Kerls nehmen keine Lebensart an.

Bahrdt. Komm! 's sollen ihre Schriften dran!

This humorous scene contrasts the modern professor of theology who puts on style and belongs to society with the original roughness of the four evangelists.

Goethe objects to the higher criticism not from the standpoint of orthodoxy, but for purely literary reasons. He dislikes to have the Gospels modernized, because he prefers them to remain rugged, and even sometimes crude, as in part they are, for the same reason that he objects to a critical dissection of Homer. He prefers to enjoy a literary document of the past in its own native originality.

Bahrdt was not offended by Goethe's criticism, and every reader will feel that the satire is good-natured and does not contain any bitterness. In this it stands in sharp contrast to other very venomous criticisms of Bahrdt's works.

When Professor Bahrdt left Giessen in 1775 to settle in Marschlinz in Graubünden, he traveled by way of Weimar for the special purpose of calling on Goethe. In his conversation with the great poet he spoke jokingly about the satire and expressed the wish to preserve a good *entente* with his genial critic.

We may add that Goethe's objection to men like Wolf, the philologist, and Bahrdt, the rationalist, was to a great extent unjust or at least one-sided, for we need critique and negation, not as an end, but as a means to find a better and truer affirmation. This onesidedness may be the reason why the poem has been overlooked and almost forgotten. Liberals did not care to quote it, and dogmatists knew very well that Goethe's objection to higher criticism was not prompted by orthodox loyalty. But the poem is characteristic of Goethe's positivism which condemned negativism in both parties, liberals and dogmatists.

In a brief poem entitled "The Critic," Goethe vents his wrath in these lines:

I had a fellow as my guest
Not knowing he was such a pest,
And gave him just my usual fare;
He ate his fill of what was there,
And for dessert my best things swallowed,
Soon as his meal was o'er, what followed?
Led by the Deuce, to a neighbor he went,
And talked of my food to his heart's content.
"The soup might surely have had more spice,
The meat was ill-browned, the wine wasn't nice."
A thousand curses alight on his head!
'Tis a critic, I vow! Let the dog be struck dead!"

—*Tr. after Bowring.*

[Da hatt' ich einen Kerl zu Gast,
Er war mir eben nicht zur Last;
Ich hatt' just mein gewöhnlich Essen,
Hat sich der Kerl pumpsatt gefressen,
Zum Nachtisch, was ich gespeichert hatt'.
Und kaum ist mir der Kerl so satt,
Thut ihn der Teufel zum Nachbar führen
Ueber mein Essen zu räsonniren:
"Die Supp' hätt' können gewürzter sein,
Der Braten brauner, firner der Wein."
Der Tausendsakerment!
Schlagt ihn todt, den Hund! Es ist ein Recensent.]

Critics are mere yelpers, says Goethe in another poem, and their barking only proves that the person barked at is their superior in attainments or position.

Our rides in all directions bend,
For business or for pleasure,
Yet yelpings on our steps attend,
And barkings without measure.
The dog that in our stable dwells,
After our heels is striding,
And all the while his noisy yells
But show that we are riding.

—*Tr. after Bowring.*

[Wir reiten in die Kreuz' und Quer'
Nach Freuden und Geschäften;
Doch immer kläfft es hinterher
Und billt aus allen Kräften.
So will der Spitz aus unserm Stall
Uns immerfort begleiten,
Und seines Bellens lauter Schall
Beweis't nur, dass wir reiten.]

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF FAUST.

GOETHE described characteristic attitudes of himself in all his heroes. He possessed a streak of Werther's pessimism, of Goetz's romanticism, of Tasso's impatience, of Egmont's gaiety and overconfidence, of Wilhelm Meister's eagerness for self-development, etc., but in Faust the poet revealed the most intimate aspirations of his own being and of the destiny he felt to be his own; and this is true even if we grant that Faust incorporates many striking resemblances to Gottfried Herder, as Dr. Günther Jacoby has attempted to prove. For this reason it may be truly said that Goethe's main work is his "Faust," which he had begun in his early youth and finished at an advanced age.

Like Prometheus, Faust is of a Titanic cast of mind. He does not bow to God nor does he fear the Evil One. He cares not for his fate in this world nor in the next. He possesses unusual strength of mind. Him the thought of heaven does not allure, nor hell terrify. His inborn desire, even when he seems to surrender it, at bottom remains to

> "....detect the inmost force
> Which binds the world, and guides its course."
>
> [Dass ich erkenne, was die Welt
> Im Innersten zusammenhält.]

Faust is anxious to dare and to do. He does not shrink from danger, or shipwreck. He will share the fate common to all mankind, will enjoy life's pleasures but also willingly endure its pain. He is a man, and though he wishes to be a man in the full sense of the word, he does not want to be anything else. When Faust sees the symbol of the Earth-Spirit he exclaims:

How otherwise upon me works this sign!
Thou, Spirit of the Earth, art nearer:
Even now my powers are loftier, clearer;
I glow, as drunk with new-made wine;
New strength and heart I feel to do and dare,
The pain of life and all its joys to share,
And though the shock of storms may smite me,
No crash of shipwreck shall have power to fright me!"

[Wie anders wirkt dies Zeichen auf mich ein!
Du, Geist der Erde, bist mir näher;
Schon fühl' ich meine Kräfte höher,
Schon glüh' ich wie von neuem Wein.
Ich fühle Muth, mich in die Welt zu wagen,
Der Erde Weh, der Erde Glück zu tragen,
Mit Stürmen mich herumzuschlagen
Und in des Schiffbruch's Knirschen nicht zu zagen.]

This endeavor to be a man with men is expressed again when Faust has concluded his contract with Mephistopheles:

My bosom, of its thirst for knowledge sated,
Shall not, henceforth, from any pang be wrested,
Whatever then to all mankind be fated
Shall be within mine inmost being tested:
The highest, lowest forms I mean to borrow,
And heap upon myself their bliss and sorrow,
And thus my own soul to all else expanded,
With all the others shall at last be stranded!

[Mein Busen, der vom Wissensdrang geheilt ist,
Soll keinen Schmerzen künftig sich verschliessen,
Und was der ganzen Menschheit zugetheilt ist,
Will ich in meinem innern Selbst geniessen,
Mit meinem Geist das Höchst' und Tiefste greifen,
Ihr Wohl und Weh auf meinen Busen häufen,
Und so mein eigen Selbst zu ihrem Selbst erweitern,
Und, wie sie selbst, am End' auch ich zerscheitern.]

The Faust of the folk-legend represents the spirit of the Reformation with all it implies, the dawn of natural science and the re-awakening of the humanities. He studies in Wittenberg, the university of Luther, and his very name identifies him with Faustus, the companion of Gensfleisch-Gutenberg, the inventor of the black art of printing. Further he represents the Renaissance, the revival of a study of the classics together with Greek art and its noble ideals, pagan though they were. This is symbolized in the figure of Helen, the type of beauty whom Faust

WITCHES CELEBRATING WALPURGIS NIGHT.
By Franz Simm.

makes visible to the eyes of his audience. Incidentally Faust also shows his sympathy with the ancient Teutonic paganism by participating in the witches' festival that is celebrated in the Walpurgis night on the Brocken. But this is not all. Faust is an inquirer into the secrets of nature. In this he bears a resemblance to Roger Bacon who in a lecture before the students of Paris imitated the rainbow by letting a ray of light pass through a prism, the result being that his audience rose in a general uproar shouting that he practised magic and was in league with the Evil One. In compliance with the popular belief of the age, Goethe actually represents Faust as a past-master in the art of magic. The Faust of the folk-legend visits foreign countries by magic means, and performs most wonderful feats; so we may say that he incorporates also the spirit of the bold explorers and navigators who in scorn of danger crossed the unknown seas, opened new regions to commerce and brought back to their home the wealth of distant countries.

Faust typifies aspiring mankind and has his predecessors in all those characters of history, literature and legend who find no satisfaction in their surroundings but dare destiny to yield to them pleasanter, better, nobler conditions with a richer and deeper life. Thus Faust embodies all those features which Goethe himself endeavored to acquire and which he possessed in a high degree.

Goethe's interest in the traditional Faust-character showed itself very intensely in his study of magic lore, and we know of a period in his life when he gave himself up to alchemy, astrology and kindred pseudo-sciences as if he believed in their teachings.

In "Faust" his love of mysticism comes out prominently and he did not study the mystics without being fascinated by the poetry of their views. So, for instance, the profound conception of the soul as a microcosm he derived from Giovanni Pico, Count of Mirandola.

This interesting personality was born on February 24, 1463, and died November 17, 1494. He was a prominent young Italian nobleman of fine figure and beautiful face, highly educated not only in Greek and Latin, but also in Hebrew, Arabic and Chaldean. Having studied two years in Bologna when only

PICO DI MIRANDOLA.

fourteen or fifteen years old, he began his *Wanderjahre* which lasted seven years, visiting the learned schools of Italy and France. His philosophy may be characterized as Platonism reconciled with the doctrines of Aristotle; but his dominant interest was centered in mysticism, and he was the first to maintain that the truth of the Christian doctrines could be proved through the Cabala. Though he was a good Christian his enemies threw the suspicion of heresy upon him, and his first little book of nine hundred theses was prohibited by papal authority. But after the publication of an elaborate *Apologia* Pope Alexander VI declared him vindicated in a document dated June 18, 1493. In his twenty-eighth year he wrote the *Heptaplus* and at this time suddenly changed his habits of life. Having formerly been a favorite with women, he now burned all his love poems and became an ascetic. He renounced his share in the principality of Mirandola, gave richly to the poor and devoted most of his time to religious meditation. When he would have finished his literary labors he intended to give away all his property and wander as a bare-footed friar from town to town proclaiming salvation through Christ. But before he could carry out this plan he died of a fever at Florence in his thirty-first year. So far as is known he was the first to coin the word "macrocosm" denoting the whole of the world, which is described so beautifully in the first scene of Goethe's "Faust," where Faust revels in the contemplation of its sign, saying:

> Ha! what a rapture leaps from this I view....
> How each the whole its substance gives,
> Each in the other works and lives!
>
> [Ha, welche Wonne fliesst in diesem Blick....
> Wie alles sich zum Ganzen webt,
> Eins in dem Andern wirkt und lebt!]

Bayard Taylor in his Notes makes the following interesting comment on this monologue of Faust when he beholds the sign of the macrocosm:

"The term 'macrocosm' was used by Pico di Mirandola, Paracelsus and other mystical writers, to denote the universe. They imagined a mysterious correspondence between the macro-

cosm (the world in large) and the microcosm (the world in little), or man; and most of the astrological theories were based on the influence of the former upon the latter. From some of Goethe's notes, still in existence, we learn that during the time when the conception of Faust first occupied his mind (1770-73), he read Welling's *Opus Mago-Cabbalisticum,* Paracelsus, Valentinus, the *Aurea Catena Homeri,* and even the Latin poet Manilius.

"Mr. Blackie, in his Notes, quotes a description of the macro-

FAUST BEHOLDING THE EMBLEM OF THE MACROCOSM.

After P. Rembrandt.

cosm from a Latin work of Robert Fludd, published at Oppenheim in 1619; but the theory had already been given in the *Heptaplus* of Pico di Mirandola (about 1490). The universe, according to him, consists of three worlds, the earthly, the heavenly, and the super-heavenly. The first includes our planet and its enveloping space, as far as the orbit of the moon; the second, the sun and stars; the third, the governing divine influences. The same phenomena belong to each, but have different grades of manifestation. Thus the physical element of fire

exists in the earthly sphere, the warmth of the sun in the heavenly, and a seraphic, spiritual fire in the empyrean; the first burns, the second quickens, the third loves. 'In addition to these three worlds (the macrocosm),' says Pico, 'there is a fourth (the microcosm), containing all embraced within them. This is man, in whom are included a body formed of the elements, a heavenly spirit, reason, an angelic soul, and a resemblance to God.'

"The work of Cornelius Agrippa, *De occulta philosophia*, which was also known to Goethe, contains many references to these three divisions of the macrocosm, and their reciprocal influences. The latter are described in the passage commencing: 'How each the Whole its substance gives!'

"Hayward quotes, as explanatory of these lines, the following sentence from Herder's *Ideen zur Philosophie der Geschichte der Menschheit*: 'When, therefore, I open the great book of Heaven, and see before me this measureless palace, which alone, and everywhere, the Godhead only has power to fill, I conclude, as undistractedly as I can, from the whole to the particular, and from the particular to the whole.'

"The four lines which Faust apparently quotes ('What says the sage, now first I recognize') are not from Nostradamus. They may possibly have been suggested by something in Jacob Boehme's first work, 'Aurora, or the Rising Dawn,' but it is not at all necessary that they should be an actual quotation."

Faust despairs of the possibility of knowledge and the usefulness of science. This, however, means the pseudo-science of magic, the *occulta scientia,* that great hope of the scientists of the Middle Ages. Faust says:

I've studied now Philosophy
And Jurisprudence, Medicine,—
And even, alas! Theology,—
From end to end, with labor keen;
And here, poor fool! with all my lore
I stand, no wiser than before:
I'm Magister—yea, Doctor—hight,
And straight or cross-wise, wrong or right,
These ten years long, with many woes,
I've led my scholars by the nose,—

[Habe nun, ach, Philosophie,
Juristerei und Medizin
Und leider auch Theologie
Durchaus studirt, mit heissem Bemühn!
Da steh' ich nun, ich armer Thor,
Und bin so klug als wie zuvor;
Heisse Magister, heisse Doktor gar
Und ziehe schon an die zehen Jahr'
Herauf, herab und quer und krumm
Meine Schüler an der Nase herum—

FAUST IN HIS STUDY.

By A. von Kreling.

And see that nothing can be known!
Forsooth, that cuts me to the bone.

Und sehe, dass wir nichts wissen können.
Das will mir schier das Herz verbrennen.]

In his conversation with Wagner he exclaims (Scene II):

O happy he, who still renews
The hope, from Error's deeps to rise forever!
That which one does not know, one needs to use;
And what one knows, one uses never.

[O glücklich, wer noch hoffen kann,
Aus diesem Meer des Irrthums aufzutauchen!
Was man nicht weiss, das eben brauchte man,
Und was man weiss, kann man nicht brauchen.]

Faust's despondency recalls an actual fact in the life of Agrippa von Nettesheim, one of his prototypes who, having written a large work *De occulta scientia*, wrote a book at the end of his career which bore the title *De vanitate scientiarum*.

If science fails, if knowledge is impossible, and if reason can not be relied upon, mankind is left without a guide. Hence Faust's despair is well supplemented by the cynical advice which Mephistopheles gives to the student. These comments are full of satire, criticising the actual conditions of the sciences as practised by mediocre and self-seeking men.

Overcome by his despondency Faust is disgusted with the search for knowledge and simply wishes to be a man among men, expecting thereby to quench the thirst of his soul with the inane vanities of life with which common people are satisfied. In this frame of mind he concludes his pact with Mephistopheles which is important for the comprehension of Goethe's plan, and we should notice the very words of the condition under which Faust accepts the service of Mephistopheles and forfeits his soul in the next world. Since the scene is of such significance we quote its most important passage as follows:

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Wilt thou to me entrust
Thy steps through life, I'll guide thee,—
Will willingly walk beside thee,—

MEPHISTOPHELES AND THE STUDENT.
By A. Liezen-Mayer.

Will serve thee at once and forever
With best endeavor,
And, if thou art satisfied,
Will as servant, slave, with thee abide.

FAUST.

And what shall be my counter-service therefor?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The time is long: thou needst not now insist.

FAUST.

No—no! -The Devil is an egotist,
And is not apt, without a why or wherefore,
"For God's sake," others to assist.
Speak thy conditions plain and clear!
With such a servant danger comes, I fear.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Here, an unwearied slave, I'll wear thy tether,
And to thine every nod obedient be:
When *There* again we come together,
Then shalt thou do the same for me.

FAUST.

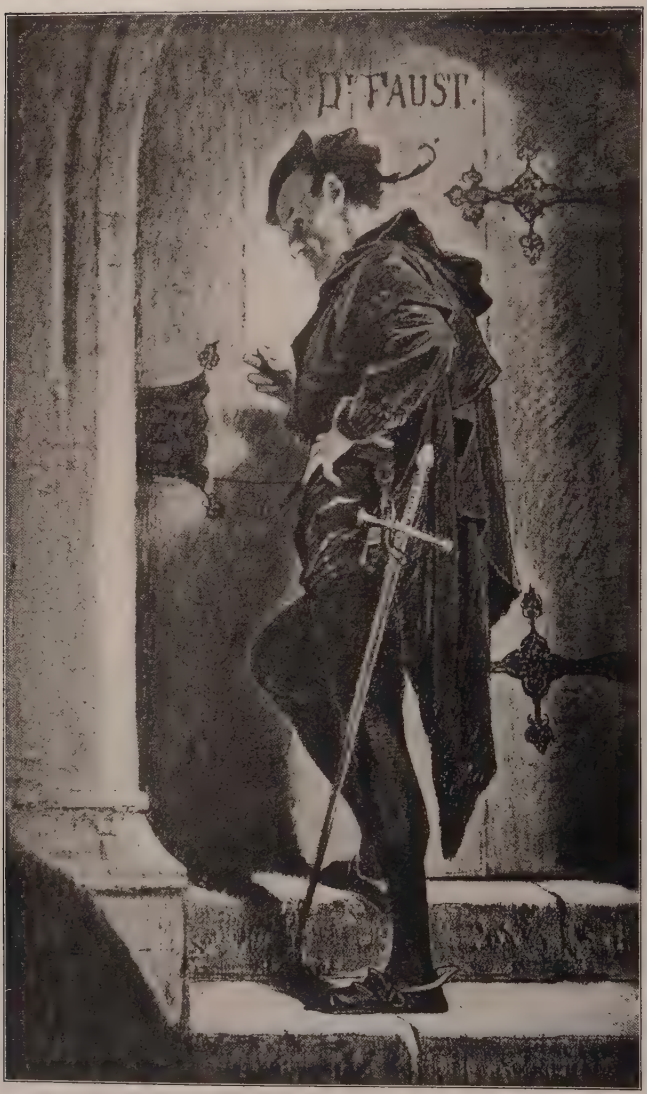
The *There* my scruples nought increases.
When thou hast dashed this world to pieces,
The other, then, its place may fill.
Here, on this earth, my pleasures have their sources;
Yon sun beholds my sorrows in his courses;
And when from these my life itself divorces,
Let happen all that can or will!
I'll hear no more; 't is vain to ponder
If there we cherish love or hate,
Or, in the spheres we dream of yonder,
A High and Low our souls await.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

In this sense, even, canst thou venture.
Come, bind thyself by prompt indenture,
And thou mine arts with joy shalt see:
What no man ever saw, I'll give to thee.

FAUST.

Canst thou, poor Devil, give me whatsoever
When was a human soul, in its supreme endeavor,
E'er understood by such as thou?
Yet, hast thou food which never satiates, now—
The restless, ruddy gold hast thou,



MEPHISTOPHELES AT THE DOOR OF FAUST'S STUDY.
By A. Liezen-Mayer.

That runs, quicksilver-like, one's fingers through,—
A game whose winnings no man ever knew,—
A maid, that, even from my breast,
Beckons my neighbor with her wanton glances,
And Honor's godlike zest,
The meteor that a moment dances,—
Show me the fruits that, ere they're gathered, rot,
And trees that daily with new leafage clothe them!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Such a demand alarms me not:
Such treasures have I, and can show them.

SIGNING THE CONTRACT.
By Franz Simm.

But still the time may reach us, good my friend,
When peace we crave and more luxurious diet.

FAUST.

When on an idler's bed I stretch myself in quiet.
There let, at once, my record end!
Canst thou with lying flattery rule me,

Until, self-pleased, myself I see,—
Canst thou with rich enjoyment fool me,
Let that day be the last for me!
The bet I offer.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Done!

FAUST.

And heartily!
When thus I hail the moment flying:
"Ah, still delay—thou art so fair!"
Then bind me in thy bonds undying,
My final ruin then declare!
Then let the death-bell chime the token,
Then art thou from thy service free!
The clock may stop, the hand be broken,
Then Time be finished unto me!

[MEPHISTOPHELES.

Doch willst Du mit mir vereint
Deine Schritte durchs Leben nehmen,
So will ich mich gern bequemen,
Dein zu sein auf der Stelle.
Ich bin Dein Geselle,
Und mach' ich Dir's recht,
Bin ich Dein Diener, bin Dein Knecht!

FAUST.

Und was soll ich dagegen Dir erfüllen?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Dazu hast Du noch eine lange Frist.

FAUST.

Nein, nein! Der Teufel ist ein Egoist
Und thut nicht leicht um Gottes willen,
Was einem Andern nützlich ist.
Sprich die Bedingung deutlich aus;
Ein solcher Diener bringt Gefahr in's Haus.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Ich will mich *hier* zu Deinem Dienst verbinden,
Auf Deinen Wink nicht rasten und nicht ruhn;
Wenn wir uns *drüben* wiederfinden,
So sollst Du mir das Gleiche thun.

FAUST.

Das Drüben kann mich wenig kümmern;
Schlägst Du erst diese Welt zu Trümmern,

Die andre mag darnach entstehn.
Aus dieser Erde quillen meine Freuden,
Und diese Sonne scheinet meinen Leiden;
Kann ich mich erst von ihnen scheiden,
Dann mag, was will und kann, geschehn.
Davon will ich nichts weiter hören,
Ob man auch künftig hasst und liebt,
Und ob es auch in jenen Sphären
Ein Oben oder Unten giebt.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

In diesem Sinne kannst Du's wagen.
Verbinde Dich; Du sollst in diesen Tagen
Mit Freuden meine Künste sehn.
Ich gebe Dir, was noch kein Mensch gesehn.

FAUST.

Was willst Du armer Teufel geben?
Ward eines Menschen Geist in seinem hohen Streben
Von Deinesgleichen je gefasst?
Doch hast Du Speise, die nicht sättigt, hast
Du rothes Gold, das ohne Rast,
Quecksilber gleich, Dir in der Hand zerrinnt,
Ein Spiel, bei dem man nie gewinnt,
Ein Mädchen, das an meiner Brust
Mit Aeugeln schon dem Nachbar sich verbindet,
Der Ehre schöne Götterlust,
Die wie ein Meteor verschwindet.
Zeig mir die Frucht, die fault, eh man sie bricht,
Und Bäume, die sich täglich neu begrünen!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Ein solcher Auftrag schreckt mich nicht,
Mit solchen Schätzen kann ich dienen.
Doch, guter Freund, die Zeit kommt auch heran,
Wo wir was Gut's in Ruhe schmausen mögen.

FAUST.

Werd' ich beruhigt je mich auf ein Faulbett legen,
So sei es gleich um mich gethan!
Kannst Du mich schmeichelnd je belügen,
Dass ich mir selbst gefallen mag,
Kannst Du mich mit Genuss betrügen:
Das sei für mich der letzte Tag!
Die Wette biet' ich!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Top!

FAUST.

Und Schlag auf Schlag!
Werd' ich zum Augenblicke sagen:
Verweile doch! Du bist so schön!
Dann magst Du mich in Fesseln schlagen,
Dann will ich gern zu Grunde gehn!
Dann mag die Todtenglocke schallen,
Dann bist Du Deines Dienstes frei,
Die Uhr mag stehn, der Zeiger fallen,
Es sei die Zeit für mich vorbei!]

At the time when the Faust legend took shape nothing extraordinary could be done except with the help of the Evil One,

FAUST'S LAST HOURS AND DEATH.

and the reckless and wicked men who obtained such assistance were doomed to eternal damnation. According to the original plan of the Faust-legend, Faust was indeed lost, for the old folk-lore story is written from the standpoint of orthodox Catholicism. It makes Faust conclude his pact with the Devil without any

STUDYING BLACK MAGIC.

CONJURING THE DEVIL.

SOME PLEASANTRIES OF BLACK MAGIC.

MIRACLES AND CONJURATION.

After Scheible's reproductions from Widmann's Faust.

alternative, and when the time is up, his soul is forfeited and the Devil carries him away to hell.

It is strange, however, that Protestant writers took a greater interest in the story than Catholics. Perhaps they felt that the problem of the man who risked even the salvation of his soul for the sake of expanding his knowledge of and control over the powers of nature touched their own experience.

The first and most extensive treatment of the Faust legend is that of the *Volksbuch*[1] which was dramatized by Marlowe,

FAUST CONJURING MEPHISTOPHELES.

Shakespeare's famous contemporary. We here reproduce a rare print published as a title vignette in the first edition of Marlowe's drama representing Faust conjuring the Devil.

During the period of Storm and Stress almost every German poet treated the legend of Faust, and the best known of these

[1] For details of the Faust legend as treated by Marlowe and in the *Volksbuch* see the author's *History of the Devil*, pp. 422-429.

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versions is the drama by Klinger, a powerful play, but not without the faults of the vigorous but immature spirits of his time. Lessing wrote a "Faust" which by an unfortunate accident was lost in the mails. A synopsis of his plan is contained in his Collected Works. Lenau's "Faust" is not very remarkable but it is still known and read.

The motive of Faust's relation to Mephistopheles is taken from the old legend of Theophilus who in his ambition to excel all others in fame and ecclesiastical dignity makes a contract with the Devil, but repents, does penance and is finally saved by the intercession of the Virgin Mary, who compels the Devil to surrender his claim to the soul of Theophilus. The lesson of this legend on the one hand is to warn good Christians to beware of the Devil who is on the *qui vive* to catch the souls even of the saints, and on the other hand to declare the unlimited power of the Church to rescue from distress and to save the pious from the very clutches of Satan.

The Theophilus legend was a favorite story with pious Christians throughout the Middle Ages, and we have a thirteenth century manuscript illuminated by Monk Conrad of the Scheiern monastery which is now preserved in the Library of Munich. The picture reproduced from this medieval book shows first how Theophilus is prompted by the Devil of Vanity to give alms. Repenting the contract he had made, he is shown in the second picture praying to the Virgin Mary. In the third picture he does penance and an angel delivers to him the handwriting of the contract. In the fourth picture he confesses to the bishop and delivers into his hands the document restored to him by the grace of Mary.

But while there is hope for a man like Theophilus who confesses his sin, repents, seeks the assistance of the Church, submits to discipline and does penance, there is no salvation for Faust, the representative of Protestantism. He has cut himself loose from the Church that alone can save, and so he foregoes the advantage of the Church's means of grace. Marlowe and all the many other poets who dramatized the Faust legend before Goethe adopt the principle of the old folk-lore story that regards

Faust as lost and quite beyond redemption. Even Goethe's original intention had been the same. In the prison scene Faust

THE LEGEND OF THEOPHILUS.

comes to the rescue of Gretchen but finds her in a dreadful state of insanity. He urges her to leave, but she answers:

GRETCHEN IN PRISON.
By Franz Simm.

If the grave is there,
Death lying in wait, then come!
From here to eternal rest:
No further step—no, no!

[Ist das Grab drauss,
Lauert der Tod, so komm!
Von hier ins ewige Ruhebett,
Und weiter keinen Schritt—]

Faust tries first persuasion and then force; she does not yield but stays. In the meantime day dawns and when Mephistopheles calls Faust, "Hither to me!" he goes leaving Gretchen to her doom. This conclusion of the first part was intended to indicate that while Gretchen's soul is purified Faust remains under the influence of Mephistopheles.

Yet Goethe had made Faust too human, too ideally human, not to have that redeeming feature which would make his eternal perdition impossible. It is true, he goes astray and is implicated in crimes. He becomes guilty of the death of Valentine although he slays him merely in self-defense. He is accessory to the death of Gretchen, the mother, as well as of her baby. Faust is not a criminal, but his wretched behavior implicates him in guilt; and yet not otherwise than is indicated in the stanza of the harper in "Wilhelm Meister," the venerable protector of Mignon, who sings:

Who never ate with tears his bread,
  Who never through night's heavy hours
Sat weeping on his lonely bed,—
  He know's you not, ye heavenly powers!

Through you the paths of life we gain,
  Ye let poor mortals go astray,
And then abandon them to pain,—
  Since man the penalty must pay.

[Wer nie sein Brod mit Thränen ass,
Wer nie die kummervollen Nächte
Auf seinem Bette weinend sass,
Der kennt euch nicht, ihr himmlischen Mächte!

Ihr führt in's Leben uns hinein,
Ihr lasst den Armen schuldig werden,
Dann überlasst ihr ihn der Pein:
Denn alle Schuld rächt sich auf Erden.]

Protestantism is a protest against the narrowness of the medieval Church. It is a negation of the old, and Faust likewise

is a destructive spirit. He boldly curses everything which beguiles him with false illusions. He exclaims:

Cursed be the vine's transcendent nectar,—
The highest favor Love lets fall!
Cursed, also, Hope!—cursed Faith, the spectre!
And cursed be Patience most of all!

[Fluch sei dem Balsamsaft der Trauben!
Fluch jener höchsten Liebeshuld!
Fluch sei der Hoffnung! Fluch dem Glauben,
Und Fluch vor Allen der Geduld!]

Faust destroys his old ideals, but he feels in himself the power to build them up again, and this is expressed by the chorus of spirits who sing:

Woe! Woe!
Thou hast it destroyed,
The beautiful world,
With powerful fist:
In ruin 't is hurled,
By the blow of a demi-god shattered!
The scattered
Fragments into the Void we carry,
Deploring
The beauty perished beyond restoring.
Mightier
For the children of men,
Brightlier
Build it again,
In thine own bosom build it anew!
Bid the new career
Commence,
With clearer sense,
And the new songs of cheer
Be sung thereto!

[Weh! Weh!
Du hast sie zerstört,
Die schöne Welt,
Mit mächtiger Faust;
Sie stürzt, sie zerfällt!
Ein Halbgott hat sie zerschlagen!
Wir tragen
Die Trümmern ins Nichts hinüber
Und klagen
Ueber die verlorne Schöne.
Mächtiger
Der Erdensöhne,
Prächtiger
Baue sie wieder,
In Deinem Busen baue sie auf!
Neuen Lebenslauf
Beginne
Mit hellem Sinne,
Und neue Lieder
Tönen darauf!]

Goethe felt that the bold progressiveness of science and the insatiate aspiration of the spirit of invention to make the powers of nature subservient to the needs of man, could not be sin. The courage of a man who truly says to himself, "Nor hell nor Devil can longer affright me," is evidence of his strength, his manliness, his independence, and even the good Lord must cherish respect for him. Therefore in spite of all the errors into which

he might fall, Faust can not be lost. To err is human. Says the good Lord in the Prologue:

> While man's desires and aspirations stir,
> He cannot choose but err.
>
> [Es irrt der Mensch, so lang er strebt.]

SATAN ACCUSING JOB.
Fresco by Volterra in the Campo Santo at Pisa.

But error is the inheritance of the human race. Adds the Lord:

> A good man through obscurest aspiration
> Has still an instinct of the one true way.
>
> [Ein guter Mensch, in seinem dunkeln Drange,
> Ist sich des rechten Weges wohl bewusst.]

In this sense Goethe completed his "Faust" and justified the final salvation of Faust's soul in the Prologue, the main passage of which also deserves to be quoted in full.

The scene opens with a doxology of the archangels who praise creation, the sun, the earth, the magnificence of nature and especially the still small voice which most of all reveals the glory of God. As Satan appeared before God to accuse Job, so Mephistopheles comes to the celestial assemblage. The scene reads as follows:

MEPHISTOPHELES BEFORE THE LORD.
By Franz Simm.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Since Thou, O Lord, deign'st to approach again
And ask us how we do, in manner kindest,
And heretofore to meet myself wert fain,
Among Thy menials, now, my face Thou findest.
Pardon, this troop I cannot follow after
With lofty speech, though by them scorned and spurned:
My pathos certainly would move Thy laughter,

If Thou hadst not all merriment unlearned.
Of suns and worlds I've nothing to be quoted;
How men torment themselves, is all I've noted.
The little god o' the world sticks to the same old way,
And is as whimsical as on Creation's day.
Life somewhat better might content him,
But for the gleam of heavenly light which Thou hast lent him:
He calls it Reason—thence his power's increased,
To be far beastlier than any beast.
Saving Thy Gracious Presence, he to me
A long-legged grasshopper appears to be,
That springing flies, and flying springs,
And in the grass the same old ditty sings.
Would he still lay among the grass he grows in!
Each bit of dung he seeks, to stick his nose in.

THE LORD.

Hast thou, then, nothing more to mention?
Com'st ever, thus, with ill intention?
Find'st nothing right on earth, eternally?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

No, Lord! I find things, there, still bad as they can be.
Man's misery even to pity moves my nature;
I've scarce the heart to plague the wretched creature.

THE LORD.

Know'st Faust?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The Doctor Faust?

THE LORD.

My servant, he!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Forsooth! He serves you after strange devices:
No earthly meat or drink the fool suffices:
His spirit's ferment far aspireth;
Half conscious of his frenzied, crazed unrest,
The fairest stars from Heaven he requireth,
From Earth the highest raptures and the best,
And all the Near and Far that he desireth
Fails to subdue the tumult of his breast.

THE LORD.

Though still confused his service unto Me,
I soon shall lead him to a clearer morning.
Sees not the gardener, even while buds his tree,
Both flower and fruit the future years adorning?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

What will you bet? There's still a chance to gain him,
If unto me full leave you give,
Gently upon *my* road to train him!

THE LORD.

As long as he on earth shall live,
So long I make no prohibition.
While Man's desires and aspirations stir,
He cannot choose but err.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

My thanks![2] I find the dead no acquisition,
And never cared to have them in my keeping.
I much prefer the cheeks where ruddy blood is leaping,
And when a corpse approaches, close my house:
In life is sport. Thus treats the cat the mouse.

THE LORD.

Enough! What thou hast asked is granted.
Turn off this spirit from his fountain-head;
To trap him, let thy snares be planted,
Let him, with thee, be downward led;
Then stand abashed, when thou art forced to say:
A good man, through obscurest aspiration,
Has still an instinct of the one true way.

[MEPHISTOPHELES.

Da Du, o Herr, Dich einmal wieder nahst
Und fragst, wie Alles sich bei uns befinde,
Und Du mich sonst gewöhnlich gerne sahst,
So siehst Du mich auch under dem Gesinde.
Verzeih, ich kann nicht hohe Worte machen,
Und wenn mich auch der ganze Kreis verhöhnt;
Mein Pathos brächte Dich gewiss zum Lachen,
Hättst Du Dir nicht das Lachen abgewöhnt.
Von Sonn' und Welten weiss ich nichts zu sagen,
Ich sehe nur, wie sich die Menschen plagen.
Der kleine Gott der Welt bleibt stets von gleichem Schlag
Und ist so wunderlich als wie am ersten Tag.
Ein wenig besser würd' er leben,
Hättst Du ihm nicht den Schein des Himmelslichts gegeben;
Er nennt's Vernunft und braucht's allein,
Nur thierischer als jedes Thier zu sein.
Er scheint mir, mit Verlaub von Euer Gnaden,
Wie eine der langbeinigen Zikaden,
Die immer fliegt und fliegend springt

[2] Mephistopheles expresses his thanks for permission to test Faust while he still lives.

Und gleich im Gras ihr altes Liedchen singt.
Und läg' er nur noch immer in dem Grase!
In jeden Quark begräbt er seine Nase.

DER HERR.

Hast Du mir weiter nichts zu sagen?
Kommst Du nur immer anzuklagen?
Ist auf der Erde ewig Dir nichts recht?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Nein, Herr, ich find' es dort, wie immer, herzlich schlecht.
Die Menschen dauern mich in ihren Jammertagen;
Ich mag sogar die armen selbst nicht plagen.

DER HERR.

Kennst Du den Faust?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Den Doktor?

DER HERR.

Meinen Knecht!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Fürwahr, er dient Euch auf besondre Weise.
Nicht irdisch ist des Thoren Trank noch Speise;
Ihn treibt die Gährung in die Ferne,
Er ist sich seiner Tollheit halb bewusst:
Vom Himmel fordert er die schönsten Sterne
Und von der Erde jede höchste Lust,
Und alle Näh' und alle Ferne
Befriedigt nicht die tiefbewegte Brust.

DER HERR.

Wenn er mir jetzt auch nur verworren dient,
So ward' ich ihn bald in die Klarheit führen.
Weiss doch der Gärtner, wenn das Bäumchen grünt,
Dass Blüth' und Frucht die künft'gen Jahre zieren.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Was wettet Ihr? Den sollt Ihr noch verlieren,
Wenn Ihr mir die Erlaubniss gebt,
Ihn meine Strasse sacht zu führen.

DER HERR.

So lang' er auf der Erde lebt,
So lange sei Dir's nicht verboten.
Es irrt der Mensch, so lang' er strebt.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Da dank' ich Euch; denn mit den Todten
Hab' ich mich niemals gern befangen.
Am Meisten lieb' ich mir die vollen, frischen Wangen,
Für einen Leichnam bin ich nicht zu Haus;
Mir geht es wie der Katze mit der Maus.

DER HERR.

Nun gut, es sei Dir überlassen!
Zieh diesen Geist von seinem Urquell ab
Und führ ihn, kannst Du ihn erfassen,
Auf Deinem Wege mit herab
Und steh beschämt, wenn Du bekennen musst:
Ein guter Mensch, in seinem dunkeln Drange,
Ist sich des rechten Weges wohl bewusst.]

But Mephistopheles has underrated the difficulty of his task, Faust concludes his pact without fear, because he is fully conscious of the Devil's inability to fulfil his promise. As has been quoted above, Faust says:

Canst thou, poor Devil, give me whatsoever?
When was a human soul in its sublime endeavor,
E'er understood by such as thou?

[Was willst Du armer Teufel geben?
Ward eines Menschen Geist in seinem hohen Streben
Von Deinesgleichen je gefasst?]

Faust promises to surrender himself body and soul when he would ever be satisfied with mere enjoyment, with empty pleasures, with vanity, with lazy indolence. We here repeat the passage for it is important. Faust says:

When on an idler's bed I stretch myself in quiet,
There let, at once, my record end!
Canst thou with lying flattery rule me,
Until, self-pleased, myself I see,—
Canst thou with rich enjoyment fool me,
Let that day be the last for me!
This bet I offer.

[Werd' ich beruhigt je mich auf ein Faulbett legen,
So sei es gleich um mich gethan!
Kannst Du mich schmeichelnd je belügen,
Dass ich mir selbst gefallen mag,

Kannst Du mich mit Genuss betrügen:
Das sei für mich der letzte Tag!
Die Wette biet' ich!]

Mephistopheles imagines that Faust will finally succumb to man's inborn vanity, egotism, and hankering after pleasure. When Faust in his temporary despair of the efficacy of science as well as of finding satisfaction in great deeds, has concluded his pact, Mephistopheles feels sure of a final triumph. He expresses his wrong estimation of Faust in these words:

Reason and Knowledge thou despise,
The highest strength in man that lies!
Let but the Lying Spirit bind thee
With magic works and shows that blind thee
And I shall have thee fast and sure!—
Fate such a bold, untrammeled spirit gave him,
As forwards, onwards, ever must endure;
Whose overhasty impulse drove him
Past earthly joys he might secure.
Dragged through the wildest life, will I enslave him,
Through flat and stale indifference;
With struggling, chilling, checking, so deprave him
That, to his hot, insatiate sense,
The dream of drink shall mock, but never lave him;
Refreshment shall his lips in vain implore—
Had he not made himself the Devil's, naught could save him,
Still were he lost forevermore!

[Verachte nur Vernunft und Wissenschaft,
Des Menschen allerhöchste Kraft,
Lass nur in Blend- und Zauberwerken
Dich von dem Lügengeist bestärken,
So hab' ich Dich schon unbedingt—
Ihm hat das Schicksal einen Geist gegeben,
Der ungebändigt immer vorwärts dringt,
Und dessen übereiltes Streben
Der Erde Freuden überspringt.
Den schlepp' ich durch das wilde Leben,
Durch flache Unbedeutenheit,
Er soll mir zappeln, starren, kleben,
Und seiner Unersättlichkeit
Soll Speis' und Trank vor gier'gen Lippen schweben;
Er wird Erquickung sich umsonst erflehn,
Und hätt' er sich auch nicht dem Teufel übergeben,
Er müsste doch zu Grunde gehn!]

Faust, however, is proof against the allurements which the Devil offers. It is characteristic of him that in Auerbach's cellar among the drunken students he takes no part whatever in their jokes or the buffooneries of Mephistopheles. Apparently he is bored, for the only utterance he makes in this scene, besides a word of greeting when he enters, is the sentence addressed to Mephistopheles,

I now desire to leave this place.

[Ich hätte Lust, nun abzufahren.]

ON THE WINE CASK.
By Franz Simm.

Mephistopheles had expected to amuse Faust. He says:

Before all else, I bring thee hither
Where boon companions meet together,
To let thee see how smooth life runs away,
Here, for the folk, each day's a holiday:
With little wit, and ease to suit them,
They whirl in narrow, circling trails,
Like kittens playing with their tails;
And if no headache persecute them,
So long the host may credit give,
They merrily and careless live.

[Ich muss Dich nun vor allen Dingen
In lustige Gesellschaft bringen,
Damit Du siehst wie leicht sich's leben lässt.

FAUST IN AUERBACH'S CELLAR.

Fresco.

THE RIOTOUS STUDENTS AND FAUST'S ESCAPE.

After P. Cornelius.

Dem Volke hier wird jeder Tag ein Fest.
Mit wenig Witz und viel Behagen
Dreht Jeder sich im engen Zirkeltanz,
Wie junge Katzen mit dem Schwanz.
Wenn sie nicht über Kopfweh klagen,
So lang' der Wirth nur weiter borgt,
Sind sie vergnügt und unbesorgt.]

But Mephistopheles has misjudged Faust's taste. When the students become aggressive in their intoxication, Mephistopheles bewilders them by hallucinations and leaves the wineshop with his companion. The drunkards recover from their confusion and one of them swears:

I saw him with these eyes upon a wine cask riding
Out of the cellar door just now.

[Ich hab' ihn selbst hinaus zur Kellerthüre
Auf einem Fasse reiten sehn.]

Mephistopheles continues to misjudge the wants of Faust. In the second part he addresses him with the question:

So thou wilt glory earn?

[Und also willst du Ruhm verdienen?]

but Faust answers:

The Deed is everything, the glory naught.

[Die That ist alles, nichts der Ruhm.]

And what Faust thinks of pleasure appears from his estimate of the young emperor who thinks only of enjoyment when he should attend to the duties of government.

Says Mephistopheles:

Thou knowest him. The while we twain, beside him,
With wealth illusive bounteously supplied him,
Then all the world was to be had for pay;
For as a youth he held imperial sway,
And he was pleased to try it, whether,
Both interests would not smoothly pair,
Since 't were desirable and fair
To govern end enjoy, together.

[Du kennst ihn ja. Als wir ihn unterhielten,
Ihm falschen Reichthum in die Hände spielten,
Da war die ganze Welt ihm feil.
Denn jung ward ihm der Thron zu Theil,
Und ihm beliebt' es, falsch zu schliessen,
Es könne wol zusammen gehn
Und sei recht wünschenswerth und schön,
Regieren und zugleich geniessen.]

Faust answers:

A mighty error! He who would command
Must in commanding find his highest blessing:
Then, let his breast with force of will expand,
But what he wills, be past another's guessing!
What to his faithful he hath whispered, that
Is turned to act, and men amaze thereat:
Thus will he ever be the highest-placed
And worthiest!—Enjoyment makes debased.

[Ein grosser Irrthum! Wer befehlen soll,
Muss im Befehlen Seligkeit empfinden;
Ihm ist die Brust von hohem Willen voll,
Doch was er will, es darf's kein Mensch ergründen.
Was er den Treusten in das Ohr geraunt,
Es ist gethan, und alle Welt erstaunt.
So wird er stets der Allerhöchste sein,
Der Würdigste;—Geniessen macht gemein.]

There is a radical difference between Faust's conception of the world and that of Mephistopheles. To Faust ideas, ideals, thoughts, aspirations and the endeavor to accomplish something, are all-important and the material realities are merely means to an end. Mephistopheles regards only the concrete material things as realities and has a contempt for Faust's spiritual treasures as if they were mere phantoms and bubbles of a feverish imagination. Thus when Faust searches for Helen, the Greek ideal of beauty, Mephistopheles hands him a key and instructs him how with its help he can find his way to the realm of the mysterious mothers—the prototypes of all existent forms.

Mephistopheles sends Faust into the void. The place of eternal ideas is to him nothing. It has no bodily reality, it is nothing tangible, not concrete material. It is a region for which

Mephistopheles expresses a very strong dislike. But Faust feels at home and at once understands the situation. He says:

In this thy Naught I hope to find the All.

[In deinem Nichts hoff' ich das All zu finden.]

What is real to Mephistopheles is merely a transient symbol to Faust, and what is Faust's All, is Naught to Mephistopheles, an empty void, something non-existent.

Here in a mystical allegory Goethe symbolizes the existence of an ideal realm which to the materialist is a mere phantom, but the poet does not fail to criticize also the fantastic aberra-

THE KEY.

tions of science which are commonly pursued with noisy pretensions by immature naturalists and pseudo-scientists. Faust does not attempt the artificial procreation of a human organism. It is Wagner, his former famulus and now his successor at the university, who is bent on producing an homunculus. Mephistopheles surprises him in his laboratory and Wagner with hushed voice urges him not to disturb the work.

In contrast to the extravagances of natural science, Goethe pillories the faults of the philosophy of his age in the baccalaureus, a young scholar who in the exuberance of his youth thinks that in himself is reached the climax of the world's evo-

lution; that with his appearance on earth day dawned and before him there was chaos and night. He says to Mephistopheles:

This is Youth's noblest calling and most fit!
The world was not, ere I created it;
The sun I drew from out the orient sea;
The moon began her changeful course with me;

WAGNER PREPARING HIS HOMUNCULUS.

By Franz Simm.

The Day put on his shining robes, to greet me;
The Earth grew green, and burst in flower to meet me,
And when I beckoned, from the primal night
The stars unveiled their splendors to my sight.
Who, save myself, to you deliverance brought
From commonplaces of restricted thought?

I, proud and free, even as dictates my mind,
Follow with joy the inward light I find,
And speed along, in mine own ecstasy,
Darkness behind, and Glory leading me!

[Dies ist der Jugend edelster Beruf!
Die Welt, sie war nicht, eh ich sie erschuf;
Die Sonne führt' ich aus dem Meer herauf;
Mit mir begann der Mond des Wechsels Lauf;
Da schmückte sich der Tag auf meinen Wegen,
Die Erde grünte, blühte mir entgegen.
Auf meinen Wink in jener ersten Nacht

SELF-SATISFIED.

The Baccalaureus explains his philosophy to Mephistopheles.
By Franz Simm.

Entfaltete sich aller Sterne Pracht.
Wer, ausser mir, entband Euch aller Schranken
Philisterhaft einklemmender Gedanken?
Ich aber frei, wie mir's im Geiste spricht,
Verfolge froh mein innerliches Licht
Und wandle rasch, im eigensten Entzücken,
Das Helle vor mir, Finsterniss im Rücken.]

Mephistopheles is dumbfounded at the conceit of this immature youth; but the Devil has seen other generations which had behaved no better, and says to himself:

Yet even from him we're not in special peril;
He will, ere long, to other thoughts incline:
The must may foam absurdly in the barrel,
Nathless it turns at last to wine.

[Doch sind wir auch mit diesem nicht gefährdet,
In wenig Jahren wird es anders sein:
Wenn sich der Most auch ganz absurd gebärdet,
Es giebt zuletzt doch noch 'n Wein.]

Faust is absolutely fearless and beyond the temptations of vanity and self-indulgence; he lives in his ideals only and finds delight in work. His highest ambition is to create new opportunities for his fellow men. He recovers a kingdom from the sea, not to rule there as a sovereign, but to be a leader who would teach a free people to work out their own salvation, and a man of this stamp cannot be lost. As the Dutch have wrested great districts of new land from the ocean by damming the floods with dykes, so Faust succeeds in retrieving a large tract of swamps by drainage. This is true happiness which he procures for himself and others, yet even this happiness is not indulgence; it is a constant struggle and must be bought by unceasing exertion. Faust himself grows old, and the constant worry for the success of his plans deprives him of his sight. Care, in the shape of a haggard witch, appears in his home; she breathes upon his eyes and an eternal night sinks upon him. Still more urgently does he follow his spiritual vision and push the work forward so that it may be completed. But while he imagines that the laborers are throwing up dykes and laying the drains, the Lemures, the ugly spirits of decay, are digging his grave. Faust feels elated at the thought of his plan's completion. He says:

To many millions let me furnish soil,
Though not secure, yet free to active toil;
Green, fertile fields, where men and herds go forth
At once, with comfort, on the newest Earth,
And swiftly settled on the hill's firm base,
Created by the bold, industrious race.
A land like Paradise here, round about:
Up to the brink the tide may roar without,
And though it gnaw, to burst with force the limit,
By common impulse all unite to hem it.
Yes! to this thought I hold with firm persistence;
The last result of wisdom stamps it true:
He only earns his freedom and existence,
Who daily conquers them anew.

Thus here, by dangers girt, shall glide away
Of childhood, manhood, age, the vigorous day:
And such a throng I fain would see,—
Stand on free soil among a people free!
Then dared I hail the Moment fleeing:
"*Ah, still delay—thou art so fair!*"
The traces cannot, of mine earthly being,
In æons perish,—they are there!—
In proud fore-feeling of such lofty bliss,
I now enjoy the highest Moment,—this!

[Eröffn' ich Räume vielen Millionen,
Nicht sicher zwar, doch thätig frei zu wohnen:
Grün das Gefilde, fruchtbar; Mensch und Heerde
Sogleich behaglich auf der neusten Erde,
Gleich angesiedelt an des Hügels Kraft,
Den aufgewälzt kühn-ems'ge Völkerschaft.
Im Innern hier ein paradiesisch Land,
Da rase draussen Fluth bis auf zum Rand,
Und wie sie nascht, gewaltsam einzuschliessen,
Gemeindrang eilt, die Lücke zu verschliessen.
Ja! Diesem Sinne bin ich ganz ergeben,
Das ist Der Weisheit letzter Schluss:
Nur der verdient sich Freiheit wie das Leben,
Der täglich sie erobern muss.
Und so verbringt, umrungen von Gefahr,
Hier Kindheit, Mann und Greis sein tüchtig Jahr.
Solch ein Gewimmel möcht' ich sehn,
Auf freiem Grund mit freiem Volke stehn.
Zum Augenblicke dürft' ich sagen:
Verweile doch! Du bist so schön!
Es kann die Spur von meinen Erdentagen
Nicht in Aeonen untergehn!—
Im Vorgefühl von solchem hohen Glück
Geniess' ich jetzt den höchsten Augenblick.]

Now for the first time Faust feels true enjoyment and would hold on to that moment of satisfaction. But this is not a joy which the Devil can give; it is the purest joy of ideal aspiration and indeed to Mephistopheles it appears poor and empty. This joy is not of the earth; it is no indulgence in what Mephistopheles calls the realities of life; it is purely ideal, not material, and ideals to the worldly minded are mere phantoms, "shifting shapes."

Mephistopheles adds this comment:

No joy could sate him, and suffice no bliss!
To catch but shifting shapes was his endeavor:
The latest, poorest, emptiest Moment—this—
He wished to hold it fast forever.

[Ihn sättigt keine Lust, ihm gnügt kein Glück,
So buhlt er fort nach wechselnden Gestalten;
Den letzten, schlechten, leeren Augenblick,
Der Arme wünscht ihn festzuhalten.]

Now follows the scene in which Mephistopheles loses his prize, and here it seems to me Goethe has failed to bring out the meaning of Faust's salvation. Instead of rescuing Faust by the intrinsic worth of his character and the nobility of his endeavor, Goethe makes Mephistopheles lose his forfeit by mere negligence on account of a sudden sentiment of lust that is aroused in him by the sight of angels.

The Lemures are at work digging the grave and Mephistopheles calls all the devils of hell to his aid. He exclaims with some frantic whirling gestures of conjuration:

Come on! Strike up the double quick, anew,
With straight or crooked horns, ye gentlemen infernal,
Of the old Devil-grit and kernel,
And bring at once the Jaws of Hell with you!

[Nur frisch heran! Verdoppelt Euren Schritt,
Ihr Herrn vom graden, Herrn vom krummen Horne,
Vom alten Teufelsschrot und -Korne,
Bringt Ihr zugleich den Höllenrachen mit.]

At the same time angels appear scattering roses and before them the devils retire. Mephistopheles only remains, but the sight of the angelic figures turns his head and he falls in love with them. He says:

The sight of them once made my hatred worse.
Hath then an alien force transpierced my nature?
What now restrains me, that I dare not curse?—
And if I take their cozening bait so,
Who else, henceforth, the veriest fool will be?
The stunning fellows, whom I hate so,
How very charming they appear to me!—
Tell me, sweet children, ere I miss you,
Are ye not of the race of Lucifer!

You are so fair, forsooth, I'd like to kiss you;
It seems to me as if ye welcome were.
I feel as comfortable and as trustful,
As though a thousand times ere this we'd met!
So surreptitiously catlike—lustful:
With every glance ye're fairer, fairer yet.
O, nearer come,—O, grant me one sweet look!

ANGELS.

We come! Why shrink? Canst not our presence brook?
Now we approach: so, if thou canst, remain!
(*The* ANGELS. *coming forward, occupy the whole space.*)

MEPHISTOPHELES.

(*who is crowded into the proscenium*).

Us, Spirits damned, you brand with censure,
Yet you are wizards by indenture;
For man and woman, luring, you enchain.

[Der Anblick war mir sonst so feindlich scharf,
Hat mich ein Fremdes durch und durchgedrungen?
Ich mag sie gerne sehn, die allerliebsten Jungen;
Was hält mich ab, dass ich nicht fluchen darf?—
Und wenn *ich* mich bethören lasse,
Wer heisst denn künftighin der Thor?—
Die Wetterbuben, die ich hasse,
Sie kommen mir doch gar zu lieblich vor!—
Ihr schönen Kinder, lasst mich wissen,
Seid ihr nicht auch von Lucifer's Geschlecht?
Ihr seid so hübsch, fürwahr ich möcht Euch küssen,
Mir ist's, als kommt Ihr eben recht.
Es ist mir so behaglich, so natürlich,
Als hätt' ich Euch schon tausendmal gesehn;
So heimlich-kätzchenhaft begierlich;
Mit jedem Blick auf's Neue schöner, schön.
O nähert Euch, o gönnt mir *einen* Blick!

ENGEL.

Wir kommen schon, warum weichst Du zurück?
Wir nähern uns, und wenn Du kannst, so bleib!
(*Die Engel nehmen, umherziehend, den ganzen Raum ein.*)

MEPHISTOPHELES

(*der ins Proscenium gedrängt wird.*)

Ihr scheltet uns verdammte Geister
Und seid die wahren Hexenmeister;
Denn Ihr verführet Mann und Weib.—]

Thus Mephistopheles is defrauded and he has only himself

to blame. It is no merit of Faust's that saves Faust's soul. The scene concludes thus:

(*The angels rise, bearing away the Immortal*[8] *of* FAUST.)

MEPHISTOPHELES (*looking around him*).

But why they suddenly away are hieing?
These pretty children take me by surprise!
They with their booty heavenwards are flying;
Thence from this grave they take with them their prize.
My rare, great treasure they have peculated:
The lofty soul, to me hypothecated,
They 've rapt away from me in cunning wise.
But unto whom shall I appeal for justice?
Who would secure to me my well-earned right?
Tricked so in one's old days, a great disgust is;
And I deserve it, this infernal spite.
I've managed in a most disgraceful fashion;
A great investment has been thrown away:
By lowest lust seduced, and senseless passion,
The old, case-hardened Devil went astray.
And if, from all this childish-silly stuff
His shrewd experience could not wrest him,
So is, forsooth, the folly quite enough,
Which, in conclusion, hath possessed him.

[(*Die Engel erheben sich, Faustens Unsterbliches entführend.*)

MEPHISTOPHELES (*sich umsehend*).

Doch wie?—Wo sind sie hingezogen?
Unmünd'ges Volk, Du hast mich überrascht,
Sind mit der Beute himmelwärts entflogen;
Drum haben sie an dieser Gruft genascht!
Mir ist ein grosser, einz'ger Schatz entwendet,
Die hohe Seele, die sich mir verpfändet,
Die haben sie mir pfiffig weggepascht.
Bei wem soll ich mich nun beklagen?
Wer schafft mir mein erworbnes Recht?
Du bist getäuscht in Deinen alten Tagen,
Du hast's verdient, es geht Dir grimmig schlecht.
Ich habe schimpflich missgehandelt,
Ein grosser Aufwand, schmählich, ist verthan;
Gemein Gelüst, absurde Liebschaft wandelt
Den ausgepichten Teufel an.
Und hat mit diesem kindisch-tollen Ding
Der Klugerfahrne sich beschäftigt,
So ist fürwahr die Thorheit nicht gering,
Die seiner sich am Schluss bemächtigt.]

[8] The original manuscript reads here "Faust's entelechy," which to Goethe meant the same as "Faust's Immortal." See above, p. 234.

This conclusion may be criticized for two reasons. First, according to Goethe's own plan, Faust must be saved not through a fault of Mephistopheles, but through his own merit; and secondly, the fault which Goethe here imputes to Mephistopheles is not in keeping with his character. Mephistopheles is not the Devil of lust. He is the malevolent intriguer and, with all his devilish features, would never be silly enough to be so easily duped. So we say that the passage under consideration is out or harmony with the whole. The Devil should have his due.

We would propose to change the scene thus: As soon as Faust is dead Mephistopheles summons his army (as Goethe has it) to make good his claims; the devils claw the body of Faust without any interference on the part of the angels, and while the devils try to snatch it away, the remains fall to pieces. We see the body crumble to dust, the skull and the bones fall down and the vestments turn to rags. The Lemures would sweep the remains into the grave and now would be the time for Mephistopheles to philosophize on the vanity of life. This then is the fruit of all his labors, and here he holds his prize to the attainment of which he has devoted so many years. What is Faust now? A heap of bones and ashes, and his life is past as if it never had been. The Lemures shout in chorus: "It is past." So also thinks Mephistopheles, and Goethe rightly puts these words into his mouth:

—Past! a stupid word.
If past, then why?
Past and pure Naught, complete monotony!
What good for us, this endlessly creating?—
What is created then annihilating?
"And now it's past!" Why read a page so twisted?
'Tis just the same as if it ne'er existed,
Yet goes in circles round as if it had, however:
I'd rather choose, instead, the Void forever."

[Vorbei! Ein dummes Wort.
Warum vorbei?
Vorbei und reines Nichts, volkommnes Einerlei!
Was soll uns denn das ew'ge Schaffen!
Geschaffenes zu nichts hinwegzuraffen!
"Da ist's vorbei!" Was ist daran zu lesen?
Es ist so gut, als wär' es nicht gewesen,

Und treibt sich doch im Kreis, als wenn es wäre.
Ich liebte mir dafür das Ewig-Leere.]

While Mephistopheles in his realism clings to the bodily remains of Faust the angels appear, and in the place where his body had fallen to pieces there rises the transfigured effigy of Faust, the Faust idea, that spiritual self of him which survives death. It is his life's work and the blessings which he leaves to posterity, symbolized by his personality. Mephistopheles has taken the mortal remains, they are his share which shall not be taken from him; he overlooks the immortal part of Faust's being, for he is spiritually blind and does not value it. Thus Mephistopheles has only helped to free the immortal soul from the dross of all its mortal ingredients, and now the angels hail the transfigured Faust and lift him up to his home, whither the ideal of womanhood, *das ewig Weibliche*, has ever since been leading him, there to be united with all that is beautiful, good, and true,—with God.

This is the meaning of the Chorus Mysticus:[4]

Things unremainable
But as symbols are meant:
The unattainable
Here grows to event:
Ineffable though be the good,
Here it is done:
Eternal womanhood
Leads upward and on!

[Alles Vergängliche
Ist nur ein Gleichniss;
Das Unzulängliche,
Hier wird's Ereigniss;
Das Unbeschreibliche,
Hier ist es gethan;
Das Ewig-Weibliche
Zieht uns hinan.]

That eternal home which to Mephistopheles is a nonentity is after all the only true existence worthy of the name; all so-called realities are merely transient symbols of the eternal in which everything finds its final fulfilment and completion, and to find this goal is salvation.

[4] While in all other quotations from "Faust" we have used Bayard Taylor's version with very slight deviations, we prefer here to replace his lines by our own.

MISCELLANEOUS EPIGRAMS AND POEMS.

GOETHE does not belong to the eccentric class of poets. His genius is not abnormal, but proves him to be an all around man. He was a man of affairs in the world, his duties consisting in the administration of a small territory, one of the little duchies of Thuringia. Hence it is natural that Goethe should be richer in thoughts of worldly wisdom than any other poet from earliest antiquity down to the present time.

We present the following collection of terse epigrams and observations in poetical form.

A hundred years thou mayest worship fire,—
Fall in but once, thou art consumed entire.

[Anbete du das Feuer hundert Jahr,
Dann fall' hinein! Dich frisst's mit Haut und Haar.]

* * *

Were to the sun not kin our eyne,
  They ne'er could see the sun's fair beam,
Lay not in us a power divine,
  Of the divine how could we dream?

[Wär' nicht das Auge sonnenhaft,
  Die Sonne könnt' es nie erblicken;
Läg' nicht in uns des Gottes eigne Kraft,
  Wie könnt' uns Göttliches entzücken!]

In explanation of this idea, we might as well state the reverse thought. Man—a rational being with moral aspirations, who acts with a purpose, who plans designs and follows ideals of

attaining higher and higher aims—exists, and we call that feature of being which we admire noble and good. We do not regard man's existence as an accidental by-play of wild forces, but come to the conclusion that he has originated as a necessary phase in evolution according to the natural laws of the universe. As the eye originates according to the nature of ether waves, man with his aspirations corresponds to the constitution of the cosmic order. The divinity of the former suggests the divinity of the latter. If the ideal man appears to us like a god, superhuman and divine, we feel justified in designating the cause that has produced him as the Godhead.

* * *

Who himself and others knows
Here is rightly guided;
Orient and Occident
Are no more divided.

Proper 'tis through both to roam,
And in either feel at home.
Moving 'tween the East and West,
Surely will with all be best.

[Wer sich selbst und Andre kennt,
Wird auch hier erkennen:
Orient und Occident
Sind nicht mehr zu trennen.

Sinnig zwischen beiden Welten
Sich zu wiegen lass' ich gelten;
Also zwischen Ost und Westen
Sich bewegen, sei's zum Besten!]

* * *

God owns all the Orient
God owns all the Occident,
Both of North and South the lands
Peaceful rest in God's good hands.

[Gottes ist der Orient,
Gottes ist der Occident,
Nord- und südliches Gelände
Ruht im Frieden seiner Hände.]

* * *

As any one is
So is his God,
And thus is God
Oft strangely odd.

[Wie Einer ist,
So ist sein Gott;
Darum ward Gott
So oft zum Spott.]

* * *

Why do you scoff and scout
About the All and One?
The professor's a person no doubt,
God is none.

[Was soll mir euer Hohn
Ueber das All und Eine?
Der Professor ist eine Person,
Gott ist keine.]

* * *

A quiet scholar a party attended
And home in silence his steps he wended.
When asked how he was pleased, he said,
"Were people books, those stayed unread."

[Aus einer grossen Gesellschaft heraus
Ging einst ein stiller Gelehrter zu Haus.
Man fragte: "Wie seid ihr zufrieden gewesen?"
"Wären's Bücher," sagt' er, "ich würd' sie nicht lesen."]

* * *

"The Devil take the human race,
They drive me mad for anger!"
So I decided seriously
Will meet none any more!
Will leave those folks all to themselves,
To God and to—the devil.
Yet scarce I see a human face
But I fall in love with it.

[Der Teufel hol' das Menschengeschlecht!
Man möchte rasend werden.
Da nehm' ich mir so eifrig vor:
Will Niemand weiter sehen,
Will all das Volk Gott und sich selbst
Und dem Teufel überlassen!
Und kaum seh' ich ein Menschengesicht,
So hab' ich's wieder lieb.]

* * *

enn im Unendlichen Daſſelbe,
Sich wiederholend, ewig fließt,
Das tauſendfältige Gewölbe
Sich kräftig in einander ſchließt:
Strömt Lebensluſt aus allen Dingen,
Dem kleinſten wie dem größten Stern,
Und alles Drängen, alles Ringen
Iſt ew'ge Ruh' in Gott dem Herrn.
R.BRENDAMOUR

When in the infinite appeareth
The same eternal repetition,
When in harmonious coalition
A mighty dome its structure reareth;
A rapture thrills through all existence,
All stars, or great or small, are blessed,
Yet are all strife and all resistance
In God, the Lord, eternal rest.

I know that naught belongs to me
Except the thought that light and free
Out of my soul is flowing;
Also of joy each moment rare
Which my good fortune kind and fair
Upon me is bestowing;

[Ich weiss, dass mir nichts angehört
Als der Gedanke, der ungestört
Aus meiner Seele will fliessen,
Und jeder günstige Augenblick,
Den mich ein liebendes Geschick
Von Grund aus lässt geniessen.]

* * *

If not of this rule possessed
Of dying and becoming,
Thou art but a sorry guest
In a glad world roaming.

[Und so lang du das nicht hast,
Dieses Stirb und Werde,
Bist du mir ein trüber Gast
Auf der schönen Erde.]

* * *

"Hast immortality in mind,
Wilt thou thy reasons give?"
"The most important reason is,
We can't without it live."

["Du hast Unsterblichkeit im Sinn;
Kannst du uns deine Gründe nennen?"
"Gar wohl! Der Hauptgrund liegt darin,
Dass wir sie nicht entbehren können."]

We are a fragment of this world, and in order to understand ourselves we must look beyond the limits of our existence, we must see the causes that produced us and the effects in which we continue. The nature of existence is a constant change, a dying off and a new becoming. So long as we have not entered into the spirit of life, we are not fit to live, and our belief in immortality is ultimately based on our need to comprehend our existence as a part of the infinite whole.

Time mows roses and thorns amain;
She sows them and mows them again and again.

* * *

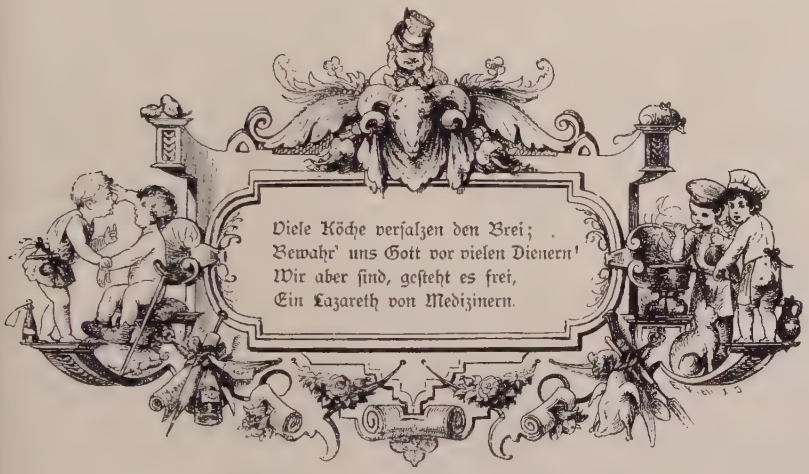
"Know thou thyself!" How does self-knowledge pay?
Know I myself, *I* pass at once away.

[Erkenne dich! Was hab' ich da für Lohn?
Erkenn' ich mich, so muss ich gleich davon.]

"Why keepest thou aloof? Why lonely
Art from our views thou turning?"
I do not write to please you only,
You must be learning!

["Warum willst du dich von uns allen
Und unsrer Meinung entfernen?"
Ich schreibe nicht euch zu gefallen;
Ihr sollt was lernen.]

* * *


Viele Köche versalzen den Brei;
Bewahr' uns Gott vor vielen Dienern!
Wir aber sind, gesteht es frei,
Ein Lazareth von Medizinern.

Many cooks will spoil the broth,
Beware of servants' impositions;
We are already, by my troth,
A hospital of sick physicians.

* * *

A fellow says: "I own no school nor college;
No master lives whom I acknowledge;
And pray don't entertain the thought
That from the dead I e'er learned aught."
This if I rightly understand
Means, "I'm a fool by my own command."

[Ein Quidam sagt: "Ich bin von keiner Schule;
Kein Meister lebt, mit dem ich buhle;
Auch bin ich weit davon entfernt,
Dass ich von Todten was gelernt."
Das heisst, wenn ich ihn recht verstand:
"Ich bin ein Narr auf eigne Hand."]

* * *

A lie when spoken, when written too,
Will poison to others prove and to you.

[Habt ihr gelogen in Wort und Schrift,
Andern ist es und euch ein Gift.]

* * *

One could a well-bred child beget,
But parents are not well-bred yet.

[Man könnt' erzogne Kinder gebären,
Wenn die Eltern erzogne wären.]

* * *

Who plays with life, will never find his way;
Who won't command himself a slave remains for aye.

[Wer mit dem Leben spielt kommt nie zurecht;
Wer sich nicht selbst befiehlt, bleibt immer Knecht.]

* * *

When head and heart are busy, say
What better can be found?
Who neither loves nor goes astray,
Were better under ground.

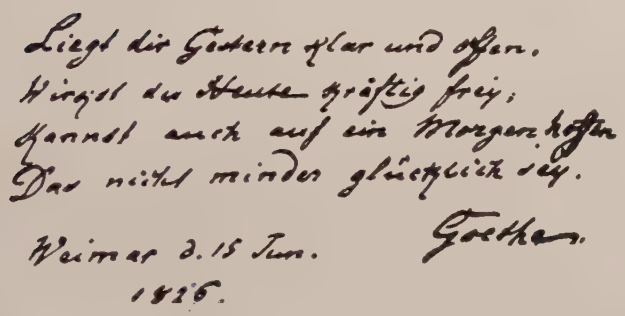
[Wenn dir's in Kopf und Herzen schwirrt,
Was willst du Bessres haben?
Wer nicht mehr liebt und nicht mehr irrt,
Der lasse sich begraben.]

Wouldst thou ever onward roam?
Lo, the good lies very near.
Learn happiness to seize at home,
For happiness is always here.

[Willst du immer weiter schweifen?
Sieh, das Gute liegt so nah.
Lerne nur das Glück ergreifen,
Denn das Glück ist immer da.]

* * *

If yestreen's account be clear,
Art thou brave to-day and free,
Meet thy morrow with good cheer:
Surely t'will auspicious be.


Liegt dir Gestern klar und offen,
Bist du Heute kräftig frey;
Kannst auch auf ein Morgen hoffen
Das nicht minder glücklich sey.
Weimar d. 15 Jun. 1826.
Goethe.

* * *

The world has not been made of mush and pies;
So live not in Schlaraffian paradise.
There are hard bites, chew bit for bit;
Digest your food or choke on it.

[Die Welt ist nicht aus Brod und Mus geschaffen;
Drum haltet euch nicht wie Schlaraffen;
Harte Bissen gibt es zu kauen,
Ihr müsst erwürgen oder verdauen.]

Would from tradition break away,
Original I'd be!
The feat so grand, to my dismay,
Greatly discomfits me.
The honor of being autochthon
Would be my great ambition,
But strange enough, I have to own,
I am myself tradition.

[Gern wär' ich Ueberliefrung los
Und ganz original;
Doch ist das Unternehmen gross
Und führt in manche Qual.
Alt Autochthone rechnet' ich
Es mir zur höchsten Ehre,
Wenn ich nicht gar zu wunderlich
Selbst Ueberliefrung wäre.]

* * *

When eagerly a child looks round,
In his father's house is shelter found.
His ear, beginning to understand,
Imbibes the speech of his native land.
Whatever his own experiences are,
He hears of other things afar.
Example affects him; he grows strong and steady
Yet finds the world complete and ready.
This is prized, that praised with much ado;
He fain would be somebody too.
How he can work and woo, how fight and frown,
Everything has been written down.
Nay, worse, it has appeared in print.
The youth is baffled but takes the hint.
It dawns on him, now, more and more
He is what others have been before.

[Wenn Kindesblick begierig schaut,
Er findet des Vaters Haus gebaut;

Und wenn das Ohr sich erst vertraut,
Ihm tönt der Muttersprache Laut;
Gewahrt er diess und jenes nah,
Man fabelt ihm, was fern geschah,
Umsittigt ihn, wächst er heran:
Er findet eben alles gethan;
Man rühmt ihm diess, man preist ihm das:
Er wäre gar gern auch etwas.
Wie er soll wirken, schaffen, lieben,
Das steht ja alles schon geschrieben
Und, was noch schlimmer ist, gedruckt.
Da steht der junge Mensch verduckt
Und endlich wird ihm offenbar:
Er sei nur was ein andrer war.]

* * *

War waged the angels for the right,
But they were beaten in every fight.
Yea, everything went topsy turvy
Because the Devil was quite nervy.
He kept the field despite their prayer
That God might save them from despair.
Quoth Logos, who since eternity
Had clearly seen it so must be,
"Ye angels need not be too civil,
But fight like Satan, like the devil!
Who wins the day, must struggle hard;
Do ye your praying afterward."
The maxim needed no repeating
And lo! the Devil got his beating.
'Twas done; the angels all were glad—
To be a devil is not so bad.

[Die Engel stritten für uns Gerechte,
Zogen den Kürzern in jedem Gefechte;
Da stürzte denn Alles drüber und drunter,
Dem Teufel gehörte der ganze Plunder.
Nun ging es an ein Beten und Flehen!

Gott ward bewegt herein zu sehen.
Spricht Logos, dem die Sache klar
Von Ewigkeit her gewesen war:
Sie sollten sich keineswegs geniren,
Sich auch einmal als Teufel geriren,
Auf jede Weise den Sieg erringen
Und hierauf das Tedeum singen.
Das liessen sie sich nicht zweimal sagen,
Und siehe, die Teufel waren geschlagen.
Natürlich fand man hinterdrein,
Es sei recht hübsch, ein Teufel zu sein.]

* * *

You have the Devil underrated.
I cannot yet persuaded be!
A fellow who is all-behated,
Must something be.

[Ich kann mich nicht bereden lassen,
Macht mir den Teufel nur nicht klein:
Ein Kerl, den alle Menschen hassen,
Der muss was sein!]

* * *

To Him who from eternity, self-stirred,
Himself hath made by his creative word;
To Him supreme who maketh faith to be,
Trust, hope, love, power, and endless energy;
To Him who, seek to name him as we will,
Unknown within himself abideth still.

—Tr. by J. A. Symonds.

[Im Namen dessen, der Sich selbst erschuf,
Von Ewigkeit in schaffendem Beruf;
In Seinem Namen, der den Glauben schafft,
Vertrauen, Liebe, Thätigkeit und Kraft;
In Jenes Namen, der so oft genannt,
Dem Wesen nach blieb immer unbekannt.]

What were a God who from the outside stirred
So that the world around his finger whirred?
He from within the universe must move,
Nature in Him and Him in nature prove.
Thus all that lives and moves within his bliss
Will ne'er his power and ne'er his spirit miss.

[Was wär' ein Gott, der nur von aussen stiesse,
Im Kreis das All am Finger laufen liesse!
Ihm ziemt's die Welt im Innern zu bewegen,
Natur in Sich, Sich in Natur zu hegen,
So dass, was in Ihm lebt und webt und ist,
Nie Seine Kraft, nie Seinen Geist vermisst.]

* * *

The soul of man, too, is a universe;
Whence follows it that race with race concurs
In naming all it knows of good and true,
God—yea, its own God—and with honor due
Surrenders to His sway both earth and heaven,
Fears Him, and loves, where place for love is given.
—*Tr. by J. A. Symonds.*

[Im Innern ist ein Universum auch:
Daher der Völker löblicher Gebrauch,
Dass Jeglicher das Beste, was er kennt,,
Er Gott, ja seinen Gott, benennt,
Ihm Himmel und Erden übergiebt,
Ihn fürchtet, und wo möglich liebt.]

* * *

CLÄRCHEN'S SONG.

Gladness
And sadness
And pensiveness blending;
Yearning
And burning
In torment ne'er ending;

[Freudvoll
Und leidvoll,
Gedankenvoll sein,
Langen
Und bangen
In schwebender Pein,

Sad unto death,
Proudly soaring above;
Happy alone
Is the soul filled with love.

Himmelhoch jauchzend,
Zum Tode betrübt,
Glücklich allein
Ist die Seele, die liebt.]

* * *

FIVE THINGS.

What makes time short to me?
Activity!
What makes it spiritless?
Idleness!
What brings into debt?
To delay and forget!
What makes us succeed?
Decision with speed!
How honor to gain?
Oneself maintain!

[Was verkürzt mir die Zeit?
Thätigkeit!
Was macht sie unerträglich lang?
Müssiggang!
Was bringt in Schulden?
Harren und Dulden!
Was macht gewinnen?
Nicht lange besinnen!
Was bringt zu Ehren?
Sich wehren!]

* * *

VANITAS! VANITATUM VANITAS!

My trust in nothing now is placed,
Hurray!
So in the world true joy I taste,
Hurray!
Then he who would be a comrade of mine
Must clink his glass, and in chorus combine
And drink his cup of wine.

I placed my trust in gold and wealth,
Hurray!
But then I lost all joy and health,
Lack-a-day!
Both here and there the money rolled,
And when I had it here, behold,
There disappeared the gold!

I placed my trust in women next,
Hurray!
How sorely was I thereby vexed,
Lack-a-day!
The False another lover sought,
The True with tediousness was fraught,
The Best could not be bought.

I took to travel and started to roam,
Hurray!
Cast off the habits of my home,
Lack-a-day!
But not a single thing seemed good,
The beds were bad, and strange the food,
And I not understood.

In honor trusted I and fame,
Hurray!
Another put me straight to shame,
Lack-a-day!
And when I had achieved advance
The people looked at me askance,
With none I had a chance.

I placed my trust in war and fight,
Hurray!
We gained full many a victory bright,
Hurray!
Into the foeman's land we crossed,
Alas, though, at our triumph's cost!
For there a leg I lost.

In nothing now my trust shall be,
Hurray!
And all the world belongs to me,
Hurray!
And as we end our feast and strain,

The cup we'll to the bottom drain;
Let nowhere dregs remain!

—*After Bowring.*

[Ich hàb' mein Sach auf Nichts gestellt,
Juchhe!
Drum ist's so wohl mir in der Welt;
Juchhe!
Und wer will mein Camerade sein,
Der stosse mit an, der stimme mit ein,
Bei dieser Neige Wein.

Ich stellt' mein Sach auf Geld und Gut,
Juchhe!
Darüber verlor ich Freud' und Muth;
O weh!
Die Münze rollte hier und dort,
Und hascht ich sie an einem Ort,
Am andern war sie fort!

Auf Weiber stellt' ich nun mein Sach,
Juchhe!
Daher mir kam viel Ungemach;
O weh!
Die Falsche sucht' sich ein ander Theil,
Die Treue macht' mir Langeweil',
Die Beste war nicht feil.

Ich stellt' mein Sach auf Reis' und Fahrt,
Juchhe!
Und liess meine Vaterlandesart;
O weh!
Und mir behagt' es nirgends recht,
Die Kost war fremd, das Bett war schlecht,
Niemand verstand mich recht.

Ich stellt' mein Sach auf Ruhm und Ehr,
Juchhe!

Und sieh! gleich hatt' ein Andrer mehr;
O weh!
Wie ich mich hatt' hervorgethan,
Da sahen die Leute scheel mich an,
Hatte Keinem recht gethan.

Ich setzt' mein Sach auf Kampf und Krieg,
Juchhe!
Und uns gelang so mancher Sieg;
Juchhe!
Wir zogen in Feindes Land hinein,
Dem Freunde sollt's nicht viel besser sein,
Und ich verlor ein Bein.

Nun hab' ich mein Sach auf Nichts gestellt,
Juchhe!
Und mein gehört die ganze Welt;
Juchhe!
Zu Ende geht nun Sang und Schmaus.
Nur trinkt mir alle Neigen aus;
Die letzte muss heraus!]

* * *

TO THE MOON.

Fillest hill and vale again
With thy misty light,
Loosest from the world's cold chain
All my soul to-night.

Spreadest round me far and nigh
Soothingly thy smile.
From thee as from friendship's eyes
Sorrow shrinks the while.

Every echo thrills my heart;
Glad and gloomy mood,
Joy and sorrow both take part
In my solitude.

Flow along, dear river, flow!
Joy for aye is sped;
Glee and kisses even so,
Yea and troth, have fled.

Once that price did I possess
Which I yearn for yet,
And, alas. to my distress
Never can forget.

Murmur, brook, the vale along,
Never rest nor stay,
Murmur, whisper to my song,
The melodious lay.

Whether in a winter's night
Rise thy swollen floods,
Or in spring thou hast delight
Watering young buds.

Happy he who, hating none,
Leaves the world's dull noise,
And with trusty friend alone
Quietly enjoys

What, forever unexpressed,
Hid from common sight,
Through the mazes of the breast
Softly steals by night.

—*Tr. after J. S. Dwight.*

[Füllest wieder Busch und Thal
Still mit Nebelglanz,
Lösest endlich auch einmal
Meine Seele ganz;

Breitest über mein Gefild
Lindernd deinen Blick,

Wie des Freundes Auge mild
Ueber mein Geschick.

Jeden Nachklang fühlt mein Herz
Froh- und trüber Zeit,
Wandle zwischen Freud' und Schmerz
In der Einsamkeit.

Fliesse, fliesse, lieber Fluss!
Nimmer werd' ich froh!
So verrauschte Scherz und Kuss,
Und die Treue so.

Ich besass es doch einmal,
Was so köstlich ist,
Dass man doch zu seiner Qual
Nimmer es vergisst.

Rausche, Fluss, das Thal entlang
Ohne Rast und Ruh,
Rausche, flüstre meinem Sang
Melodien zu!

Wenn du in der Winternacht
Wüthend überschwillst
Oder um die Frühlingspracht
Junger Knospen quillst.

Selig, wer sich von der Welt
Ohne Hass verschliesst,
Einen Freund am Busen hält
Und mit ihm geniesst,

Was von Menschen nicht gewusst,
Oder nicht bedacht,
Durch das Labyrinth der Brust
Wandelt in der Nacht.]

These are fair examples of Goethe's wisdom in verse. They could be multiplied almost without limit, and many of them have become household words, known in translation in the language of all civilized countries.

Goethe's greatness consists in the humanity of his character. He is a man, an extraordinarily normal man. He incorporates in himself everything human. He is a warm lover, he is a faithful friend, he is a devout worshiper. He is not a Christian, but he is not un-Christian or anti-Christian. On the contrary he exhibits an intense interest in Christian faith and doctrine. Nevertheless his mind has room for other religions, and his Christian attitude is only one among many. It is peculiar of Goethe that he believes in positive faith and declares that only the ages which stand for some definite statements of truth have been efficient in history; that negativism, be it ever so ingenious, has never produced enduring results.

Goethe is not a philosopher but he is a thinker. He is not a scientist, but has contributed some results of scientific thought to the history of science and foresaw the truth of evolution when that doctrine was still limited to a narrow circle of advanced naturalists. He is an unbeliever, an infidel, in the view of orthodox theology, but a devotee of the divinity of nature, yea, we may say a high priest at her altar.

This book on Goethe is not intended to exhaust the entire field, but to serve as an introduction to his work and to set forth in general outlines the significance of his world conception in the literature of humanity, though there are many branches of his literary activity which have scarcely been touched upon. If we have contributed our mite to increase the general comprehension of his thought and aspiration we deem our labors richly rewarded.

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